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A

TOUR

THROUGH SOME OF

The Northern Parts of EUROPE,

PARTICULARLY

COPENHAGEN,

STOCKHOLM,

AND

PETERSBURGH.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

By Nl. WRAXALL, Jun.

VIENNA:

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TO

The Right Honourable Lord Viſcount CLARE.

My Lord,

As real merit is averſe to oſtentation, I could not obtain permiſſion to dedicate the ſubſequent Letters to your Lordſhip without an injunction to forbear any eulogium on your Lordſhip's Character.

This injunction, therefore, precludes me from the liberty of ſaying the reſpectful things I cannot but think of Lord Clare's Literary Talents, and Public Services, eſpecially in the great Aſſembly of this Nation.

But I humbly hope your Lordſhip will condeſcend to accept this ſincere,

though inconſiderable tribute of my gratitude and reſpect, and permit me thankfully to acknowledge the honour conferred on a young man, by your patronage in this his firſt attempt to appear before the tribunal of the Public.

I am, my LORD, with great deference, and the higheſt reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged

and very humble ſervant,

London,
Jermyn-Street,
1ſt Feb. 1775.

NATH. WRAXALL, Jun.

LETTER I.

On board the Friendſhip, in the German Ocean, Thurſday, 14th April, 1774.

I CONSIDER the injunction which you laid on me at parting, to inform you conſtantly and minutely of all thoſe events which elucidate the characters or manners of the countries through which I propoſe travelling, as not only doing me the higheſt honour, but opening to me a ſource of the moſt elevated and rational pleaſure. There is a flattering and virtuous pride which we cannot avoid feeling from the conſciouſneſs, or at leaſt the hope, that we are opening ſcenes of liberal knowledge, and elegant curioſity, to our liſtening friends; and to a mind where gratitude prevails, this

is one of the moſt animating conſidera-tions in nature. It muſt likewiſe be con-feſſed, that the ſurvey of nations, and view of foreign and diſſimilar modes of acting and thinking to our own, is not only formed to enlarge the human mind, and correct its early prejudices, but is calculated to charm and delight in a ſupreme degree, as it has for its baſis two paſſions moſt powerfully conducing to pleaſure, I mean novelty and admi-ration. So much, indeed, have travellers in all ages been conſcious of this bias in nature, and ſo ready to take advan-tage of it, that the moſt improbable and ridiculous fictions have been invented and impoſed upon the credulity of man-kind; recourſe has been had to the mar-vellous, and the imagination entertain-ed by amuſing recitals of manners and actions which never exiſted;—but the age of impoſition on one ſide, and of credulity on the other, ſeems now to

be over: truth and ſound knowledge are introduced into ſubjects where formerly they ſcarce ever intruded. Mankind are become more ſceptical, and refuſe to be amuſed with ſuperſtitious legends, or the wanton ſallies of a luxuriant and fertile imagination. The refinement and civilization of modern manners has rendered it no difficult matter to inſpect kingdoms and provinces, to which acceſs was formerly barred by bigotry, barbariſm, and want of all police. Even Spain herſelf is not now impervious to curioſity, and ſuperſtition is declining in theſe her favourite dominions. Notwithſtanding this diminution of the traveller's powers of entertainment, by excluding any addreſs to the imagination, there are ſtill objects ſufficient left to charm the attentive and curious mind.

Some parts of the globe are, however, infinitely more exuberant and rich in the materials for producing elegant

delight than others. In ſome they are ſo wantonly and plenteouſly ſcattered, that ſtupidity itſelf muſt catch ſome portion of their power of pleaſing. In others they lie deeper beneath the ſurface, and like unpoliſhed gems only glitter in the eye of clear and perſpicuous obſervation.—Such are the kingdoms which I am about to viſit, covered during many months with ſnow, and wrapt in all the horrours of a polar winter: unpoliſhed in their manners, and ſtill retaining the veſtiges of Gothic ignorance, they preſent not many charms to tempt the traveller. The Roman arms never penetrated into theſe inhoſpitable climes, nor is the Antiquarian allured to paſs their ſnows by the venerable remains of amphitheatres, temples, and naumachiae. Yet even in theſe remote and inclement kingdoms, are the ſeeds of knowledge ſcattered; and if the mind receives no pleaſure from the reflection of their paſt

greatneſs or refinement, yet may it be enlarged and improved from the conſideration of their preſent comparative power and importance in the ſcale of Europe. I purpoſe, as you know, to viſit the three northern capitals, and to ſpend ſome ſmall time in each, though probably more in St. Peterſburgh than either of the other two, as I regard it by far the greateſt object of true curioſity. We are now beating againſt a contrary wind, and Heaven only knows when a better may ſpring up. I ſhall continue this ſheet on my landing.

Copenhagen, Tueſday Night, 19th April, 1774.

THIS morning I roſe with the ſun, to land on the iſland of Zealand, at Elſinoor: it was a pleaſant day, though cold. I preſented my letters of introduction to the Engliſh conſul (Mr. Fen-

wick) who received me very politely; and as he was much engaged with a multitude of ſhips which came in at the ſame time with us, he ſent a domeſtic to attend me over the Caſtle of Cronſberg. This fortreſs ſtands at the narroweſt part of that channel, which is called the Sound, and was doubtleſs intended to command the entrance of it: whether it would be able now to prevent a fleet of men of war from paſſing it, I however much queſtion. It is a fine Gothic chateau or palace, built early in the laſt century by Chriſtian the IVth, and was then often honoured with the Royal reſidence. It is of a ſquare form, and within is a fine quadrangle. The turrets at the corners are very ſuperb, and in the moſt improved ſtyle of Gothic architecture. They ſhewed me ſeveral large apartments, which are ſtill denominated the King's: there is nothing, however, in them, except ſome gilt

leather chairs of equal antiquity with the caſtle, and ſeveral daubings of their Kings prancing about on white ſteeds. I deſired to ſee the chambers which were occupied by her preſent Majeſty during her confinement here; I mean the Queen Matilda, ſo lately dethroned; but they are, I find, thoſe in which the Colonel Commandant reſides, who it ſeems had humanity and politeneſs enough to reſign his, during her ſtay, as the Royal apartments were not fit, at that inclement ſeaſon of the year when ſhe was brought down here, it being the ſeventeenth day of January 1772, to receive any perſon. They are vaſt, unfurniſhed, hideous, bare walls, never warm in July, I ſhould ſuppoſe.

While I was looking about in the court below, a poor ſlave *) fettered

*) His crime moſt probably was theft, as all miſdemeanors are puniſhed with

came up, and taking off his cap, addreſſed me in French: I was charmed to meet with any thing with which I could converſe; for the Daniſh centinel who accompanied me could only tranſmit his ideas in his own language, which I underſtood no more than the Chineſe. I therefore began a converſation with the French captive, and aſked him, if he was here when the Queen Matilda was confined? Ah! Monſieur! ſaid he, I ſaw her every day; I had the honour *à tourner la broche* for her Majeſty's dinner; ſhe even promiſed to endeavour to procure me my liberty. I aſſure you, added he warmly, ſhe was *la Princeſſe du monde la plus aimable!* Whether the fellow ſaid this becauſe he apprehended it would pleaſe an Engliſhman, or whether it was the genuine effuſion of reſpectful grati-

the Danes by ſervitude in chains a longer or ſhorter time.

tude, I cannot tell; but certainly it produced the effect on me he wiſhed. I could not reſiſt the force of his compliment to an Engliſh and an injured Queen —I put my hand in my pocket, and gave him ſome half dozen ſtivers; nor was it, I muſt own, either general philanthropy, or private commiſeration, which drew moſt of them out—It was Matilda gave them, and I bid him thank her, not me.

There is a little hunting ſeat or palace about a quarter of a mile from Elſinoor, where the King drives down frequently for a few hours in the ſummer. There is nothing worth ſeeing in or about the building; but the proſpect from the roof is beautiful beyond expreſſion: it looks down on the town of Elſinoor and Caſtle of Cronſberg, and commands beyond theſe the Sound and coaſt of Sweden for a vaſt way. The town of Helſimborg in Sweden, which is exactly oppoſite,

forms a fine object. I think it one of the moſt elegant and pictureſque landſcapes I ever ſurveyed.—I peeped into the Daniſh church here—The woman carried me up to the high altar, which was entirely covered with a curtain; and the boy who accompanied me told me it was very fine. I expected a Corregio, or a Raphael, and wondered how they had got any ſuch piece of painting. However, on drawing aſide the veil, I found it was only a collection of Saints, Martyrs, and Apoſtles in wooden alto relievo, all dreſſed out in gold leaf, with King Chriſtian the Vth, I believe it was, in the middle of them, who ſeemed to ſtare like a man in amazement; probably, at finding himſelf in ſuch company: I was diſappointed, and yet could not help ſmiling at my miſtake. In this ſituation I continued looking at the gaudy figures, while the woman kindly read me a long Daniſh differta-

tion; I ſuppoſe, on the hiſtory of the altar.—On turning round, I found myſelf ſurrounded by a number of yellow-haired boys and girls, who had formed themſelves into a ſemi-circle to look at the ſtranger. I was as much pleaſed to look at them, as they could be at me; and ſelecting one of the girls, whoſe *cheveux blondins* hung down on her neck in looſe diſorder, and whoſe whole figure was a beauty in miniature, for I ſuppoſe ſhe could not count above eleven years—I went up to her and preſented her a ſtiver in a manner, which ſaid, as well as mute eloquence could expreſs it, „'Tis your pretty form, ſweet maid, which draws this preſent."—The „*detur pulchriori*" was not more legibly written by the hand of nature on Paris's apple, than it was on my bit of ſilver; but my goddeſs was too young, and too innocent, to read it.

Mr. Fenwick's hock, and what was

ten times more powerful, his lady's company and converſation, detained me at Elſinoor till four o'clock or later, and I had then twenty-two miles to go in a chaiſe to Copenhagen. This vehicle, which was an indefinable ſomewhat, begot by a coach upon a cart, and partaking very much of both kinds, was drawn by four little Daniſh horſes; and notwithſtanding it appeared to me when I got into it, ſurmounted as it was with trunks and hay for the horſes, very ill calculated for ſpeed, yet the fellow, who was a laughing, merry, talkative Dane, whipped his cattle ſo frequently and ſo well, that I got to the capital about nine o'clock, which in this country is driving at a great rate.

I did not admire the appearance of objects between Elſinoor and this place; but, indeed, I muſt confeſs, I ſaw them through a very bad medium, as I could not keep myſelf warm the whole way,

though I wrapt myſelf up in my great coat. The day cloſed in a good league before I reached the metropolis, and I was indebted to the moon for her light the reſt of the road. After they had ſtopt me at the gates, inquired my name, and ſearched my trunks, I was ſet down at the inn, where I now am, oppoſite the Royal palace.—But I can write no more. 'Tis midnight, and you may imagine, after the adventures of the day, I ſhan't quarrel with my pillow.

So good night!

LETTER II.

Copenhagen, 25th April, 1774.

I HAVE now been here near a week, and begin to find that a ſtranger may ſpend his time not unpleaſantly. But before I proceed to foreign affairs, let me give you ſome account of the domeſ-

tic ones: I am lodged, as I think I mentioned to you in my laſt, at an excellent inn, or rather hotel, immediately oppoſite the palace, and my chamber commands a very compleat proſpect of it and the haven which ſeparates us. It is not, however, the ſituation of this hotel, or the entertaining landſcape it commands, which form, in my eſtimate of objects, its greateſt charm.—There is yet another. When I am not particularly engaged in company, I always dine at the landlord's table, which is very well ſerved, and where I have been happy enough to make two or three moſt agreeable acquaintances, of whom more by and by. At preſent let me give you ſome account of my landlord.—He has, you muſt know then, three daughters, who dreſs their heads to advantage, courteſy moſt civilly to my bows, and are well diſpoſed to oblige;—but all theſe will only excite complacency, and go no

deeper. There is yet a fourth, who, in my eye, unites in her perſon a thouſand times the attractions of the other three. —She is by birth a Norwegian, and lives near Chriſtiana in Norway, but is now here on a viſit: her complexion is too ruddy, and her perſon has too much of the *embonpoint*, to be deemed handſome in England; yet even among us ſhe would be admired. I have bowed the knee to her from the firſt moment I ſaw her;—nay, even ſaid every thing that the ſight of beauty can be ſuppoſed to dictate to a heart, all alive to its divine impreſſions.—How I ſaid them, I leave you to judge from your own feelings, ſince language conſtitutes no part of our interchange of ideas, as I am unhappy enough not to ſpeak Daniſh, and ſhe can converſe in no other. But the moſt animated expreſſion of admiration may be conveyed without the aid of words or ſounds; and there is a lan-

guage, and that an eloquent one too, which is given by bounteous nature in common to the inhabitants of England and of Norway.

She ſometimes plays to me on a inſtrument which reſembles our ſpinnet, and which they call a pantaloon.—She accompanies the muſic with her voice, and ſings me twenty Daniſh ſongs from a book which uſually lies on the table. I do not apprehend that the language is much better calculated in itſelf for harmony, than the Dutch or Flemiſh; and yet by what faſcination I know not, I am more delighted than ever I was at hearing the fineſt of Metaſtaſio's Arrias from Caecilia Davies's mouth. There is one in particular which has ſomething in it peculiarly touching; and as ſhe turns over the leaves, I ſtop at that, lay my finger on it, and humbly requeſt, in that language I mentioned before, that ſhe will oblige me with it. When

ſhe has done, I take her hand, and while I preſs it to my lips, they inform her, that ſhe has not played to a heart incapable of taſting the delights, which beauty and harmony united muſt ever produce. You may laugh at this dumb *tête-à-tête* if you pleaſe; and, perhaps, if I was inclined to burleſque inſtead of admiring it, I could myſelf ſuppoſe it ſometimes ridiculous enough.—Let that be as it may, I can only ſay the time ſlips unperceived away in this occupation; and it is at leaſt an agreeable relaxation and alternative from the more noiſy amuſements, or from the cloſer applications of the mind: but you muſt not therefore imagine, that ſhe engroſſes my whole time or attention; I have been employed in viewing ſeveral objects of curioſity in this capital.

I was accompanied this morning, by two gentlemen, to Count Moltke's palace. It is very ſplendid, and a fine taſte

is ſhewn in the collection of the paintings which cover the grand drawing-room. They are as much ſuperiour in excellence, as they are inferiour in number, to thoſe I have ſeen in the King's cabinet of curioſities, or, as it is called here, the Muſeum. This laſt I have likewiſe ſeen once; but as I intend reviſiting it, and it contains a number of curious and extraordinary productions peculiar to the Daniſh dominions, I ſhall mention it by and by in a future letter.—Count Moltke himſelf, whom you may probably recollect in England, when he accompanied his preſent Daniſh Majeſty, lives now in a ſtate of retirement, ſuited to his advanced age, and diminiſhed influence over affairs of ſtate. He was favourite and the miniſter of Frederic the Vth; and ſo deſpotic was his ſway during the concluding period of the late reign, when the King from perſonal and mental incapacities ſcarce held the ſceptre

in his hand, that he was commonly called „Konig," or „King Moltke."

The round tower here is very ſingular.—It was built by Chriſtian the IVth, under whom the celebrated Tycho Brahé flouriſhed, and deſigned for an obſervatory.—There is not a ſingle ſtep in it, though very lofty.—You aſcend by a ſpiral road, of near fourteen feet broad, from the bottom to it's ſummit. A profeſſor, who ſhewed me over it, aſſured me, that one of their Kings (Chriſtian the Vth, as I recollect,) drove in his carriage up and down it; and he even produced a book, as I doubted it, to prove the veracity of his aſſertion. I muſt own it may be eaſily done, though probably at ſome riſk of the driver's neck.

Was it not for the fair Norwegian, with whom, after all, it muſt be owned I could wiſh to converſe with the tongue, as well as the eye or hand, I find hardly any inconveniency reſulting from my ig-

norance of the Daniſh language. Every perſon of faſhion ſpeaks French, and many of them Engliſh. The gentlemen of the army and navy here in particular, are almoſt univerſally uſed to theſe languages:—they are, at leaſt ſeveral of them, with whom I have fallen into company, extremely diſpoſed to treat a ſtranger with every mark of urbanity and politeneſs. One of them has already promiſed to accompany me over the iſland of Zealand, and to be my conductor on a tour I propoſe making to ſee the Royal palaces; and I am engaged to-morrow morning with two others, to view a private collection of natural curioſities, which I am told is made with great taſte and judgment.

The weather is ſtill very cold: we have had hail almoſt every day ſince my arrival; nor are there as yet any marks of that ſweet ſeaſon, which the Italians ſo juſtly denominate the *gioventù del*

anno, but which is pretty much unknown to Daniſh poets. Indeed, I apprehend the year is more properly divided here into the ſummer and winter, than as with us into four ſeaſons. A ſhort ſummer ſucceeds to the long ſeries of cold and darkneſs, which environs them from October till April; and during this period, they often experience very great heats for a few days, or ſometimes weeks. Certainly man is much affected by phyſical cauſes, and one is not ſurpriſed to find the elegant arts chiefly confined to luxurious and ſouthern climates, and faintly raiſing their heads amid theſe ſnowy and inhoſpitable regions, where the inhabitants ſeem in ſome degree to partake of the aſperities of their ſoil, and where Royal munificence, however unbounded, can only raiſe a few ſickly and ſtraggling plants.

They ſeem to have a great turn for politics here, and as it may not be quite

ſo ſafe to inſpect too deeply into the conduct of their own Sovereign and ſtateſmen, they make themſelves ſome amends by intereſting themſelves in thoſe of the Engliſh nation. I am aſked a thouſand queſtions here, in every company, about the inhabitants of Boſton, and relative to the Eaſt-India affairs. They are unanimous in opinion, that the colonies will be ſoon abſolutely free; and they give me a look of incredulity, and a ſignificant ſhake of the head, when I aſſure them that all will terminate quietly, that Boſton muſt ſubmit, and that government have uniformly embraced the moſt gentle, mild, and parental meaſures; I ſee they don't believe me, and I am obliged to refer them to futurity for the teſt of my aſſertions.

So few perſons viſit this metropolis or kingdom from motives of curioſity, that they are quite ſurpriſed when I aſſure them I have no ſort of buſineſs here,

and am only employed in the ſearch of knowledge. Indeed, I apprehend, a month or five weeks is fully adequate to the completion of theſe purpoſes, and I ſhall not delay my departure an hour after that time.

There is no face of induſtry or buſineſs here; and Copenhagen, though one of the fineſt ports in the world, can boaſt of little commerce. The public places are filled with officers either in the land or ſea ſervice, and they appear to conſtitute three-fourths of the audience at the comedy and the opera. The number of forces are, indeed, much too large for this little kingdom, which has not been engaged in war theſe fifty years. They can boaſt, 'tis true, a vaſt extent of dominion; but of what importance are the barren and almoſt uninhabited mountains of Norway and Lapland, ſtretching to the pole; or the plains of Iceland, where the inhabitants are yet,

and will probably ever remain, in the moſt profound barbariſm? Their German dominions in Holſtein are by far the moſt rich, and furniſh a large part of the Royal revenue. There needs, indeed, no ſtronger proof of the poverty of the kingdom, than the ſcarcity of ſpecie. I have ſeen no gold, and hardly any ſilver. They pay every thing in paper; and if you loſe a ſingle dollar at the card-table, or the billard-table, it is given in a bill. I received two hundred rix-dollars yeſterday morning, and not a ſingle one in money.

LETTER III.

Copenhagen, Friday, 29th of April, 1774.

I SHALL continue my remarks on the chief objects of curioſity here. I went Wedneſday morning with a party of

ladies to ſee the palace of Roſenbourg. It was conſtructed, as I am aſſured, by our celebrated Inigo Jones, and ſtands in the middle of a large garden. It is ſmall, and at preſent very little uſed by the King, or Royal family. There is an air of antiquity in all the apartments, tapeſtry, and furniture, which is not diſpleaſing, and impreſſes with reſpect. The grand ſala or dining-room, in particular, is in this ſtyle. The hangings, which are not ill executed, repreſent the various actions by ſea and land, which diverſified the ancient wars between the Swedes and Danes, who ſeem always to have had the ſame national rivalſhip and animoſity, which the French and Engliſh are diſtinguiſhed for in Europe, and which, 'tis probable, they will ever in ſome degree retain. At one end of this grand apartment, are three ſilver lions as large as the life, who ſeem, by the ferocity and rudeneſs of their

appearance, defigned to characterize the age and nation in which they were caſt. It is a ſort of ſavage magnificence, which ſtrikes more effeminate and luxurious times with wonder, to introduce ſuch forms into a banqueting room of ſtate. Here are ſeveral ſmall cabinets full of curious rarities, which the various Sovereigns of Denmark have ſucceſſively collected, and left to their poſterity. Many of them are intrinſically valuable; others, only preſerved from ſome event or accident connected with them. Among the firſt is a ſaddle, on which Chriſtian the IVth made a ſort of triumphal entry into Copenhagen It is covered with pearls, diamonds, and other precious ſtones, and the ſpurs are of gold, enriched with jewels. The coat worn by the King, and a light helmet on the ſame occaſion, are likewiſe covered with pearls. I forget the ſum at which it was then eſtimated; but you may eaſily ſuppoſe

ſit to be immenſe. They preſerve likewiſe, with great care, a handkerchief of this Prince died with his blood, from a wound he received by a ball which deprived him of an eye. The man who accompanied us, ſhewed me, with exultation in his countenance, a ſword of Charles the XIIth of Sweden: it is juſt ſuch a ſword as ſuch a monarch may be ſuppoſed to have uſed, and would well become the meaneſt ſoldier: it, indeed, evinces his ſtrength and vigorous frame of body, by its ſize and weight. I queſtion whether his preſent Majeſty of Denmark could heave it, and I think I may be ſure he could not draw it. The blade is at leaſt four feet long, and both the hilt and garde are entirely compoſed of braſs.

I could not help ſmiling when I entered the chamber in which Chriſtian the IVth died. There are, indeed, ſome figures in it which may not improperly

be termed celeſtial and angelic; but they are rather ill calculated for the regards of an expiring man, and would better become the cabinet of a young and elegant voluptuary. I remarked this to our conductor, who only ſhook his head, and ſhrugged his ſhoulders, but ſaid nothing. If his Majeſty had been a muſſelman, I ſhould have ſuppoſed he deſigned them as repreſentative of the Houris, in whoſe arms he was ſo ſoon to repoſe his wearied virtue, and forget the toils annexed to royalty: but it ſeems he died a Lutheran.

The gardens of this palace conſtitute one of the chief diverſions of the city, as they are always open, and on feſtivals or Sundays are crowded with company. They are large, but not laid out with taſte, or adorned with any productions of art, one ſtatue only excepted of Hercules vanquiſhing the Nemean lion, which ſtands under a portico raiſ-

ed to defend it from the inclemencies of the weather. This is of Italian workmanſhip, and the artiſt has found means to diſplay great anatomical ſkill and beauty in the attitude and muſcles of the hero, who by an extraordinary exertion of ſtrength, forces open and breaks the jaw of his adverſary.

I went yeſterday to ſee the private collection of rarities, paintings, etc. I mentioned to you before. It is made by a Monſieur Spengler, who, I apprehend, is well known in the literary world. He is by birth a Swiſs, but his urbanity and learning have made him a citizen of the world. I have always found the great and good to be of no country. His pieces of painting are, for a private individual, numerous, and yet very ſelect. Many of them have been preſented by the maſters themſelves, as tributes of friendſhip or admiration, made to his genius or his heart. They are, indeed,

moſtly the production of German, Dutch, and Flemiſh artiſts. He is a fine mechaniſt and anatomiſt, and has ſome pieces of workmanſhip in both thoſe branches of ſcience, cut by himſelf in ivory, which are *chefs-d'oeuvres*. I was not ſurpriſed to hear him call Dr. Fothergill his intimate friend, or to find that he kept up the cloſeſt correſpondence with the celebrated Linnaeus in Sweden. I aſſured him of my intention to viſit that great man in his retreat at Upſal, and that I had already procured letters of introduction to him. In juſtice to Denmark, I ought to add, that his late Majeſty made this gentleman keeper of the Muſeum, and that he enjoys a very eaſy competence. I was charmed to find that his elevated underſtanding, and uncommon talents, had not allied him to poverty.

I have been into all the churches here, whether German, French, or Daniſh;

but it is not in Lutheran places of devotion, one muſt ſearch for the productions of art and elegance: Madonnas and Magdalens are confined to catholic walls, and form one of the moſt enviable parts of the Roman form of worſhip and decoration. There is one church here, indeed, where they have placed ſix ſtatues of plaiſter before the high altar. As they have armed two of theſe with monſtrous gilt ſwords, as big as Charles the XIIth's, and a third is employed in blowing a trumpet, I muſt own I took them, at firſt ſight, for a kind of guard drawn up to defend the holy place; but on a nearer approach, I found (probably for fear of ſuch a miſtake) that they had chriſtened them all, and placed their names, ſeverally and reſpectively, at their feet. To four of them they have applied the Jewiſh appellations of the angels, which occur in ſcripture, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, and

Michael; but unhappily when they had got ſo far, having yet two nameleſs figures, and no more angelic titles, they ſeem to have been at a ſad loſs: under one of them they have put the word Cherub, and left it undetermined who he might be; and to the other, is affixed Jeremiell. Who Jeremiell is, I don't know. I ſhould have thought it to be the prophet Jeremiah, only a little altered in one ſyllable of his name, and to confirm this ſuſpicion he holds a book in his hand: but then he has a pair of wings, which puzzle one confoundedly. I could not ſatisfy myſelf quite about this perſonage, and muſt leave it to King Chriſtian the Vth, who built the church and put up the ſtatues, to anſwer for his own works, and unfold the enigma.

The police of Copenhagen is exceedingly good, and one may walk through the whole city at midnight with the moſt perfect ſafety. No robberies, no aſſaſſi-

nations heard of. They wear no cloaks, nor conceal any ſtillettoes under their habits, as in the ſouthern kingdoms of Europe. Indeed, it is uſually almoſt as quiet here at eleven o'clock at night, as in a country village, and ſcarce a coach rattles through the ſtreets.

I don't apprehend this capital can be above the fourth part of the ſize of London, poſſibly not ſo much. It is fortified towards the land by a foſſé, always full of water. The ſtreets are commonly of a good breadth, and the houſes very neat and handſome. There is one very beautiful place here, which approaches nearer to a circus than a ſquare; each ſide or diviſion of which is only one palace, and in the centre is an equeſtrian ſtatue in bronze of the late King Frederic the Vth. I muſt own I was much more pleaſed with this, than with the *Place de Victoires* at Paris, and think it has a much better effect.

I have now written a long letter, and muſt put an end to it, as the poſt goes for England to-morrow. I ſhall yet ſtay here a fortnight, and in my next you may expect an account of the court. They are all in town at preſent, and don't go into the country theſe three weeks, as I am informed. Adieu! I am, ever,

My dear Sir,
Your moſt devoted, etc.

LETTER IV.

Copenhagen, Tueſday, 3d of May, 1774.

I PROMISED in my laſt letter to give you ſome little account of the court. I muſt, however, premiſe, that I have not had the honour of being preſented to the Sovereign here, as is cuſtomary with ſtrangers from the other kingdoms of

Europe. It is ſufficient that I am an Engliſhman, not to wiſh it; and, indeed with ſo jealous an eye are we regarded, at preſent, in this capital, that I can aſſure you, becauſe I have it from the moſt reſpectable and inconteſtible authority, that ſo little an individual as myſelf, ſo humble and unknown a traveller as I am, is not only publicly talked of, but even ſuſpected as a ſpy, becauſe I come from England, and have no avowed motive, except curioſity and knowledge. I have never, therefore, been at the levee, which is every Friday; but I go to the drawing-room, and mingle unnoticed among the crowd. I was there laſt night, when his Majeſty, the Queen dowager, and Prince Frederic the King's brother, were preſent. To give you a picture of the court, as it now exiſts, I muſt carry you back to the time of the late celebrated, and unhappy favourite, Count Struenſee. I have made it my

endeavour, ſince my arrival here, to gain the moſt authentic and unprejudiced intelligence reſpecting him, and the late extraordinary revolution which expelled a Queen from her throne and kingdom, and brought the miniſters to the ſcaffold. I ſhall only inform you of ſome few anecdotes, which elucidate his character, and with which you may be unacquainted; though, as I never peruſed the printed account of his life and trial, which appeared in England, you muſt excuſe me, if I repeat what you have ſeen there.

Struenſee, as you know, had not any noble blood in his veins, or conſequently any hereditary and preſcriptive title to the immediate guidance of affairs of ſtate. Fortune, and a train of peculiar circumſtances, coinciding with his own talents and addreſs, ſeem to have drawn him from his native mediocrity of condition, and placed him in

an elevated rank. He originally practiſed phyſic at Altona on the Elbe, and afterwards attended the preſent King of Denmark on his travels into England, in quality of phyſician. On his return, he advanced by rapid ſtrides in the Royal favour, and ſeems to have eminently poſſeſſed the powers of pleaſing, ſince he became equally the favourite of both the King and Queen. He was inveſted with the order of St. Matilda, inſtituted in honour of her Majeſty, created a count, and poſſeſſed unlimited miniſterial power. His conduct, in this ſudden and uncommon eminence, marks a bold and daring *mind*; perhaps I might add, an expanded and patriotic heart. Unawed by the precarious tenure of courtly greatneſs, and more peculiarly of his own, he began a general reform. The ſtate felt him through all her members: the finances, chancery, army, navy, nobles, peaſants—all were ſenſible of his influ-

ence. He not only dictated, but penned his replies to every important queſtion or diſpatch; and a petition, or a ſcheme of public import and utility, rarely waited two hours for an anſwer. At preſent, I am told, you may be two months without receiving any. The civil judicature of this capital was then veſted in thirty magiſtrates. Struenſee ſent a meſſage to this tribunal, demanding to know the annual ſalary or penſion annexed to each member: rather alarmed at this inquiry, they ſent an anſwer, in which they diminiſhed their emoluments two thirds, and eſtimated them at 1500, inſtead of 4000 rix-dollars.*) The count then informed them, that his Majeſty had no farther occaſion for their ſervices, but in his Royal munificence and liberality, was graciouſly pleaſed to continue to them the third part of their avowed in-

*) A piece, value about 4s 6d Engliſh.

comes, as a proof of his ſatisfaction with their conduct. He at the ſame time conſtituted another court, compoſed only of ſix perſons of approved integrity, to whom the ſame power was delegated. He proceeded to purge the chancery, and other bodies of the law. Then entering on the military department, he, at one ſtroke, broke all the horſe-guards, and afterwards the regiment of Norwegian foot-guards, the fineſt corps in the ſervice, and who were not diſbanded without a ſhort, but very dangerous ſedition. Still proceeding in this ſalutary, but moſt critical and perilous atchievement, he ultimately began to attempt a diminution of the power of the nobles, and to ſet the farmers and peaſants at perfect liberty. You muſt not,—you will not wonder that he fell a victim to ſuch meaſures, and that all parties joined in his deſtruction. Theſe were his real crimes, and not that he was too acceptable

to the Queen, which only formed a pretext. It was the minister, and not the man, who had become obnoxious. I do not pretend, in the latter capacity, either to excuse or condemn him; but as a politician, I rank him with the Clarendons and the Mores, whom tyranny, or public baseness, and want of virtue, have brought, in almost every age, to an untimely and ignominious exit; but to whose memory impartial posterity have done ample justice. Yet I must avow, that though I cannot think Struensee made a bad use, he certainly made a violent and imprudent one, of his extensive power. He seems, if one may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favour, and such accumulated honours; and not to have adverted sufficiently to the examples which history furnishes of Wolseys in former days, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who

moſt ſtrikingly evince the ſlippery foundation of political grandeur. When he was even preſſed only a ſhort time before his ſeizure, to withdraw from court, and paſs the Belts, with the moſt ample ſecurity for his annual remitment of forty, fifty, a hundred thouſand dollars, an unhappy faſcination detained him, in defiance of every warning, and reſerved him for the priſon and the block. The Queen dowager, and Prince Frederic, were only the feeble inſtruments to produce this cataſtrophe, as being by their rank immediately about the perſon of the Sovereign; though common report has talked loudly of the former's intrigue, and attributed it to her imaginary abilities. The only mark of capacity or addreſs they exhibited, was in preſerving a ſecreſy, which deluded Struenſee and the Queen Matilda, 'till the time of their being arreſted. I have been aſſured, that on the laſt levee day preceding

this event, the count was habited with uncommon magnificence, and never received greater homage or court ſervility from the crowd, than when on the verge of ruin. On the night fixed for his ſeizure, there was a *bal paré* in the palace; the Queen, after dancing, as uſual, one country-dance with the King, gave her hand to Struenſee during the reſt of the evening. She retired about two in the morning, and was followed by him and Count Brandt. The moment was now come. The Queen dowager, and her ſon Prince Frederic, haſtened to the King's private chamber, where he was already in bed. They kneeled down beſide it, and implored him with tears and expoſtulations to ſave himſelf and Denmark from impending deſtruction, by arreſting thoſe whom they called the authors of it. 'Tis ſaid, the King was not eaſily induced to ſign the order, but did it with reluctance and heſitation. At length,

their entreaties prevailed, and he affixed his ſign manual to the paper. Colonel Koller Banner inſtantly repaired to Struenſee's apartment, which, as well as Brandt's, was in the palace; they were both ſeized nearly at the ſame inſtant, and, as all defence was vain, hurried away immediately to the citadel. When Count Struenſee ſtepped out of the coach, he ſaid with a ſmile to the commandant, who received him into cuſtody, „I believe you are not a little ſurprized at ſeeing me brought here a priſoner." „No, and pleaſe your Excellence," replied the old officer bluntly, „I am not at all ſurprized; but, on the contrary, have long expected you."— It was five o'clock in the morning when the Count de Rantzau came to the door of her Majeſty's antichamber, and knocked for admittance. One of the women about the Queen's perſon, was ordered to wake her, and give her information

that ſhe was arreſted. They then put her into one of the King's coaches, drove her down to Elſinoor, and ſhut her up, as you know, in the Caſtle of Cronſberg.—Mean while, as they dreaded an inſurrection in Copenhagen, every military precaution was taken to prevent it; the moſt infamous and ſilly reports were circulated among the populace, to render the ſtate priſoners odious: that they had put poiſon in the King's coffee, to deſtroy him; that they intended to declare him incapable of governing; to ſend the Dowager Queen Juliana out of the kingdom, as well as her ſon Prince Frederic, and to proclaim Matilda regent. To confirm theſe extraordinary and contradictory reports, the King himſelf and his brother appeared in a ſtate-coach, and paraded through the ſtreets of the city, to ſhew himſelf unhurt, and as if eſcaped from the moſt horrid conſpiracy. During theſe tranſactions, Struenſee and

Brandt were detained in the moſt rigorous impriſonment. They loaded the former with very heavy chains about his arms and legs, and he was at the ſame time fixed to the wall by an iron bar. I have ſeen the room, and can aſſure you it is not above ten or twelve feet ſquare, with a little bed in it, and a miſerable iron ſtove. Yet here, in this abode of miſery, did he, though chained, compleat with a pencil an account of his life and conduct as a miniſter, which is penned, as I have been aſſured, with uncommon genius. A tribunal was appointed for the trial of the Queen and the two counts, and a council aſſigned for each, to preſerve an appearance of juſtice and equity. You know the reſult, and the winding up of the whole, on the 28th of April, 1772. I muſt, however, mention to you ſome few particulars relative to Count Brandt, as they are very remarkable, and equally true;

nor do I apprehend you have ever heard them.

This unfortunate man roſe chiefly under Struenſee's auſpices, though he was originally of an honourable deſcent. During a reſidence which the court made at one of the Royal palaces, that of Hercſholm, it happened that his Majeſty quarrelled with Brandt, and, which was ſingular enough, challenged him. This the count, you may imagine, declined. When they met ſoon after, the King repeated his defiance; called him coward; and Brandt ſtill behaving with temper, as became a ſubject, he thruſt his hand into his mouth, ſeized his tongue, and had very nearly choaked him. In this ſituation can it be wondered at, that he ſhould bite the King's finger, or ſtrike him, or both? Self-preſervation muſt neceſſarily ſuperſede every other feeling at ſuch a moment, and plead his pardon. By Struenſee's mediation the

quarrel was immediately made up, and the King promiſed never more to remember or reſent the circumſtance of his ſtriking him. Yet was this blow, given to preſerve himſelf from imminent deſtruction, and from the fury of an enraged man, made the pretence for his condemnation. They ſaid, he had lifted his hand againſt the King's ſacred perſon, which was death by the laws of Denmark.—His lawyer, I am told, made an excellent defence for him, and very forcibly remarked the eſſential difference between aſſaulting the Sovereign, and only defending himſelf from a private attack. „One of our former Monarchs, ſaid he, (Chriſtian the Vth) was uſed frequently to unbend himſelf among his nobles: on theſe occaſions, it was his cuſtom to ſay, „The King is not at home." All the courtiers then behaved with the utmoſt freedom and familiarity, unreſtrained by the Royal preſence. When he choſe

to reſume his Kingly dignity, he ſaid, —„ The King is again at home." But what, added he, muſt we do now, when the King is never at home?"— This ſeems more like the ſpeech of an Engliſhman than a Dane, and breathes a manly and unfettered ſpirit.

The ſkulls and bones of theſe unhappy men are yet expoſed on wheels about a mile and a half out of town: I have viewed them with mingled commiſeration and horrour. They hold up an awful and affecting leſſon for future ſtateſmen.

I have been aſſured that Struenſee reſigned himſelf to his own ſentence without murmuring, or attempting to deprecate the blow; but that he expreſſed the utmoſt pity and abhorrence at the flagrant injuſtice committed in ſentencing Count Brandt to the ſame death. They have portraits of Struenſee in all the ſhops, with this motto round them:—

Mala multa Struens-ſe ipſum perdidit. You ſee it is a miſerable ſort of pun upon his name. Yet, in defiance of all the calumnies of a triumphant party, the terrours of a deſpotic government, and the natural reſerve among the people, there are, even here, who dare to ſpeak, though ambiguouſly, their genuine ſentiments. „Sir, ſaid a man of ſenſe and honour to me, a few days ſince, between ourſelves, all is not as it ſhould be; we have at preſent neither King nor miniſter: an imbecility, mingled with diſorder, characterizes our government: the effects are too viſible: the blue and white ribbons are proſtituted, and contemptible. The finances are in a worſe ſtate than when Struenſee found them: the army devour us. In Norway, affairs are yet worſe: the King is unpopular there, and ſo little is his authority reſpected, that the Norwegians have refuſed, and ſtill refuſe, to pay the capi-

tation tax, nor can it be levied among them." I have not amplified or exaggerated in this picture, which I really believe is too juſt in moſt of the particulars. The King has certainly ſuffered much in his intellectual capacity, and they make very little ſcruple in general to own it. He can play, indeed, at cards; he can dance, or go to an opera; but he is doubtleſs in a ſtate of debility, which diſqualifies him for the conducting or ſuperintending affairs of national import, and public conſequence: theſe are left to the miniſters, who tread very cautiouſly, and will not preſently proſecute Struenſee's patriotic meaſures. His fall is too recent, nor have his bones yet returned to their parent earth. There is a vacuity in his aſpect, which is ſtrongly marked; and he is much paler and thinner, than when you remember him on his tour in England. The Queen dowager and Prince Frederic live in the

palace with him, and accompany him, like his ſhadow, wherever he moves. The Prince has received no other mark of bounty from nature, or fortune, than Royal birth. He is very much deformed, and this perſonal imperfection has gained him the appellation of Richard the IIId, among thoſe who do not love the court, though it doubtleſs originated among the Engliſh.

They have a Daniſh comedy here twice a week, and an Italian opera in the King's own opera houſe in the palace every Saturday; but I neither admire their fingers or dancers.

I have not ſaid a word to you in this letter of my fair Norwegian. She has loſt her father ſince I wrote laſt, and I ſaw her not for two days, which ſhe dedicated to his memory in retirement. She then burſt upon me in all the melancholy ſplendour of mourning, her eyes red with weeping, and her beauty

heightened by her dreſs. Was I to be much longer acquainted with her, I ſhould make a very rapid progreſs, I believe, in Daniſh. My heart has done it already. Except this humble fair one, I have not ſeen above three or four very handſome or very elegant women in Copenhagen. Perhaps I may be too premature in my determination, but I do not think them, in general, to be compared for lovelineſs with our own women. I have heard this court likewiſe decried as very profligate, and very licentious. It may be ſo, for any thing I can ſay to the contrary; but upon my word, there are no ſymptoms of it viſible. The King, though in the bloom of youth, and without a wife, lives as continent as Joſeph Andrews; and as to Prince Frederic, nature, it is ſaid, has very compleatly diſqualified him for affairs of gallantry. It muſt be confeſſed

at the ſame time, that the King acted very differently only a few years ago.

I ſhall go to-morrow morning in a large party to the town of Malmoe in Sweden: it is four leagues diſtant on the oppoſite coaſt. The weather, which has been fine theſe three days, and rather reſembled ſummer than ſpring, has put on a different aſpect to-night, and threatens rain. If ſo, we ſhall delay it till Friday; as there will be a *bal paré* at the palace on Thurſday, where I purpoſe to be preſent. On Sunday next I ſhall ſet out on a tour to the palaces. Mean while I diſpatch this letter by the poſt, which goes for England this evening. Adieu.

I am ever

Your's, etc.

LETTER V.

Copenhagen, Saturday, 7th May, 1774.

I WENT through the Royal cabinet or Muſeum yeſterday morning, accompanied by Monſieur Spengler. This collection is very large, and extends through all the vegetable, mineral, and metallic worlds, as well as the finer arts. It is more indebted to Frederic the IVth, than to any other Sovereign. Every nation has produced her heroes and her patriots, on whom hiſtory delights to dwell. Some countries are, however, more fruitful in great and ſublime ſpirits, than others. In Denmark, they have had very few to grace their annals. Sweden can boaſt her two Guſtavus's, the firſt and ſecond; nor are her Chriſtina, or her Charles, unknown to fame. In what country is not the name of Peter

celebrated, the greateſt legiſlator that modern times have ſeen? But here the ſun of genius has not yet blazed from a throne, and ſhed a temporary luſtre on the ſurrounding darkneſs. There are, however, two favourite Monarchs of Daniſh ſtory, whoſe memories are revered, and whoſe golden days are frequently recalled with a ſigh. The firſt of theſe was Chriſtian the IVth, who was the opponent and competitor of Guſtavus Adolphus, though with far inferiour fame. The laſt was Frederic the IVth. This Prince loved the arts, and attached from that principle to the land where they ſeemed to hover and reſide, he made two viſits to Italy; one previous to his aſcending the throne, and one after it. As Chriſtian the IVth is uſually depictured on canvas or tapeſtry clad in armour, and holding a javelin in his hand, ſo this latter Sovereign appears the patron of ſcience, and the friend of

the elegant and ſofter occupations. I cannot omit to mention one action, however incredible, well authenticated of him, which diſplays a noble munificence of temper. During a carnival at Venice, he reſided in that city, and in one evening is ſaid to have won at the card-table, a bank worth 200,000 zechins, or nearly 100,000l. ſterling, which he immediately preſented to a noble Venetian lady, in whoſe houſe this happened, and whoſe whole fortunes were involved in this prodigious game of chance. They ſhewed me at the Roſembourg palace, the dreſs in which he was habited, when he did this gallant action. It was that of a pilgrim, all the company being in maſque.

They now keep among the greateſt and moſt valuable curioſities, the chair in which Tycho Brahé was uſed to ſit, when he made his aſtronomical obſervations at Uranibourg. The wood which

compoſes it, is held in reverence, and preſerved with the utmoſt care, as having belonged to ſo great a man. Thus it ever happens! I need not remind you, that the aſtronomer himſelf was driven from his native country by faction and malevolence; or that he died at Prague, in the court, and under the protection, of the Emperour Rodolphus, who ſheltered this illuſtrious fugitive, and afforded him an aſylum. It reminds one of Dr. Johnſton's lines, ſo often quoted on ſimilar occaſions.

„See nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To bury'd merit raiſe the tardy buſt!"

The collection of paintings in the Royal Muſeum is very large; and though it conſiſts moſtly of Flemiſh and German pieces, yet there are ſome few beautiful originals of Guido, Titian, Angelo, and even of Raphael's hand.

Our own Charles the Iſt by Vandyke, and his ſons by Kneller, hold a diſtinguiſhed place. They were, you know, by the mother's ſide of Daniſh extraction. Their own painters or ſculptors ſcarce appear in this numerous aſſemblage. There are, however, ſome paintings, chiefly hiſtorical, by Charles Dremander a Dane, not ill executed. Among theſe is one of the famous Margaret de Waldemar, who united in her perſon the three kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, receiving the homage of this latter from its Sovereign.

I have never yet ſaid a word relative to the palace itſelf, of which the whole Muſeum conſtitutes only a very ſmall part. It was built by the preſent King's grandfather Chriſtian the VIth; and, though it coſt ſix millions of dollars, yet the inſcription over the grand portal declares, that the Sovereign erected it from the ordinary revenues of the crown,

without laying any additional taxes or impoſts on his ſubjects. This was, however, owing to the wondrous and laudable parſimony of his father Frederic the IVth, who, notwithſtanding the almoſt continual hoſtilities he was engaged in with Charles the XIIth, yet left his dominions in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate, and an immenſe treaſure, at his death, behind him, in the coffers of the crown. It is of a prodigious ſize; and if I was inclined to find fault with it, I ſhould ſay, it is too ſplendid and too magnificent for a King of Denmark; on the ſame principle, as foreigners conſtantly remark, that the palaces in England are far beneath the dignity and greatneſs of the Britiſh empire. I have only ſeen a few of the apartments of ſtate, the far greater part of the internal ſtructure being never ſhewn, while the Royal family reſide in town. One of theſe is very remarkable, and may be pro-

perly called the chamber of Kings, as it contains no other paintings except the portraits of all the preſent reigning monarchs throughout Europe. Theſe have been preſented by the reſpective Sovereigns. I could not but ſmile at the different manner in which they have been pleaſed to habit themſelves. The King of Pruſſia, who has ſpent his life amid camps and armies, and has oftener ſlept in a uniform than a coat of velvet, has modeſtly dreſſed himſelf in a plain blue ſuit of cloaths, and the viſor peeps out at one corner of the piece juſt to mark the warriour; while Charles the IIId of Spain, who has ſcarce ever heard the claſh of arms, „nor the diviſion of a battle knows more than a ſpinſter," has arrayed himſelf in compleat armour, and frowns dreadful from the canvas. This ridiculous oſtentation of war only excites laughter, and ſtands finely oppoſed to the modeſt portrait of a Prince,

who might with ſo much propriety have inveſted himſelf with military trophies.

I went laſt Wedneſday in the party I mentioned, to Malmoe in Sweden: inſtead of four leagues, the diſtance is near double, and I am perſuaded the paſſage is, at leaſt, as broad as from Dover to Calais. We were, however, favoured by the wind, and got back again to Copenhagen about ten o'clock at night. It is a poor town, though fortified, and we procured with difficulty a miſerable dinner at a wretched inn.—I muſt carry every thing with me in the carriage, I am told, in my intended journey by land from hence to Stockholm, as not any thing is to be procured in many of the villages. I have, however, ſome difficulty to conceive any country ſo very bad, and do not doubt the Danes exaggerate matters. We were very ill repaid at Malmoe for our trouble in viſiting it. Except the body of a monk,

who was immured in the wall of the great church, I ſaw not any thing curious. Tradition ſays, this wretch lived nine days, as they fed him through a hole with eggs, and that his puniſhment was inflicted for adultery.

I cannot ſay I am charmed with this metropolis, or find much to admire in it. To-morrow I ſet out for the country, to view the palaces, and probably ſhall not return till Wedneſday. I intend only to remain here a day or two afterwards, and then begin my rout through Sweden. The coldneſs—not to give it a harſher name—with which an Engliſhman is regarded at preſent in this court, is an additional motive to accelerate my departure. In Stockholm and Peterſburgh, we are, I apprehend, regarded with very different eyes. Pray, is it not ſomewhat ſingular, that neither the Daniſh or Engliſh Envoys are at preſent in their reſpective departments? Mr. Woodford

has been in London ſome months, and I ſaw the Baron de Dieden in the drawing room here laſt Monday. It has an odd appearance, and ſeveral of the Danes have remarked it to me, and aſked the reaſon of it. I aſſure them, I am totally ignorant, and know nothing.

The King was preſent at the *bal paré* laſt Thurſday, and danced minuets and country-dances as uſual; in theſe, he excels. He afterwards played at cards till two o'clock, when he retired, and the company ſeparated. This is the laſt, I am informed, which will be given this ſeaſon, as the ſummer now approaches, and the court will ſoon go into the country.

One may with juſtice remark, that there is hardly any intermediate ſeaſon here between winter and ſummer. Eight days ago, the former predominated; and now, ſo rapid is the alteration, the leaves are all out, and the weather

during the day is extremely warm. This ſudden change is by no means ſo grateful as our more ſlow and progreſſive one.

I ſhall reſerve this letter till I return from my intended tour: I promiſe myſelf a very agreeable one, as we are two coaches and a large party. I am going now to the Italian opera.

So farewell!

Copenhagen, Thurſday, 12th May, 1774.

I RETURNED yeſterday from my tour through the northern part of Zealand, and muſt own I have received great pleaſure in this little excurſion. Our firſt ſtage was to Roſkild, which is four Daniſh, or ſixteen Engliſh miles from Copenhagen. It is one of the moſt ancient places on the iſland, and is ſaid to have been a conſiderable city ſeveral centuries before the preſent metropolis had

any exiſtence. This capital owed its commencement, like Venice, to a few fiſhermen, who erected their huts on the ſeaſhore, and finding it convenient for traffic, gave it the name it now bears of Kiobenhaven, or merchants' haven. The only remaining mark of the Royal reſidence which Roſkild yet retains, is that of the burial of the Kings. From the moſt remote antiquity, the Sovereigns of Denmark have been interred in the cathedral. I ſpent two or three hours among the tombs and coffers in which repoſe their remains. The vaults under the church are very numerous, and the ground is covered with the coffins of Kings, Queens, and Princes, who, though born in different centuries, are all now collected together, and placed in the ſame gloomy chambers, with no other attendants than ſilence and darkneſs. The ſplendour which accompanies thoſe of exalted birth, even after death, is in

many of theſe almoſt vaniſhed, and time has deſtroyed the gold and velvet which originally marked their dignity.

I inquired for the celebrated Margaret de Waldemar, to whom hiſtory has given the epithet of the Semiramis of the North, and who united under her reign all the kingdoms beneath the polar ſky. The man who accompanied us over the vaults, aſſured me her body was interred here, and by the light of his candle, enabled me juſt to perceive an iron-door, all acceſs to which was blocked up by intervening coffers of monarchs her ſucceſſors. „Within that door, ſaid he, is another vault, where reſts the Queen you inquire for. You can ſee no more." In ſuch a ſituation, it was impoſſible not to be impreſſed with that ſublime and awful melancholy, which ſcenes of this nature are peculiarly calculated to produce. The chilly and unwholeſome dampneſs of the air, the

mournful light produced by a ſolitary taper intruding on theſe abodes of darkneſs, the numerous dead arranged ſide by ſide, and marked with crowns to denote their departed grandeur—All theſe have a moſt forcible effect on the mind, and will tinge with a temporary ſolemnity the gayeſt temper. I found it ſo, and returned with pleaſure from ſuch a ſurvey, to the upper air and chearful day.

Here, in one of the chapels, are two of the moſt magnificent monuments in Europe: they were made in Italy, by order of Chriſtian the IVth, and are erected to the memory of his father and grandfather, Frederic the IId and Chriſtian the IIId. Thoſe of Francis the firſt and Louis the XIIth, in the Abbey of St. Dennis, are not equal in beauty to theſe, which are maſter-pieces of ſculpture. Round the tomb of Frederic the IId, all the events and warlike atchievements which marked his reign, are

exquiſitely deſigned in bas relief. I could not but remark that Chriſtian the IVth, who erected theſe monuments, and who is the idol of Daniſh ſtory, has yet received no ſuch honorary tribute from his poſterity, nor has any marble tomb raiſed to his memory.

Beſides thoſe two laſt mentioned, there are four others lately brought here, of two later Daniſh Sovereigns and their Queens. Theſe are done by the celebrated Wiedwelt, a native of this country, who is now alive. I may have occaſion to mention him again to you by and by.

We drove twenty miles from Roſkild to ſee a foundery for cannon, begun by the late King, and called from his name Frederic's Work. This the Danes expatiate on as the moſt extenſive and aſtoniſhing undertaking in Europe, both as to utility and curioſity. I went over every part of it, and muſt own it by no means impreſſed me with any ſenſations

of wonder or pleaſure. They may make very good cannon, and other warlike ſtores, the work being exceedingly large; but it is certainly no ſuch extraordinary production, either of genius or magnificence, as they eſteem it.

The palace of Fredericſbourg is only about five or ſix miles diſtant from this foundery. It is a very large chateau, moated round with a triple ditch, and calculated, like all the ancient reſidences of Princes, for defence againſt an enemy. It was built by Chriſtian the IVth, and according to the architecture of the times, partakes of the Greek and Gothic ſtyles. In the front of the grand quadrangle, appear Tuſcan and Doric pillars, and on the ſummit of the building are ſpires and turrets. It is at preſent very little viſited by the Kings, and his preſent Majeſty even altered the ceremony of the coronation, which was always performed at this palace by his

predeceſſors. He was crowned in Copenhagen; the expence, and unfitneſs of the apartments at preſent for the reception of the nobility and court, were the reaſons aſſigned for this choice. Some of the rooms are very ſplendid, though furniſhed in the antique taſte. The knights' hall is of a great length. The tapeſtry repreſents the wars of Denmark, and the cieling is one of the moſt minute and laboured performances of ſculpture I ever ſaw. The chimney-piece was once entirely covered with plates of ſilver, richly ornamented; but the Swedes, who have often landed on this iſland, and even beſieged the capital, tore them all away, and rifled the palace, notwithſtanding its triple moat and formidable appearance. The preſent baniſhed Queen Matilda ſpent much of her time at this place, during the King's tour through Europe.

It is a beautiful ride through the Royal

woods from hence to Fredingborg. This was the favourite reſidence of the late King Frederic, who ſpent the greater part of his time here during the latter years of his life, in a kind of ſecluſion from his court and people. The Danes univerſally agree in ſaying, that he was generous, compaſſionate, mild and virtuous: his heart was full of humanity, and he was infinitely beloved by his ſubjects, till he unhappily contracted a fatal paſſion for wine, which incapacitated him for every public concern, and brought him to an untimely death.—The palace is ſmall, but the gardens are laid out very prettily, adorned with a number of ſtatues done by Wiedwelt, the Rubiliac of Denmark. The ſurrounding country too is very fine, and there is an air of ſequeſtration and retirement ſpread through the whole, which highly pleaſes.

I have yet one more palace to carry you over, and ſhall then quit the dwell-

ings of Princes, and return to humbler life. This is Hercſholm, the moſt magnificent and ſpacious of any, built by Chriſtian the VIth. It was the favourite reſidence of the court during the Queen Matilda's ſtay; and the man who ſhewed us the apartments, did not omit to mention the names of Struenſee and Brandt, or to ſhew me the chamber in which the unhappy accident happened, when the latter ſtruck the King, and paid for it with his life.

However dreary and comfortleſs the iſland of Zealand may be in the winter, when covered with ſnow, it exhibits at this ſeaſon of the year a moſt pleaſing aſpect. It is flat every where, but covered with corn, or woods, and cultivated with great induſtry. I more than once thought myſelf on ſome of the Wiltſhire or Hampſhire Downs, by the great number of *tumuli* ſcattered on all ſides. Theſe exactly reſemble in ſize and

appearance thoſe in England, and are probably ancient Saxon ſepulchres. I inquired if any of them had been opened by curious Antiquarians, as many of ours have been; but they only ſtared in anſwer to my queſtion. Here are no Dr. Stukelys, to inveſtigate the monuments of piety or magnificence, left by our anceſtors! I obſerved likewiſe ſeveral collections of ſtones in a circular form, ſome of which are very large, and reminded me of Stonehenge, though on a ſmaller ſcale. About theſe likewiſe they are totally ignorant; and it would only be loſt time to attempt to gain any account of their origin or conſtruction from the people who live near them.

I cannot help mentioning to you a lively deſcription, which a gentleman, remarkable for his wit, gave me of Zealand, ſoon after my arrival. I dined with him, and among other queſtions natural to a ſtranger, I aſked him, if

the country was pleaſant and agreeable. His anſwer was ſhort, but very full. I ſhall give it you in French, as it was ſaid, without tranſlating it. „*Monſieur, il n'y a ſur cette iſle, ni montagne ni rivière; mais pour des lacs, grace à Dieu, il y en a aſſez.*" This is as juſt, as it is keen; and I had often occaſion to recollect the expreſſion during my late tour.

The weather is at preſent very warm, and I promiſe myſelf an agreeable journey through Sweden, in defiance of bad inns, and every inconvenience I am threatened with. The ſeaſon is, indeed uncommonly favourable. Only three years ago, they were yet buried in all the horrours of winter at this very time, accompanied with a dearth of proviſions which approached to a famine. Carriages and horſes loaded with wood came over from Sweden on the ice, and returned again, at the end of April. It was the

6th of May, when four Engliſh veſſels broke up the ice, and entered the port of Copenhagen, which could hardly have ſuffered greater hardſhips from the cloſeſt ſiege by a enemy, than it had done by the inclemency of the weather. It was midſummer before the leaves appeared on the trees, or ſummer changed the aſpect of nature. I muſt own, the relation of theſe facts reconciles one to England with all its fogs and changes of climate, which, compared with theſe inhoſpitable countries, appear as trifles.

I am much preſſed by my friends here, to protract my departure for Stockholm a few days longer. If I obeyed the impulſe of my heart, I ſhould moſt readily comply with their requeſt; but as I intend yet to viſit Peterſburgh and Moſcow during the ſummer, beſides the laſt mentioned capital, I am proof to any ſolicitations of friendſhip; and as to more ſoft and tender ties, they are broken

and diſſolved. My fair Norwegian is no longer here, to faſcinate me with her muſic, and break my reſolutions by the magic of her eyes. She left Copenhagen the day before I ſet out for the palaces, and is gone to reſide in a diſtant part of Zealand, where I ſhall never find her more. I had not even the wretched conſolation to take her in my arms, and bid her a laſt adieu; and I have now only to endeavour to eraſe her image from my heart.

On Sunday morning, at lateſt, I purpoſe to ſet out for Elſinoor, where I ſhall croſs the Sound to Helſimborg in Sweden. I ſhall be ſix or ſeven days from thence to the metropolis, as I intend proceeding leiſurely. I ſhall ſcarce have been a month in Copenhagen when I leave it, and yet I have very completly viewed every object worthy a traveller's attention. What ideas I have tranſmitted of them to you, I know not.

I wiſh to amuſe you; and as charity covers a multitude of ſins, ſo friendſhip can hide a multitude of faults; I repoſe an unbounded confidence in your's. My next will probably be from Stockholm. Mean while I remain,

Your moſt affectionate etc.

LETTER VI.

Jonkioping, Wedneſday Night, 18th May, 1774.

I WRITE to you at preſent from a little town in the heart of Sweden, where I arrived this morning, after a three days moſt diſagreeable journey. As my ſtay here allows me an hour or two of leiſure, I dedicate them to you, and ſhall give you ſome particulars of my rout, as they occur, without ſtudying correctneſs or preciſion.

I left Copenhagen, as I purpoſed,

laſt Saturday morning, and reached Elſinoor at noon. I could not help ſtopping on the road for a few minutes at the village of Nivad, to ſee the celebrated ſpot, on which Charles the XIIth of Sweden landed. The Danes oppoſed his deſcent, and erected a battery of twelve cannon for that purpoſe; but the young warriour, who was at that time, if I recollect right, only ſixteen years old, drove them from their entrenchments, and was himſelf among the firſt of thoſe who leaped from the boats on ſhore. Is it not my Lady Montague, who remarks in one of her letters, that great events, or actions, ſtamp a veneration on the ſpot where they were performed, and impreſs the ſpectator with lively ſentiments of pleaſure many ages after? I had occaſion to remember this obſervation, while I ſtood upon the battery, the embraſures of which are now almoſt grown up to a level with the

reſt of the turf, and which will ſcarce exhibit, in another century, any traces of this engagement. It was a beautiful day, and I could not reſiſt the united attractions of Mrs. Fenwick and Elſinoor, the former of which requeſted, and the latter demanded my ſtay till Sunday. Whether I was more influenced by the charms of the woman, than of the place, is a ſecret which I ſhall not unfold; but if you can draw any deductions on either ſide from your knowledge of my heart, you are at full liberty. This lady, whom I believe I mentioned to you before, is a native of Archangel *in* Ruſſia, and is an eminent proof that thoſe frozen countries can produce minds as highly tempered, and as exquiſitely faſhioned, as the moſt happy and genial ſoils.—But whither am I running? I had forgot I am to give you a deſcription of my journey, and not a picture of a lady. Let us go on!

I croſſed the celebrated paſſage of the Sound next morning, though it blew very freſh. We were over in little more than half an hour. At Helſimborg, where I entered the Swediſh dominions, I had the pleaſure of viewing the beautiful landſcape reverſed, which I had ſeen the preceding evening from the iſland of Zealand. Which of the two is actually the moſt charming, I leave connoiſſeurs to determine. I muſt confeſs I liked the view from Elſinoor infinitely beyond the other. In the firſt, Mrs. Fenwick formed the principal figure in the fore-ground of the piece; but from the tower of Helſimborg, I could hardly with my glaſs diſtinguiſh the houſe in which ſhe reſided. Can you wonder at my preference?

I drove twently miles in the afternoon, and was then obliged by the approach of night, and the want of horſes, to ſtop at a miſerable little inn, or rather cabin, where I could procure nothing

beſides milk. I lay down five hours in my cloaths, and got again into the carriage at three o'clock on Monday morning. Had I underſtood properly the manner of travelling in this country, which is to ſend a peaſant forward from every poſthouſe, to procure horſes in readineſs, I ſhould have doubtleſs made a conſiderable progreſs on my way; but as I neglected this neceſſary ſtep, I was obliged to wait at every ſtage an hour or two, while the horſes were brought from the neighbouring villages.

I was again forced to ſpend the night in a more deſolate and dirty hovel than the firſt, where I wrapped myſelf in my great coat, and ſlept upon a table. In the morning, when I continued my journey, the whole aſpect of nature was changed. The ſnow lay upon the ground two feet deep, and the winter ſeemed to have renewed its empire over theſe inhoſpitable plains, from whence the

ſmiling month of May cannot baniſh him. In the hope of reaching Jonkioping at night, I ſet out, however, in defiance of the inclemency of the weather, which from having been very warm, was become in a few hours as cold and piercing as our Decembers. The drivers ſeemed totally unaffected by this ſudden alteration, which did not produce any in their dreſs or cloathing; and the peaſants, both men and women, were all bare-footed as before. The ſnow, however, conſpiring with the want of horſes, prevented me from reaching this town, and I remained laſt night at a houſe, which for horrour of ſituation I never remember paralleled. It is quite detached from any village or hamlet, and the ſpot on which it ſtands, is a bare rock deſtitute of any covering or earth, and ſurrounded on every ſide by the deepeſt woods it is poſſible to conceive, and in which I had not ſeen one

human creature for two leagues before my arrival. Yet in this ſituation, fatigue made me ſleep very ſound, and my ſervant by me, till three in the morning, when with the return of day, I entered my carriage, and left this moſt melancholy and wretched habitation. Had I been in Spain or Portugal, I own my fears would have kept me awake, and I ſhould have recollected every diſmal recital of murders and aſſaſſinations, which nurſes or novels had informed me of; but here theſe accidents rarely or never happen, and one may travel in perfect ſafety.

I got here about ten o'clock this morning, and gladly enjoyed a few hours of relaxation after ſo many unpleaſing occurrences. It is difficult to give you a picture of the country through which I have paſſed from Helſimborg, the colours of which you will not imagine are heightened by fancy or invention. The

firſt twenty miles exhibited ſome few marks of cultivation and agriculture; and though there was not one collection of huts or houſes, which could be denominated a village, yet ſcattered cottages, and a little plowed land, amid an immenſe waſte, informed the paſſenger that it was not totally unoccupied or unpeopled. But as I advanced farther into the Province of Scania, and afterwards into that of Smaland, even theſe faint traces of human reſidence vaniſhed. Groves of fir or aſpin covered the country; and in the courſe of ſixty miles, I can ſafely aſſure you, I ſaw not a hundred people, and not ten hamlets: villages there are not any. I have drove from one ſtage to another, of twelve or fourteen Engliſh miles, without meeting or ſeeing a ſingle perſon, though I caſt my eye impatiently round on every ſide, in hopes to diſcern the countenance of man.

In many places the firs on either ſide the road formed avenues, as noble as thoſe which are often planted in the entrance to palaces, or noblemen's ſeats; and through the whole was ſpread a kind of rude and gloomy magnificence, which, ſuperadded to their ſilence and lonelineſs, very ſtrongly affected the mind. Even the birds ſeem to have abandoned theſe dreary foreſts, and I heard or ſaw none, except woodpeckers, and now and then the cuckoo. I inquired if they did not afford refuge to wolves or bears, as theſe animals are commonly found in thoſe countries and places, which want population; but the peaſants aſſured me the former were only in ſmall numbers, and rarely ſeen: and as to bears, there are not any.

This deplorable want of inhabitants is one of the many evils which Charles the XIIth entailed on his unhappy kingdom. Unchecked by the defeat of Pul-

tawa, by the loſs of his richeſt provinces, and braveſt ſubjects, his rage for war, heightened by perſonal animoſity to the King of Denmark, induced him ſtill to exert new efforts, and make freſh levies of ſoldiery from his bleeding and exhauſted country: and though more than half a century has now elapſed ſince his death, Sweden has by no means recovered herſelf, or repeopled her uninhabited plains.

The peaſants are civil and humble to obſequiouſneſs, grateful for the third part of a halfpenny, and infinitely leſs uncivilized and barbarous, than one would be tempted to ſuppoſe from the appearance of every thing around them. I ſaw a number of very pretty forms among the women, who uſed to crowd round the carriage at every poſt-houſe; and I muſt own that I diſtributed my ſchellings more in proportion to their beauty, than their age, infirmities, or

poverty. Such is the enchantment of this captivating endowment, that I attempted in vain to refift it's influence: my head condemned me, but my heart counteracted all its dictates, and warped my benevolence in compliance with its own feelings.

Had I not taken the precaution to carry wine and provifions with me in the chaife, I muft have been almoft ftarved in three or four days journey through thefe miferable provinces, where the peafants are ftrangers to every kind of aliment, except bread, and falt pork or fifh. It is, indeed, a queftion whether the former of thefe deferves the name of bread, as it is a compound of rye and oats; among which they mingle, in times of dearth and famine, a kind of flour made of the internal bark of trees rafped: it is of a colour approaching to black, and of a tafte which you muft be as hungry as I was to reliſh. I imagine it

muſt have been ſome of this kind, which their own Charles is ſaid to have taſted, and remarked at the ſame time to the complaining ſoldier who preſented it, that it was bad, but it might be eaten. You remember the anecdote, no doubt.

My ſervant, who is a German, and has wandered over half Europe in various ſervices, was quite tired with four days of ſuch miſerable accommodation, and exclaimed in a rapture, at the ſight of this place, that it was „*le paradis terreſtre.*" It is, indeed, in itſelf a very neat country town, and moſt delightfully ſituated on the lake Veter. I am juſt returned from looking down from the top of the church on it, and the ſurrounding meadows, which are all cultivated, and, after the deſerts I have paſſed, are peculiarly grateful to the eye. The lake itſelf, which is near a hundred Engliſh miles in length, extends far beyond the view to the north, and

reſembles rather the ſea, than a piece of inland water. I could add ſome other remarks, but, upon my word, I am too much fatigued; and after my late journey, and three nights without having pulled off my cloaths, a pair of clean ſheets has charms not to be reſiſted. So, for the preſent, adieu!

I ſhall continue my letter from Norkoping, or poſſibly not till my arrival at Stockholm.

Saturday Night, May 21ſt.

I LEFT Jonkioping Thurſday morning, after the enjoyment of all that luxury of repoſe, which can only be purchaſed by preceding fatigue. My journey from thence, for near thirty miles, lay along the ſhore of the lake Veter, under the high mountains which bound it on the eaſt ſide. I then entered the province of Eaſt-Gothland, and reached the city of

Lindkoping, which is the capital, the ſame night. I was charmed to find myſelf once more in a civilized and inhabited country; every thing had aſſumed a chearful appearance, and the groves of fir were ſucceeded by a cultivated and liberal ſoil, covered with grain, and exhibiting marks of induſtry.

Lindkoping is an inland place, very ancient, and has nothing to detain a traveller, except it's cathedral. It was, however, ſo crowded at the time I was there with the Swediſh noblemen and their train who were ſent to conduct the Princeſs of Holſtein-Eutin, deſigned for Prince Charles his Swediſh Majeſty's brother, that I had no little difficulty to procure a bed.

I lay at Norkoping laſt night, which is only twenty miles diſtant from the former. It is a very large town, and remarkable for it's manufactures of firearms, and every ſort of military weapons.

I went over the whole work, accompanied by the landlord of the inn, who ſpoke Italian, and muſt confeſs, though I am no judge of theſe ſort of fabrics, which depend wholly on principles of mechaniſm, that it appeared to me highly to deſerve attention.

About four miles north of the town, I paſſed the high mountains which ſeparate Eaſt-Gothland from the province of Sudermania. Here the country again becomes rocky, barren, and woody. The flat and fertile fields which I ſaw yeſterday, have been ſucceeded by a much leſs pleaſing appearance. A ſcanty ſoil, where induſtry, however indefatigable, can only produce a ſickly harveſt, covers the boſom of a vaſt expanſe of rock, which in many places appears bare and hideous, or only gives birth to a number of firs, which run up to a vaſt heighth on its naked ſurface, and ſeem kindly lent by nature to con-

ceal in ſome degree her penurious and inhoſpitable aſpect.

I now write from a little village about twenty-ſeven miles from Stockholm, and as I have ordered horſes at three o'clock in the morning, I hope to reach the capital by ten or eleven.

I ſhould not forget to ſay, that the road from Helſimborg to this place cannot be exceeded by any in Europe, that not excepted between London and Bath. It is made by the government, as thoſe in France, and renders travelling very expeditious, where the relays of horſes are provided by a courier. The horſes are all very ſmall, and, as they harneſs them abreaſt of each other, and never drive with a fewer number than four, it has the air of a triumph, rather than a poſtchaiſe.

My ſervant is this moment come to inform me, that to-morrow is the feaſt of Pentecoſt; and ſuch is the fervour of

religious ſeverity in this kingdom, that the landlords on the road will not diſpatch me during divine ſervice, nor will the gates of Stockholm be opened to me, ſhould I arrive at them before it is concluded. There is, however, one ſovereign remedy in all theſe caſes, which, I make no doubt, is equally efficacious in Sweden as in England: a remedy, which had it been timely applied by Pope Leo, even to the great father of Lutheraniſm, before his zeal and his ambition were ſtimulated by oppoſition, it is more than probable, would have ſtopt his mouth! I do not abſolutely and literally mean gold, though it is ſomewhat nearly ſynonimous. To explain this, you muſt know, that whatever quantity of precious metals they have in the metropolis of this kingdom, I have not yet ſeen one bit, however ſmall, either of gold or ſilver, in my long journey from Helſimborg to this

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place; nor have they, I am well assured, any such commodities in the provinces. In lieu of these two articles generally used among us, they have two other species, which supply their place, namely, copper and paper. Their bank-notes are as low as one shilling and six-pence, and they have them of all values, rising gradually from that sum. It is often not a little diverting, when I tender them one of fifty copper dollars, which is adequate to 12s. 6d. English, to see them bring both their hands full of copper coins; nor can they convert it into current money by any other means.

I remember to have read, though I don't exactly know where, that the celebrated Corregio caught the fever of which he died, by wheeling home in a barrow the money he had received in payment for one of his pieces, in a very hot day, from the country, the price having been laid down in copper. Had Corregio been

a Swede, I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed at this ſtory; and if there were any painters in this country, I ſhould think it muſt be a very natural and common death among them, unleſs they were fortunate enough to procure bank-notes.

This extreme ſcarcity, or rather this abſolute want of all gold and ſilver, is another evil which originated from Charles the XIIth's paſſion for war. It is well known, that towards the end of his reign, he obliged his ſubjects to give up all the ſilver of which they were poſſeſſed, and in its place he returned them ſmall copper pieces, which he ordered to paſs as ſilver dollars, value nine-pence each, throughout his dominions. This was Baron Gortz's invention, to ſupply the King with money to carry on the war in Norway; and it coſt him his head after the death of his maſter. Numbers of theſe coins yet remain, though their

imaginary value exiſts no longer, and they are reduced to their intrinſic worth, which is ſomewhat leſs than a farthing, three of them conſtituting a halfpenny. I have collected ſeveral, as I cannot but eſteem them very curious, and have no doubt, that in another century, they will be purchaſed by Medalliſts and Antiquarians at a great price.

The weather is ſtill extremely cold, and I have been this very day in two hard ſhowers of hail. There is likewiſe an evident difference between this province, and that of Eaſt Gothland; in the latter, the trees were moſtly in leaf, whereas here the ſpring is much more backward, and in ſome parts there are ſcarce any ſigns of it's approach. Theſe kingdoms may well be called the domain of winter, ſince he reigns here for nine months in full poſſeſſion.

I ſhall ſend this by the poſt immediately on my arrival at Stockholm. You

may expect to hear of me again in a few days, when I have recovered the fatigue of this long rout. Mean while, I remain

Your affectionately devoted.

LETTER VII.

Stockholm, Saturday, 28th May, 1774.

I CONTINUED my journey early next morning to this capital. As I approached it, the country appeared more rocky, barren and defert, and at the diftance of a fingle mile from it, one is tempted to fuppofe oneſelf in the moſt unfrequented and defolate wild. Nothing marks the vicinity of a great metropolis. Agriculture cannot exert her powers, or labour produce harvefts, where nature has denied the means. The eye difcerns nothing on every fide except firs and rug-

ged rocks; and it would ſeem as if famine had here fixed her eternal reſidence.

I entered Stockholm over a floating bridge of a very conſiderable length acroſs the river. I was, indeed, ſtopt at the gates, according to the prediction; but policy, and not religion, was the cauſe. After having undergone a very ſtrict ſearch, I was permitted to enter the city.

I am lodged at preſent cloſe to the palace; and, as my landlord informs me, in the very apartments where his Grace the archbiſhop of Upſal reſided during ſix months, previous to the coronation of his preſent Majeſty, which office he performed. You will perhaps ſuppoſe from this, that they are very elegant; that the hangings are of tapeſtry, and the chairs covered with velvet. Nothing leſs ſo, I aſſure you! A monk of La Trappe might almoſt occupy them without an infringement of his vow of

mortification; and though I pay a ducat and a half, or 14s. a week, I was ſcarce ever ſo indifferently lodged in any city of Europe. The quality which induced the archbiſhop to take them, was, no doubt, their neighbourhood to the palace. It would be difficult to diſcover any other to recommend them.

I cannot ſay that I have found many charms as yet in this city; the court are all in the country, at their reſpective palaces, and there is only one public diverſion during the week, which is a Swediſh opera. What kind of an entertainment this is, and how far the language is capable of muſical beauty, I am not yet a judge, as there was no repreſentation laſt Thurſday, which is the night when they uſually perform. For want, therefore, of other avocation, I have wandered over every part of the metropolis, and taken different views of it from the numerous eminencies which ſur-

round it. You may poſſibly accuſe me of preſumption when I aſſert, that almoſt in every point of view, the ſituation of Stockholm is injudicious and improper for the capital of the kingdom. Policy, plenty, and commerce, ſeem all to dictate another part of Sweden as much more eligible. Permit me to juſtify my opinion by a few remarks.

The inhabitants themſelves aſſure me, that the place owed it's original, only about three centuries ago, to an accidental contingency. The viceroy, who at that time governed the country under Chriſtian the IId of Denmark, determined to found a city, and inſtead of fixing on a proper ſpot for the execution of his plan, he very wiſely ſet a large piece of wood afloat down the Meler Lake, and reſolved that at whatever place it ſhould ſtop, there to build his projected town. A ſmall iſland arreſted the ſtick in it's progreſs, and the name of Stock-

holm is ſaid to have been given it from this circumſtance.

I was ſhewn the exact point of land where tradition ſays it happened, and where the firſt buildings of the city were erected. However this be, it was hardly poſſible to have found a more barren deſert, or a leſs inviting ſituation in almoſt all reſpects. Even the river has a number of inconveniencies, as it winds in a ſurpriſing manner, and having no tides, ſhips muſt have a fair wind to reach the town; and ſhould it be contrary, it is abſolutely impoſſible. If I pointed out that part of Sweden, which appears to me deſigned by nature and wiſdom for the foundation of a capital, I ſhould mention Carlſcrone. It's centrical ſituation between Copenhagen and Peterſburgh; it's vicinity to Pomerania and Germany; the fertile province of Scania, accounted the fineſt in Sweden, behind it; a port capable of containing the whole

fleet, and in which they are at this time always ſtationed; it's climate, more mild and ſouthern than that of Stockholm by ſome degrees; all theſe circumſtances ſeem to leave an unprejudiced perſon little room to diſpute it's more advantageous ſituation.

There is ſomewhat uncommonly ſavage and inhoſpitable in the whole circumjacent country here. Even in this lovely ſeaſon, when all animate and inanimate nature wakes from the long ſlumber of a polar winter, every thing is joyleſs and unfertile, and the rays of the ſun are reflected from the expanſe of ſtone which inveſts the city round on every ſide, and from whoſe boſom no verdure ſprings to regale the eye. I repeat inſtinctively, as I gaze around, the celebrated lines in Churchill's Prophecy of Famine, which, however exaggerated they may be for the country he intended to paint, are almoſt ſtrictly and literal-

ly true here; nor am I ſurpriſed to find a Chriſtina flying from theſe uncivilized and unlettered kingdoms, to the abodes of art and elegance.

This kingdom has, however, been more productive of immortal and ſublime ſpirits, than all the others of the north. I feel myſelf affected with a reverential awe, as I walk through the church where repoſe the great names of Guſtavus Adolphus, of Torſtenſon, of Baner, and Charles the XIIth. I tread with decent humility over the vaults where their bodies are interred, and find a melancholy ſatisfaction in ſurveying the marble raiſed to their deathleſs fame.

I have converſed ſeveral times ſince my arrival here with Swedes on the ſubject of the victories and death of the laſt of theſe heroes. They are almoſt unanimous in the apprehenſion, or rather avowal, that he was put to death by thoſe about him, and did not fall by a ſhot

from the walls of Fredericſhall, as is commonly ſuppoſed. As every circumſtance relative to the fall of ſo extraordinary a man intereſts, and as there ſeems great reaſon to imagine he did not die by the chance of war; you will, I doubt not, forgive me if I am ſomewhat minute on this article.

Monſieur Voltaire has taken great pains to prove the contrary, and to vindicate the engineer who accompanied him, at the time; from ſo foul a ſuſpicion. I, however, think his reaſons very apocryphal, and even ſome of the facts he relates, as rather tending to give riſe to an oppoſite concluſion. „The King," ſays he, „walked out to view the ſtate of „the advances made by his forces; it „was night; he kneeled down the bet„ter to inſpect them, and leaned his „head on his hands. In this attitude, „amid the darkneſs, he received a ball „into his temple, and fell on the para-

„pet, fetching a deep ſigh. He was dead „in an inſtant; but in that inſtant he „had yet force and courage to put his „hand to his ſword, and lay in that „poſture. Megret, a French engineer, „immediately ſaid with a coolneſs which „diſtinguiſhed his character—„The play „is over; let us be gone!" I quote by memory, and therefore aſk Voltaire's pardon if I do not exactly and literally relate it as he has given it to the world; but nothing material is added or omitted.

The Swedes allow moſt of theſe circumſtances to be true, though they infer very differently. Is it, ſay they, probable, that a ball from the fort fired at random, and in the night, ſhould ſo exactly enter the King's brain? Or is it not much more natural to believe that a piſtol from ſome nearer hand gave ſo well-aimed and deciſive a blow? His attitude indicated an intention of defence from ſome near attack; nor would he have

laid his hand on his ſword to reſiſt a cannon ſhot.

Megret's remark was ſuch, as one can with difficulty ſuppoſe any man to make on ſo diſaſtrous and unexpected an event, as the King's death, and ſeems rather that of a man who had a pre-ſentiment of the winding up of this bloody cataſtrophe. Add to this, that the Swedes were tired of a prince, under whom they had loſt their richeſt provinces, their braveſt troops, their national riches; and who yet, untamed by adverſity, purſued an unſucceſsful and pernicious war, nor would ever have liſtened to the voice of peace, or conſulted the internal tranquillity of his country. Baron Gortz's oppreſſions, ſuperadded to theſe, were intolerable; and no reſource remained, unleſs to diſpatch the King. It was a very favourable opportunity, and was improved to the utmoſt. The Prince of Heſſe, his brother-in-law, made little inquiry

into the affair, and all paſſed without noiſe or tumult.

I have been the more inclined to give credit to this relation of Charles's death, from my own remarks on his dreſs. In the arſenal they preſerve with great care, the cloaths he was habited in at the time he fell. Theſe I have examined very minutely. The coat is a plain blue cloth regimental one, ſuch as every common ſoldier wore. Round the waiſt he had a broad buff-leather belt, in which hung his ſword. The hat is torn only about an inch ſquare in that part of it which lies over the temple, and certainly would have been much more injured by a large ſhot. His gloves are made of very fine leather, and as the left one is perfectly clean and unſoiled, could only have been newly put on. The right hand glove is covered in the inſide with blood, and the belt, at that part where the handle or hilt of his ſword lay, is likewiſe

bloody; ſo that it ſeems clear he had previouſly put his hand to his head on receiving the blow, before he attempted to draw his ſword, and make reſiſtance. However, as he expired in the inſtant, no abſolute inference can be made; and after having exhauſted conjecture, we muſt draw a veil over this ambiguous and dark tranſaction, and reſt contented with that ignorance and uncertainty which ſo often waits on the deaths of Sovereigns. Dr. Johnſton has drawn the moſt finiſhed and maſterly portrait of this extraordinary man, which ever fell from the pen of genius. Do you remember the four concluding lines? They deſcribe his death.

„His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
„A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
„He left the name at which the world grew pale,
„To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

I ſhall not take up your time by a deſcription of palaces; which are ever a repetition of the ſame ideas, and uſually preſent nothing beſides hangings, gilding, and paintings all over the world. Thoſe in Sweden, though numerous enough, are even leſs ſplendid or magnificent than I have ſeen in moſt other countries of Europe. Neither architecture or painting diſplay their beauties here, in any great degree; and their Monarchs, though crowned with laurels and military trophies, have never ſignalized themſelves by the protection of the ſofter arts, which humanize and refine a nation. There is, however, one ſignal exception to this remark in the perſon of the preſent Queen Dowager. This exalted lady, who is ſiſter to the reigning King of Pruſſia, is the avowed protectreſs of letters, and encourager of merit. During her huſband's life ſhe poſſeſſed an almoſt unlimited influence over

affairs of ſtate; but at preſent ſhe leads a more retired and ſecluded life. Her ſummer reſidence is at Droningholm. This palace is the only one I ſhall minutely deſcribe to you. It is neither large or ſplendid, but on the contrary is compoſed of brick, and was erected by Charles the Xth, about the middle of the laſt century. Its ſituation is ſingular, on the banks of the Meler Lake, which almoſt waſhes one of it's ſides. The gardens, which are large, and extend in front of it, form a fine contraſt to the proſpects from every other part, which are only rude rocks, firs, and water. It is the triumph of cultivation and elegance, oppoſed to that of a ſavage wilderneſs. All the apartments of the palace demonſtrate the fine taſte of its owner. Some of them contain collections of gems and medals; others are filled with natural curioſities, marbles, petrefactions, and inſects. The names of Paul

Veroneſe, of Rubens, and of Rembrand, are not here unknown, and ſeveral of their beſt pieces appear in the rooms.—I was aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo ample a library; the books are collected with great judgment, and are in every branch of ſcience. I have been aſſured the Queen underſtands Latin as well as the modern languages; and I could not help remarking a Horace which lay open on her reading deſk, among ſeveral Engliſh, French, and Italian authors. She has enriched this palace with many valuable antiquities brought from Herculaneum; and the idols of Egypt, Serapis, Iſis, and the Dog Anubis, are among her collection. I muſt own I was very agreeably diſappointed to find myſelf ſurrounded with all the richeſt productions of Greece and Italy, at a little villa on the banks of a lake in Sweden, the very name of which is hardly known in Europe, and where I only expected to ſee

the ſtandards of Charles the XIIth, or the battles of Guſtavus Adolphus, wove in tapeſtry. I ſhould not forget, however, to mention two galleries which are painted in that ſtyle: one is decorated with the victories of Charles the Xth, and the other with thoſe of his ſon Charles the XIth. The Kings of this country ſeem to have poſſeſſed talents for war by hereditary right; and we find not one of them, who appears in that point of light, to have degenerated from their great founder Guſtavus Vaſa. In the gardens, the Queen dowager has lately built a little palace of pleaſure, in a ſemi-circular form, compoſed of ſeveral apartments fitted up in that taſte which we uſually call the Chineſe; though, unleſs a few Mandarins and Vaſes of China form this ſtyle, of which we really know ſcarce any thing, it may juſt as well be called an European ſtructure, where whimſy and caprice

form the predominant character, and ſpread a groteſque air through the whole. I have, however, received high entertainment from the view of this little ſequeſtered retreat, which perhaps, from the many various objects of curioſity it contains, merits the attention of a traveller above any thing in the kingdom.

The city of Stockholm forms a very ſtriking contraſt to the capital of Denmark, from whence I am lately come. It is larger conſiderably; but its ſuperiority of ſize reſults more from ſingularity of ſituation, than any real advantage it has over Copenhagen in that reſpect. It is built on ſeven ſmall iſlands or rocks formed by the river, and the ſuburbs extend on the main land to a conſiderable inſtance north and ſouth. The inequality of the ground renders almoſt all the ſtreets ſteep and inconvenient for carriages, but the houſes are lofty and handſome, though chiefly com-

poſed of brick. It is enlarged nearly or quite half ſince the death of Charles the XIIth, and there are many very noble ſtreets in theſe new quarters, of a vaſt length.

In the midſt of the city, ſtands the Royal palace, on a hill very ſteep on every ſide, and commands a complete proſpect of the metropolis, the river, and circumjacent country. It is ſquare, fronting every way, and though much inferiour in convenience or ſplendour in the internal part to that of Copenhagen, has a better effect when viewed from without. It was begun by Charles the XIth, continued under Frederic and the late King, but is not yet totally compleated.—During the winter, the whole Royal family reſide in it, though diſperſed in the ſummer months at their reſpective country-ſeats. I have ſeen all the apartments, many of which are ſplendidly furniſhed; but there is nothing

which can vie with Droningholm in the exhibition of art and refinement.

Scarce any thing can be imagined more lovely and agreeable, than the appearance of the river; it is divided into a number of branches, the ſides of which are covered with public buildings, and elegant houſes. In ſome places, where the breadth is very conſiderable, its ſtream is perfectly tranquil and ſlow: in others, where the channel is narrow, it ruſhes through with the impetuoſity of a torrent. So many ſmall iſlands are formed by it below the town, that almoſt every magazine of naval or military ſtores poſſeſſes a detached one; and there is a wild and romantic caſt through the whole landſcape, which is not unpleaſing to the ſpectator.

The quay is not long, but of a prodigious breadth, exceeding in that reſpect any I ever ſaw in my life; and I am aſſured there is ten fathom water cloſe to the ſhore.

I ſhall have the honour of being preſented to the King Thurſday next. You may expect to hear from me, after I have ſeen a prince ſo diſtinguiſhed for his abilities, and who, at the age of twenty-ſix, has changed the form of government without blood or difficulty: till then adieu!

Your's, etc.

LETTER VIII.

Stockholm, Friday, 3d June, 1774.

I WILL endeavour, as far as poſſible, to comply with your requeſt relative to the young King of Sweden, and to draw a faithful portrait of him from the lights I have been able to obtain. His perſon, character, and actions, are all ſubjects ſo agreeable and flattering, that there is little need to requeſt a Swede to converſe upon them. You muſt excuſe me

if I carry you a little back in their hiſtory, in order to give you a more complete idea of the late revolution, and preſent form of government.

The oppreſſion of the concluding years of the reign of Charles the XIIth was ſuch, that on his death in 1718, the ſtates obliged his ſiſter Ulrica Eleonora, previous to her aſcending the throne, to renounce all hereditary right, or abſolute power, and to hold the crown merely by elective conſent. She reſigned even this limited ſovereignty two years after, into the hands of her huſband the Prince of Heſſe, who died in 1751. He had the reputation of a brave and active King, and it is generally apprehended, would have repoſſeſſed himſelf of that power which his Queen had been deprived of, if his want of children had not made him indifferent to an acquiſition which he could not tranſmit to his deſcendants.

Adolphus, the late Sovereign, was a weak man, and under him the democratical authority attained its utmoſt heighth. The Royal revenue was very inadequate to his dignity, and his weight in the ſcale of government inconſiderable and deſpiſed.

In this ſituation Guſtavus the IIId ſucceeded to the crown. He poſſeſſed the ſame advantage over his two immediate predeceſſors, which his preſent Majeſty George the IIId of England did over his, on his acceſſion; that he was born in the country over which he reigned, and ſpoke the language perfectly. The Swedes, who, ſince the year 1720, had ſeen only foreigners on the throne, were charmed to have once more a King from among themſelves; and I have been ſhewn, ſince my arrival here, ſeveral ſilver medals ſtruck to commemorate this happy æra, on the reverſe of which is this in-

ſcription—*Fadern's land et*, „It is my native land."

If one may credit the accounts given of the late procedures of government, while veſted in the ſenate, it was high time to redreſs the injuries they did the ſtate, which ſuffered greater evils from the irreſolution, the delays, the diviſions of a large aſſembly, than it can even undergo from an abſolute Monarch. Time had matured theſe ſeeds of diſſatisfaction, and a young Prince beloved by his ſubjects, was ready to take advatange of them.

I do not intend here to give an account of a revolution, the minuteſt particulars of which were tranſmitted at the time through all Europe, and which is too recent to be forgotten.

On the 19th of Auguſt, 1772, this extraordinary event was produced, which again reſtored to the crown thoſe prero-

gatives ſhe had loſt for more than half a century. The King's ſecrecy, addreſs, and diſſimulation in ſo dangerous and critical a juncture, far ſurpaſſed what might have been expected from his age. It is ſaid only five perſons in the kingdom were intruſted with the deſign, which was carried into execution with as much vigour, as it had been planned with ſagacity and judgment. The ſoldiery and the people were ſucceſſively gained by the eloquence with which the young King addreſſed them, who plainly evinced the vaſt importance of this quality in popular commotions, and public affairs. Very few perſons were impriſoned, and that only for a ſhort time; nor have any of them experienced, in the ſmalleſt degree, any diminution of the Royal favour on account of their oppoſition. The ſenate took a new oath of allegiance to the Prince, and tranquillity was reſtored throughout the kingdom.

You muſt not, however, ſuppoſe that an unlimited monarchy, reſembling either that of France or Spain, is eſtabliſhed in Sweden. On the contrary, they pretend that the preſent form of government is built on the model of the Engliſh one, and that in ſome important particulars, the Sovereign is more reſtricted than ours, ſince he can neither make war or peace without the approbation of the other branches of the adminiſtration. It is, however, difficult to ſay, what limits are exactly fixed, or how far they may be enlarged and infringed, particularly under a Prince who has already ſucceeded in his firſt enterprize, and certainly poſſeſſes, in an eminent degreee, many of thoſe qualifications and talents, which have a prodigious effect on the multitude. He is affable in his manners and converſation to condeſcenſion, and often makes unexpected viſits to perſons of very inferiour rank,

where he behaves with an eaſe and politeneſs which muſt infallibly render him beloved. He inſpects into every department of ſtate in his own perſon, and the meaneſt ſubject may preſent his grievances without fear of repulſe. His ſoldiery adore him, and the peculiar attention he pays to their diſcipline, the continual reviews he makes of his regiments in different parts of his dominions, his diſdain of fatigue, and undoubted perſonal courage, may probably render Sweden ſome years hence more important in the ſcale of Europe, than ſhe has been ſince Charles's death. At this inſtant, there is a camp formed only half a mile without Stockholm, where his Majeſty is preſent every day, where he receives the compliments of the nobility and people of condition in his tent, and where he uſually ſleeps. Very large reviews are intended in Scania, and in Finland; great military ſtores are

continually laid up, and every thing has the appearance of forecaſt and deſign. Unable to reward thoſe officers who adhered particularly to him at the revolution, with penſions or pecuniary emoluments, he has found means to attach them by ribbons and ſtars, which he diſtributed without parſimony, and which are equally effectual, without draining an exhauſted treaſury. He has likewiſe founded a new order of knighthood, known by the name of Vaſa, deſigned for men of merit in every ſtation, and which is conferred, without the leaſt attention to birth or diſtinction, on every man who deſerves well of his country. He is active on all occaſions, more commonly on horſe-back than in a carriage, and has rarely any of the parade of royalty. In his perſon he is rather low, and inclined to thinneſs; his face is not handſome, and, what is ſingular, one ſide of it does not reſemble the other,

his features being a little diſtorted; an accident which probably happened in the birth.

The Swedes univerſally lament that he has no children by the Queen; and it is on this account, that his next brother Prince Charles is now married, in hopes of an heir to the throne. The King is ſaid not to be of an amorous complexion, or attached to women.

When I went over the palace ſome days ago, I was ſtruck with a ſmall head of a beautiful woman, in his own private apartment. The attendant informed me, it was a lady to whom the King was much devoted, when on his travels; that ſhe is ſince dead, and that when he received the news, he burſt into tears, and would not be ſeen for two days; ſo paſſionate was his regard to her memory *).

*) I have been ſince aſſured this perſon

I could not help remarking likewiſe, in thoſe rooms which his Majeſty occupies, that the walls were covered with views of Narva and Pultawa, and on the tables lay plans of battles and ſieges innumerable, chiefly thoſe fought by Charles the XIIth and the other Swediſh Kings.

You may perhaps eſteem theſe anecdotes too trivial and unimportant to merit recital, but as they may tend in ſome degree to elucidate the private character of a man who has already rendered himſelf celebrated throughout Europe, I hope you will excuſe the minuteneſs I have been led into, from the deſire of conveying to you a faithful and accurate picture of him.

The two grand obſtacles which muſt

was a French lady of high rank, and daughter to the miniſter who was diſgraced only a few years ago.

prevent this kingdom from anſwering to the views of an ambitious or enterpriſing Sovereign, are the want of population, and the ſcarcity of coin. I am ſurpriſed to hear that marriage is not encouraged by every honorary or emolumentary mark of favour, which the government can confer on it, ſince it ſeems the moſt eſſential and neceſſary policy they can adopt.

If the report be true which is commonly circulated relative to the other object, I mean the finances and public money, it doubtleſs marks a ſuperiour genius, and a ſound train of miniſterial management. This plan is to call in at once all the paper credit now in circulation, and to pay the whole of its amount in ſpecie, from the treaſury; but if this be really intended, it muſt require a conſiderable time to carry it into execution, and make ſo ſurpriſing an alteration in the ſtate.

If one may form any judgment from the appearance of affairs in the North at this time, Sweden ſeems to have little to fear from any of thoſe great powers who combined againſt Charles, and in the end were victorious. Ruſſia is engaged in a tedious and expenſive war with the Porte, which has drained her treaſury and provinces. The imbecility of Denmark, more than the alliance between the crowns, renders them ſecure on that quarter; and Poland, torn by inteſtine commotions, is not now in the condition ſhe was, under Auguſtus, who joined Saxony to his elective kingdom. Pruſſia is in the cloſeſt union of blood and friendſhip; but experience has taught how brittle are all the ties which unite Monarchs and politicians.

I ſhall reſerve this till I return from my propoſed tour to Upſal and the iron mines. I ſet out this evening. Mean while, adieu!

Elfcar-Eue, Thurſday Night, 8th June, 1774.

UNEQUAL as I find my powers of deſcription to the beautiful diſplays of nature I have been witneſs to ſince quitting Stockholm; mean and imperfect as muſt be the idea I can convey of objects which elude the chains of language, and to be fully felt muſt have been ſeen; I ſhall yet adhere to my promiſe, and endeavour to give you a narrative of my journey, while the impreſſions it has made on my imagination are ſtill lively, and the traces undecayed by ſucceeding ideas.

I quitted Stockholm laſt Friday, in company with a gentleman who did me the honour to be my guide, and to whoſe politeneſs and attention I am exceedingly indebted. We ſtepped into our vis-à-vis about ſix in the evening, after ſtoring it

with wine and cold provifions ſufficient for a much longer journey, and which the Swediſh hoſpitality has hardly ſuffered us yet to diminiſh; we only ſtopped to change horſes, and about three o'clock in the morning arrived at the gentleman's ſeat where we propoſed making a ſhort ſtay. I can hardly ſay we drove by night, ſince at this ſeaſon of the year, darkneſs is unknown, and I could have very eaſily read a good print at midnight. The houſe is built in one of the moſt eligible and pleaſant ſituations I have ſeen, on the banks of a lake, about nine Engliſh miles in circumference, and in a cultivated country. In the afternoon of the enſuing day, we croſſed the lake in a boat where it was about a league broad, to view the ruins of a caſtle on the oppoſite ſide, which exactly faces the houſe where we were entertained, and forms a beautiful termination of the view. An ancient peaſant, who was at

work at the garden adjoining to it, conducted us through ſuch of the apartments as are yet acceſſible. He ſaid, it was called Morby Palace, and had been built no leſs than eleven hundred years ago, as tradition delivered, by a biſhop's daughter. It paſſed afterwards into the renowned family of the Oxenſtierns, who inhabited it in the laſt century, but quitted it on account of its continual want of repairs, which rendered it untenable. He added, that many of the Swediſh Sovereigns in days of yore, had viſited it, and that national diets had been held within its walls. It has, indeed, a moſt venerable and majeſtic appearance at this time, and there ſeemed to be an air of departed ſplendour ſpread through the whole, which corroborated very ſtrongly the peaſant's ſtory. The evening was uncommonly fine, the ſun ſhone full upon the ruins of the building, and its walls were waſhed by the waters of the lake.

All nature around was ſerene and placid; no wind ruffled the ſurface. I rowed out a ſmall diſtance from the palace, and plunged into the water: I think I never enjoyed the luxury of bathing in a higher degree. We returned before ſupper to our benevolent hoſt, who omitted nothing to render our viſit agreeable, and preſſingly ſolicited us to prolong it ſome days. Early next morning, however, we proceeded on our journey, and were entertained at another magnificent country ſeat belonging to the ſame gentleman, about thirty miles from the firſt, by his ſteward, to whom he had previouſly ſent orders for that purpoſe. We drove twenty miles in the afternoon, and alighted about five at a palace rather than a villa belonging to a lady, whoſe huſband was an Engliſhman, and is lately dead. The name of the houſe is Forſmark. She was playing at cheſs with

an old nobleman when we entered, and moſt politely bid us welcome, requeſting us at the ſame time to make as long a ſtay as our time would admit. I complied with ſo polite an invitation without knowing the ſuperadded inducements I afterwards found, and which were but too powerful in their influence over me. Tea was brought, and two ladies, who as well as ourſelves were viſitors, entered the room. The eldeſt of theſe might, perhaps, be about ſixty. She not only ſpoke French perfectly well, but converſed very fluently in Engliſh, which ſhe acquired from Count Gyllenbourg's lady, who was a native of England, and was married to the count during his reſidence as envoy at the court of London, in the reign of George the Firſt. The youngeſt, who was her niece, might have paſſed her nineteenth, but I think could not have compleated her twentieth year. A few

freckles which the ſun had produced on her ſkin, in ſpite of every care to prevent it, only ſerved to ſet off the faireſt complexion in the world. Her features were very ſmall, and the contour of her face more approaching to the round than oval. Her under lip in ſpeaking hung a little down, and diſcloſed at times a range of teeth perfectly clean and white. The colour of her eyes was grey; but nature had given them a perſuaſive and affecting eloquence, which left the gazer no power to remark critically that defect, if ſuch it was. Her hands were exquiſitely formed; her fingers long, and her nails finely ſhaped. Her habit was a *jéſuite à la campagne*. It was of a purple brown, trimmed with white ſilk, and reaching to the wriſts. What it denied, however, to the view in one part, it diſcloſed in another. Her arms were inviſible; but her neck, down to that part where it ſwells into the boſom, was

expoſed to view; its whiteneſs might challenge a compariſon to ſnow without any metaphor: round it ſhe wore a blue and white ſattin binding, and from that depended a litte diamond croſs, which in any other ſituation might have attracted notice, but here was loſt in the ſuperiour charms of the breaſt on which it repoſed. Her hair was light, and dreſſed with a very becoming grace. When ſhe went out, ſhe wore a white riding hat ſurmounted with a black feather, and covered her face with a thin veil of green ſilk. Through her whole perſon and dreſs was a *propreté* and neatneſs which was ſtrikingly attractive, and which had peculiar merit in a country where the women of every condition are rather liable to the contrary imputation. You muſt not wonder at the minuteneſs of this portrait, which, had you converſed with the original, you would be tempted eaſily to forgive. Her converſation was

ſuch as became a perſon of education and condition. She ſpoke the pureſt French, and with the moſt graceful delivery. She ſung prettily, and at my requeſt favoured me with two or three Swediſh as well as French ſongs. I was more pleaſed with the former, which I did not unterſtand, than with the latter, which I could perfectly comprehend. The reaſon was, I remarked, or thought I could remark, a ſomething in her manner, in her eyes, in her action, when ſhe ſung the firſt, which was not to be traced in the other. I wiſhed to know the ſentiment couched under the words, and deſired her to inform me what was the ſubject of them. She declined this explanation, from an incapacity of transfuſing its beauty into another language; and I ſeemed perfectly convinced that her avowed excuſe was juſt, though my heart aſſigned a truer reaſon for her refuſal, and gave me perhaps as faithful

an idea of the ſong, as a literal tranſlation could have done. It is needleſs to ſay I paid to ſuch a woman all that humble and aſſiduous attention which her perſonal and mental accompliſhments ſo juſtly challenged, and to which I could not be inſenſible. She ſeemed pleaſed with my endeavours to render myſelf acceptable to her, and I had the vanity and the weakneſs to imagine that when I kiſſed her hand, and held it a moment between mine, before I parted with her to retire to our reſpective apartments at night, that I had ſome little intereſt in her eſteem. We all breakfaſted in our ſeparate rooms the next morning, according to the cuſtom here, where people never meet, as in England, to eat toaſt and butter and drink tea round a large table.

On coming down I found the nobleman whom I mentioned at my firſt arrival. He is by birth a Pomeranian, and

is called Count Liewen: he poſſeſſes the higheſt honours Sweden can beſtow, being one of the ſixteen ſenators, and a knight of the Seraphim, which is the moſt honourable of any order. Our converſation turning on Charles the XIIth, his character, and victories, I aſked him, if he remembered that Monarch's death, and would favour me with the particulars of it. He gave me the fulleſt anſwer to this queſtion, which, as it is perhaps the moſt authentic and indiſputable authority to be procured, I ſhall repeat, as nearly as my memory aſſiſts me, in his own words.

„There are now very few men alive, ſaid he, who can ſpeak with ſo much certainty to that point as myſelf. I was in the camp before Fredericſhall, and had the honour to ſerve the King in quality of page, on that night when he was killed. I have no doubt that he was aſſaſſinated. The night was extremely

dark, and it was almoſt an impoſſibility that a ball from the fort could enter his head at the diſtance, and on the ſpot where he ſtood. I ſaw the King's body, and am certain the wound in his temple was made by a piſtol bullet. Who gave it, is unknown. Siker was ſuſpected, becauſe he was not with his Majeſty previous to the blow, but appeared a moment after. Thoſe, added he, who are uſed to military affairs, know the report and noiſe which a cannon ball makes; but the report of the ſhot which deſtroyed the King was that of a piece cloſe at hand, and totally different. I do not believe the Prince of Heſſe was concerned, or privy to it, in any degree; but the belief that he was put to death by a private hand, was general in the army at the time."—I leave you to make your own reflections on this very extraordinary and dark tranſaction.

The Count had viſited, after Charles's

death, almoſt all the courts of Europe; he was in England in 1722, and knew Mr. Walpole (afterwards ſo celebrated) at the time. He had been in company with the celebrated regent of France, and Auguſtus King of Poland. He viſited the beautiful Counteſs of Konigſmarc, miſtreſs of that Monarch, after her retreat to the Abby of Quedlinbourg, and aſſured me her perſon was then wondrouſly attractive, though ſhe was in the decline of life. He was in the court of Denmark during the reign of Frederic the IVth; but had never the pleaſure to ſee the greateſt Prince and man of his age, Peter the Iſt.

I was abſolutely enchanted with the converſation of this venerable nobleman, and felt that wiſdom can faſcinate as much as beauty, where it is ſo pre-eminently poſſeſſed. Will you not then applaud my philoſophy and ſelf-command, when I inform you, that in ſpite

of ſo many inducements to prolong my ſtay, I yet forced myſelf away the following evening, and purſued, though with reluctance, my intended journey? I muſt, however, mention to you one circumſtance relative to the young lady of whom I ſpoke before, which may perhaps make you ſmile at my expence. There is an odd *etiquette* adjuſted in this part of the world for female deportment, which permits to a lover or an acquaintance, the moſt unbounded familiarity with the hand of his miſtreſs, which he may kiſs, ſqueeze, preſs, or do with almoſt whatever he has a mind; but her lips, nay, her very cheek is a palladium which ſhe guards with unremitting vigilance, and to which neither eloquence or ſubtilty can uſually procure him any acceſs. I was reſolved to try whether I could not ſurmount this vexatious obſtacle, and obtain one conqueſt over the tyranny of preſcription.

I was convinced no addreſs or contrivance would avail me, without the additional force of authority and example to influence her. I bethought me of a ſtratagem, and already bound my brow with the myrtles I was certain to gather. When I bid the whole company adieu, I began with the miſtreſs of the manſion, and returning her my warmeſt acknowldgments for her bounty and hoſpitality, bowed moſt reſpectfully on her hand, which ſhe gave me to ſalute. „And now, Madam," ſaid I in Engliſh to the old lady, „I ſhall take leave of you in the Engliſh ſtyle: I am ſure you have no objection." So ſaying, I put my arms about her neck, and kiſſed her cheek. She was very well ſatisfied with this piece of gallantry, and ſaid to me, laughing, „Go and ſerve Charlotte ſo." I advanced elate with joy, and throwing into my attitude and countenance the utmoſt humility and ſupplication,

aſked, if I might not aſpire to ſuch an honour. I ſhould not, however, have waited for an explicit conſent, and was juſt going to reap the fruit of my intrigues and labours, when ſtepping back haſtily two paces, ſhe laid her hand on her breaſt, with an air which implied more than any words could have done, and throwing a look at me of ſurprize and refuſal—„*Monſieur*," ſaid ſhe, „*il faut ſouvenir que je ſuis Suedoiſe.*"—She needed not to be more minute or firm in her determination: I ſaw that I had undertaken an enterprize above my capacity, and had only to endeavour to retire with honour. I diſdained all approach to violence, and was reſolved that what I could not receive from her own conſent, I would never attempt to ſeize by compulſion. Her hand ſhe tendered me, and making a virtue of neceſſity, I imprinted on it a cold kiſs, and bid her farewel. She looked at me, when

I left the room, and accompanying us to the gate, followed the carriage with her eye till it was out of ſight. Whether ſhe intended this as ſome compenſation for her rejection of my attempt, or whether ſhe did not partly repent of having refuſed, from an illiberal prejudice, ſo innocent a liberty, I cannot pretend to ſay; and I was too much mortified and too much vexed at the time by ſo unimportant and ridiculous a trifle, to concern myſelf to aſcertain the principles on which her behaviour was founded. I ſoon, however, recovered my gaiety, which this accident had clouded, and prepared myſelf for a very different ſcene, than that of Forſmark.

We lay at a very pretty village called Oſtarby on Monday night, and went about three miles next morning to ſee the mines of Danmora. They are celebrated for producing the fineſt iron-ore in Europe, the iron of which is export-

ed into every country, and conſtitutes one of the moſt important ſources of the national wealth and Royal revenue. The ore is not dug, as in the mines of tin or coal, which we have in England, but is torn up by powder. This operation is performed every day at noon, and is one of the moſt tremendous and awful, it is poſſible to conceive. We arrived at the mouth of the great mine, which is near half an Engliſh mile in circumference, in time to be preſent at it. Soon after twelve, the firſt exploſion began. I cannot compare it to any thing ſo aptly as ſubterraneous thunder, or rather vollies of artillery diſcharged under ground. The ſtones are thrown up by the violence of the powder to a vaſt heighth above the ſurface of the earth, and the concuſſion is ſo great as to ſhake the ſurrounding earth or rock on every ſide. I felt a pleaſure corrected with terrour as I hung over this vaſt and giddy

hollow, to the bottom of which the eye attempts in vain to penetrate. As ſoon as the exploſions were finiſhed, I determined, however, to deſcend into the mine. There is no way to do this, but in a large deep bucket capable of containing three perſons, and faſtened by chains to a rope. The inſpector, at whoſe houſe I had ſlept the preceding night, took no little pains to diſſuade me from the reſolution, and aſſured me not only that the rope or chains ſometimes broke, but that the ſnow and ice which lodged on the ſides of the mine frequently tumbled in, and deſtroyed the workmen, nor could he warrant my abſolute ſecurity from one or both of theſe accidents. Finding, however, that I was deaf to all his remonſtrances, he provided me a clean bucket and put two men into it to accompany me. The gentleman who travelled with me, had already been into the mines of Fahlun in Dalecarlia,

where there is a ladder for that purpoſe, and he did not chuſe to ſee a ſecond mine, after having once gratified his curioſity. I wrapped myſelf therefore in my great coat, and ſtepped into the bucket. The two men followed, and we were let down. I am not aſhamed to own that when I found myſelf thus ſuſpended between heaven and earth by a rope, and looked down into the deep and dark abyſs below me, to which I could ſee no termination, I ſhuddered with apprehenſion, and half repented my curioſity. This was, however, only a momentary ſenſation, and before I had deſcended a hundred feet, I looked round on the ſcene with very tolerable compoſure. It was near nine minutes before I reached the bottom, it being eighty fathoms, or four hundred and eighty feet. The view of the mine, when I ſet my foot to the earth, was awful and ſublime in the higheſt degree; whether

terrour or pleaſure formed the predominant feeling as I looked at it, is hard to ſay. The light of the day was very faintly admitted into theſe ſubterranean caverns. In many places it was abſolutely loſt, and flambeaux ſupplied its place. I ſaw beams of wood acroſs ſome parts from one ſide of the rock to the other, where the Miners ſat, employed in boring holes for the admiſſion of powder, with as much unconcern as I could have felt in any ordinary employment, though the leaſt dizzineſs, or even a failure in preſerving their equilibrium, muſt have made them loſe their ſeat, and daſhed them to pieces againſt the rugged ſurface of the rock beneath. The fragments torn up by the exploſion previous to my deſcent lay in vaſt heaps on all ſides, and the whole ſcene was calculated to inſpire a gloomy admiration in the beholder. A confinement for life in theſe horrible iron dungeons, muſt ſurely, of all

puniſhments which human ſubtlety has deviſed, be one of the moſt terrible. I remained three quarters of an hour in theſe gloomy and frightful caverns, and traverſed every part of them which was acceſſible, conducted by my guides. The weather above was very warm, but here the ice covered the whole ſurface of the ground, and I found myſelf ſurrounded with the colds of the moſt rigorous winter, amid darkneſs and caves of iron. In one of theſe, which ran a conſiderable way under the rock, were eight wretches warming themſelves round a charcoal fire, and eating the little ſcanty ſubſiſtence produced from their miſerable occupation. They roſe with ſurprize at ſeeing ſo unexpected a gueſt among them, and I was not a little pleaſed to dry my feet, which were wet with treading on the melted ice, at their fire. There are no leſs than 1300 of theſe men conſtantly employed in the mines,

and their pay is only a copper dollar, or 3d. Engliſh, a day. They were firſt opened about 1580, under the reign of John the IIId, but have only been conſtantly worked ſince Chriſtina's time. After having gratified my curioſity with a full view of theſe ſubterranean apartments, I made the ſignal for being drawn up, and can moſt ſerioufly aſſure you I felt ſo little terrour while reaſcending, compared with that of being let down, that I am convinced, in five or ſix times more I ſhould have been perfectly indifferent to it, and could have ſolved a problem in mathematics, or compoſed a ſonnet to my miſtreſs, in the bucket, without any degree of fright or apprehenſion. So ſtrong is the effect of cuſtom on the human mind, and ſo contemptible does danger or horrour become when familiarized by continual repetition!

Leaving the mines of Danmora, we

proceeded to the ſeat of Baron de Geer at Loffta, which is about twenty miles diſtant. He was gone himſelf into the province of Geſtricia only the day before; but had left the ſtricteſt orders for our entertainment and reception with his ſteward, who performed with punctuality his maſter's command, and ſeemed to know no bounds to his hoſpitality and reſpect. This is one of the handſomeſt country ſeats in Sweden, and is, I believe, one of the moſt northern in Europe. Nature is every where forced at an immenſe expence, and art has omitted nothing to embelliſh and adorn a ſpot, which, without it, muſt be a melancholy marſh, devoid of any beauty or charm. It may be a very agreeable reſidence for a few weeks in July and Auguſt, but is too near the pole to be tolerable the far greater part of the year, during ſix months of which it is buried in ſnows. The ground has not been to-

tally free from it more than three weeks at this time; and though the ſun ſhone very clear yeſterday morning, yet the wind being at northeaſt, which comes from the deſerts of Lapland, it was ſo cold, that I was half froze even in a great coat. Such is my deteſtation of theſe inhoſpitable and polar countries, that no honours or fortunes could tempt me to remain in them, and I would rather reſide in a cottage beneath a temperate and genial heaven, than in a palace inveſted ſo many months with ice and darkneſs. This ſentiment the Swedes laugh at, and aſſure me that there are pleaſures in furs and ſledges, and the rigours of winter, of which I have no conception. I am very ready to allow it, and only deſire to be excuſed from experiencing them in my own perſon. I preſume the inhabitants of Karga under the Pole, where the Ruſſian nobles are often ſent, can likewiſe find reaſon

to admire their native climate, and juſtify the predilection we always feel for thoſe objects to which we are accuſtomed.

From Baron de Geer's ſeat, we had about twenty-five miles to the river Dahl, which divides the provinces of Upland and Geſtricia. Here we left our carriage, and paſſed over in a boat to the iſland of Elfcar-Eue, from whence I now write. It is about three miles in circumference, and almoſt entirely covered with woods of aſpin, birch, and fir, which at this ſeaſon of the year are very beautiful, and ſpread a gloom and awfulneſs not unpleaſing to a contemplative mind. We are lodged at a very genteel houſe, the maſter and miſtreſs of which omit no endeavours to render our ſtay agreeable. As we arrived here yeſterday about noon, it was our intention to have left it this morning; but I have found it impoſſible ſo ſoon to quit a place where I have enjoyed the moſt ſublime and wondrous

proſpect I can almoſt conceive. This is the cataract of the river Dahl, about a mile and a half diſtant from the houſe where I am at preſent. It is now eleven o'clock at night, and I can moſt diſtinctly hear its roar, which alone interrupts the ſolemn ſilence ſpread over the face of nature. I have ſpent near five hours in gazing upon it at different times today, and am yet unſatisfied with ſo confined a view. In vain would I attempt to raiſe in your boſom the tumultuous feelings of wonder, rapture, and awful delight, which I have experienced from it: in vain ſhall I endeavour, by a laboured deſcription of its minute parts, its ſize and depth, to give you correſpondent and ſimilar emotions. It is one of thoſe objects which to be felt muſt be ſeen, and before which language ſinks unequal. Yet what I can do to convey ſome idea of it I ſhall.

The Dahl riſes in Norwegian Lapland,

and after paſſing through a vaſt extent of country, empties itſelf into the ſea about twenty miles from this place. It is above half a mile broad between the iſland I now write from and the falls; but at the cataracts, its banks being much narrower, it runs with vaſt impetuoſity. A ſmall iſland, or rather rock, of half a quarter of a mile in circumference, divides the river at the place. In the winter, when one of the cataracts is frozen over, the iſland is acceſſible; but at this time it would be impoſſible to reach it alive. The eye takes in both falls at once from either bank. The depth of each is about forty feet; but one is abrupt and perpendicular, the other oblique and ſhelving. As nearly as I can judge by my eye, the breadth is not in either leſs than eighty or ninety yards, and I am inclined to believe it more. The tremendous roar of theſe cataracts, which, when cloſe, is

ſuperiour far to the loudeſt thunder; the vapour which riſes inceſſantly from them, and even obſcures them from the eye in many parts; the agitation of the river below for ſeveral hundred yards before it reſumes its former tranquillity; and the ſides covered with tall firs, which ſeem like ſilent and aſtoniſhed ſpectators of it; form one of the moſt pictureſque and aſtoniſhing ſcenes to be beheld in nature's volume; nor would I have reſigned the pleaſure I experienced, as I lay on the looſe ſtones almoſt immediately beneath it, and was covered with the ſpray from its daſhing billows, for the moſt voluptuous banquet a ſovereign could beſtow.—It is only nine days ago ſince ſix unhappy fiſhermen were carried down by the rapidity of the current, and forced over the precipice, where they all periſhed. Four of their bodies were found, but ſo disfigured and torn by the water, that they could

not be known, and many fimilar accidents have happened.

After having viewed the cataracts this afternoon, I drove about three miles along the banks of the river to ſee the intrenchments made by the Ruſſians when they landed in 1719, and burnt the country on every ſide. Here I alighted from my carriage, and as this ſpot is the boundary of my journey to the north, and the neareſt approach I ſhall probably ever make to the pole, I could not help leaving ſome memento of my wanderings, by engraving with a penknife on the bark of a tall aſpin the name of my miſtreſs, and the year when I viſited theſe inclement kingdoms. At this iſland, from whence I now write, I am only about two hundred miles from Umea Lapland, and even the intermediate provinces are ſufficiently barbarous and uncivilized to deter any traveller from entering them. The gentleman who

reſides on this iſland has given me ſuch a picture of the winter as makes me ſhudder; and I bleſs my fortune that I have only ſeen it in June. To-morrow morning early we ſhall turn our faces to the ſouth, and expect to reach the city of Upſal at night, which, as we do not purſue the direct road, is diſtant from hence between fifty and ſixty miles. I cannot promiſe to write to you from thence, as our ſtay will not probably exceed a day, but from Stockholm expect the concluſion of my tour.

Stockholm, Tueſday, 14th June, 1774.

WE arrived at Soderfors, which is twenty miles diſtant from Elfcar-Eue, about ten o'clock Friday morning. The road lies along the ſides of the Dahl, on which the village itſelf is ſituated. After ſtaying to view the forges for anchors at this place, we proceeded to

Upſal, and arrived there early in the evening. I intended to devote the following day to the ſurvey of the colleges, public buildings, curioſities, paintings, and all thoſe exhibitions of art and learning uſually found in ſeminaries of knowledge and ſtudy. The Swedes had inſpired me with ſuch exalted ideas of this univerſity, that I was only fearful leſt a ſingle day might be far inadequate to ſuch an undertaking, and wiſhed to have ſpent a longer time in ſo agreeable an occupation. I am, however, at preſent moſt compleatly undeceived, and can aſſure you that Upſal has hardly one inducement to draw a man of taſte to viſit it, unleſs from being the reſidence of a Linnaeus. This Lycaeum of the north has not one piece of painting within its walls, and only two of ſculpture, which are buſts of Guſtavus Adolphus and Charles the XIth. A gentleman who reſides here, and who is ſon

of the late Archbiſhop of Upſal, did us the honour to be our Cicerone, and to conduct us over the place. I inquired of him how many colleges there were, and which was the moſt celebrated. „Sir," ſaid he, „we have three; but I cannot ſay that any one of them deſerves your notice. The principal objects of attention are the library, the cathedral, and the botanical garden. I know not of any thing elſe." The firſt of theſe is a neat good building, and there is a cabinet in it, at which for want of a better employment I ſpent an hour or two, while the librarian ſhewed me a number of little trinkets, rather than rarities, which are preſerved with great care. Among theſe, is the identical bag which Judas kept, one of the thirty pieces of ſilver money which he received for his perfidy in delivering up his maſter, and a pair of red ſlippers in which the Virgin Mary paid a viſit to her couſin Elizabeth. I

muſt do the man the juſtice to ſay, that he bluſhed as he ſhewed them to me; and I could not help telling him, that I thought the univerſity would not do amiſs to ſend theſe precious relics to St. Januarius, or my lady of Loretto, who, if they were not already provided with others, might probably be highly obliged by ſo valuable an acceſſion.

As to the cathedral, it is built of brick, and as the two towers at the weſt end lately wanted repair, they have with great taſte added a Doric architrave to theſe Gothic walls, and placed two great domes of copper on the top. It muſt notwithſtanding be for ever venerable, while the remains of Guſtavus Vaſa, and Chancellor Oxenſtiern repoſe in it. The laſt of theſe great men, whoſe virtue and wiſdom Sweden yet reveres, reſts in an obſcure chapel, beneath a common ſtone. He has no monument erected, or epitaph inſcribed to his me-

mory; while a St. Eric, who was a King and a devotee in ſome barbarous age, is preſerved in a ſhrine of ſilver gilt, and placed on the right hand of the high altar.

There are at this time, as I am aſſured, near 1500 ſtudents in the univerſity of Upſal. They are not, however, young men of family and condition as with us, but for the moſt part are miſerably poor, and lodge five or ſix together in wretched hovels amid dirt and penury. The profeſſors in different branches of literature are about twenty-two, the largeſt of whoſe ſalaries does not exceed 130l. or 140l. per annum, and are in general not half that ſum.

On our firſt arrival, the gentleman who accompanied me, and who was intimately acquainted with Linnaeus, ſent his compliments to ſay, that he would do himſelf the honour, to wait on him if agreeable immediately, and

would introduce at the ſame time an Engliſh gentleman, who had been induced to viſit Upſal from the fame of ſo great a man. He ſent us word in return that he would pay us a viſit in the afternoon at three o'clock, when he had done dinner. He came punctually at the hour marked, and after ſtaying ſome time conducted us to the botanical garden, where he ſhewed us his collection of plants, ſhrubs, and flowers, which are very numerous, and have been preſented to him from every part of the globe. At the door he took his leave and quitted us. This celebrated botaniſt is now in the ſixty-ninth year of his age, having compleated his ſixty-eighth only laſt month. He is of a middle ſize, inclining to ſhort, which is ſtill increaſed by his ſtooping prodigiouſly when he walks. He was dreſſed in a plain blue ſuit of cloaths, and booted, as is common with the Swedes. At his button-

hole hung the white croſs of the order of the polar ſtar, which was conferred on him by the late King Adolphus, who admired and honoured him. He enjoys a very eaſy independence from his ſalary, and pupils in the univerſity; beſides which, he is ſaid to be poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune acquired by his profeſſion. He has a country-houſe about five miles out of town, and keeps his chariot. He has one ſon and four daughters alive: but I don't find they poſſeſs any of their father's genius. At preſent he very rarely attends the botanical parties which are made twice every week round Upſal, and are conducted by his ſon, who is botanical profeſſor. Monſieur Linnaeus has been in England, France, and Germany, but ſpeaks no languages except the Latin and Swediſh; in the former of which he converſes with perfect facility. His knowledge, I am aſſured, is by no means

univerſal, but confined almoſt abſolutely to natural hiſtory, in which it is unbounded. His faculties are as yet unimpaired, except his memory; which begins to ſuffer ſome diminution. The remark, that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is very much verified in him; and I found thoſe perſons who were intimately converſant with his life and actions, more inclined to dwell on his perſonal imperfections, his foibles, and his weakneſſes, than to expatiate on his aſtoniſhing talents, and extended fame. Thus it always is where we view the object at too inconſiderable a diſtance, and through the medium of thoſe littleneſſes which are inſeparable from humanity. Well might the witty Rochefoucault aſſert, that „Admiration and acquaintance are incompatible." Time only can hold up to view pre-eminent merit, and aſſign it the due rank in the temple of memory.

Upſal was anciently the chief reſidence of the Kings of Sweden, and is much older than the preſent metropolis. It is ſituated in a vaſt plain, open on all ſides, and at preſent covered with grain. The houſes are moſtly of wood, nor is there one public or private edifice of ſtone in the city.—We left it Sunday morning, and arrived here the ſame evening. In this journey of near ten days, I have almoſt made the complete tour of the Province of Upland. The country is chiefly a horrid deſert, covered with ſhapeleſs ſtones, or with impenetrable woods, incapable of cultivation, and devoid of inhabitants. The quantity of land employed in tillage does not bear the proportion of one to twenty; perhaps I might ſay even leſs, without any violation of truth. Nature has, however, made them in ſome degree amends for this parſimony, by enriching theſe barren waſtes with inexhauſtible mines

of copper, iron, and filver. The peaſants are chiefly employed in the manufacture of theſe metals, and I have viſited ſix or ſeven forges on my journey, each of which conſtantly employs from four to fourteen hundred workmen only in iron. Wherever there is a country ſeat, you may be certain to ſee one of theſe fabrics; and no Cyclops were ever more dextrous in working their materials. I have ſeen them ſtand cloſe to, and hammer, in their coarſe frocks of linen, a bar of ore, the heat and refulgence of which were almoſt inſupportable to me at ten feet diſtance, and with the ſparks of which they are covered from head to foot. I had the pleaſure of viewing the whole proceſs uſed to reduce the ore into iron, and muſt own it is very curious and inſtructive. They firſt roaſt it in the open air for a conſiderable time, after which it is thrown into a furnace, and when reduced to fuſion,

is poured into a mould of ſand, about three yards in length. Theſe pigs, as they are then denominated, are next put into a forge heated to a prodigious degree; they break off a large piece with pinchers when red hot, and this is beat to a leſſer ſize with hammers. It is put again into the fire, and from thence entirely finiſhed by being laid under an immenſe engine reſembling a hammer, which is turned by water, and flattens the rude piece into a bar. Nothing can exceed the dexterity of the men who conduct this concluding part of the operation, as the eye is their ſole guide, and it requires an exquiſite nicety and preciſion.—It is certainly a moſt happy circumſtance that Sweden abounds with theſe employments for her peaſants, as from the ungrateful ſoil and inclement latitude, they muſt otherwiſe periſh of miſery and famine.

Through the whole country are lakes,

and pieces of inland water, on the banks of which their palaces and villas are uſually built. My late tour has been entirely from one to another of theſe houſes, and nothing can exceed the generous hoſpitality I have found every where. It would even be reſented if a ſtranger viſited a forge, without paying his compliments to the owner, who expects that mark of his attention and reſpect. This cuſtom plainly ſhews how few perſons travel in theſe parts of Europe: if they were numerous, it would be quickly laid aſide, or at leaſt reſtrained within narrower limits. I cannot ſay as much in praiſe of the Swediſh refinement or elegance, as of their benevolence and civility: there is, indeed, one quality which muſt precede theſe among a people; I mean neatneſs, a virtue which I have ever found in an eminent degree among the inhabitants of warm climates, where nature and neceſſity oblige them to ex-

treme cleanlineſs. There is a profuſion of diſhes at their entertainments, but no taſte in the arrangement or diſpoſition of them. The table groans beneath a number of covers, which are all brought in at once, and then left to cool during a ceremonious meal of at leaſt two hours. But the prologue to this play is even worſe. Before they ſit down to dinner, the company take bread and butter, which they waſh down with a glaſs of brandy, and this horrid faſhion prevails not only among perſons of condition, but extends even to the ladies as well as the men. I muſt own I cannot reconcile myſelf to a cuſtom, which, though it doubtleſs originated from the extreme coldneſs of the climate, is only worthy the Muſcovites before the reign of their reformer Peter.

I have made it an object of my endeavours ſince my arrival, and during my reſidence in this capital, to know

if there are at this time any men of genius, or perſons eminent in painting, ſculpture, or poetry, as I ſhould have endeavoured to procure an introduction to their acquaintance. They have mentioned two or three names to me, and laviſhed encomiums on their productions; but I apprehend their rarity, rather than intrinſic greatneſs or luſtre, has given them ſome reputation in a country, where nature has been fertile of laurels, but not of bays. The names of Stienboch, Piper, Lewenhaupt, and Oxenſtiern, yet ſurvive in their immediate deſcendants; and the preſent court is compoſed of the grand-children of thoſe celebrated generals who fought at Narva and at Pultawa.

I am now juſt going to bid adieu to Sweden: where my next letters will be dated from is very uncertain, poſſibly from Abo, or ſome parts of Finland.

I remain, with devotion,

Your moſt affectionate, etc.

LETTER IX.

Abo in Finland, Tueſday, 21ſt June, 1774.

YOU will ſee by the place from whence I date, that I have now reached the eaſtern ſide of the gulf of Bothnia. A ſpectacle of a ſingular kind detained me, however, at Stockholm, a day longer than I had intended. The ſcene lay in a large park, about an Engliſh mile without the gates of the city, where the camp has been pitched ſome weeks, and which is finely adapted for a martial entertainment, from the nature of the ground, which is irregular and full of declivities: the riſing parts of it are covered with ſmall woods of fir, and it is divided by a branch of the Meler Lake, over which is a floating bridge. The King of Sweden commanded about two regiments, moſtly infantry; his

younger brother, Prince Frederic, had under him near 1000 troops horſe and foot. They were entirely ignorant of each others motions, his Majeſty only endeavouring to ſurround the inferiour army, and the Prince exerting his endeavours to effect a ſecure retreat. The Queen dowager with her daughter the Princeſs of Sweden were preſent in a little open chaiſe, which permitted them to follow the ſoldiery over the field, and be preſent every where. The King, dreſſed in his uniform, was mounted on a cream-coloured horſe, and appeared as much animated and intereſted in this eſſay of arms as he could have been on a day of action. It was about five in the evening when it began. I cannot pretend to purſue the two generals through the different manoeuvres of their conduct, which paſſed in too rapid a ſucceſſion, and were of too intricate and uncertain a nature to admit of a minute

deſcription. The reſult was, however, favourable to the King; his brother having neglected to ſeize on a poſt which might have commanded a retreat in caſe of emergency, found his error too late, and when he would have availed himſelf of this paſſage, diſcovered that his rival's troops were already in poſſeſſion of it, having croſſed the river in boats for that purpoſe. After having endeavoured in vain to force them from this poſt, he formed his infantry into a hollow ſquare, and maintained a briſk fire on all ſides for a conſiderable time; but finding himſelf environed by a much ſuperiour body of forces, and no poſſibility of eſcape, he delivered up his ſword to the King, and his ſoldiers remained priſoners of war. His cavalry had, however, ſeized on a ſmall, but moſt advantageous ſpot, and, unterrified by the fate of their companions, refuſed to ſurrender, and demanded permiſſion to march off the ground

with all military honours. Their fate was not yet decided when I quitted the place at eleven o'clock at night. It was a very elegant and gallant diverſion, finely deſigned to cultivate and practice the operations of a campaign, and keep alive the knowledge of war even amid the moſt profound peace.

I left Stockholm at four o'clock the enſuing morning, which was laſt Friday, and reached Griſelhamn on the weſtern ſhore of this gulf about eleven at night. I engaged a boat to carry me over to the Iſle of Aland: the weather was remarkably ſerene and pleaſant, and the little breeze which played was favourable. The ſailors preſſed me to loſe no time, as it might change; and I was too well acquainted with the inconſtancy of the element to neglect their advice. I ordered my carriage to be put into the boat, and following it myſelf immediately, we ſet ſail. I drew the curtain before

the chaiſe, and wrapping myſelf in my great coat fell faſt aſleep. When I awoke in the morning, we had performed more than two-thirds of the paſſage, which is forty-five Engliſh miles, and about noon I landed at Frebbenby on the Iſle of Aland. My road to Finland lay entirely through it. I need not remind you, that this iſland has been rendered famous by the negotiations which were carried on here, between Count Oſterman and Baron Gortz, in the year 1718, which were deſigned to unite the two Sovereigns Peter and Charles, who had ſo long been at enmity; and which in all probability would have given a new face to the affairs of Europe, if they had not been rendered abortive, by the unexpected death of the latter ſoon after at Fredericſhall.

While I ſtopped to change horſes at a little village called Haroldſby, the baillif or governour paſſed me, and

knowing I muſt be a ſtranger, very politely accoſted me. I was glad to have ſuch an opportunity of gaining a little information relative to the iſland. He ſaid, it was about one hundred and eighty miles in circumference, and had upon it between five and ſix thouſand inhabitants; that they paid no pecuniary taxes, but were only obliged to furniſh a certain number of men for the defence of the kingdom; and that vaſſalage was unknown, they being all free in the moſt extenſive ſenſe. „There is no town," continued he, „upon the iſland, and the peaſants have always remonſtrated againſt the founding any, as the Swediſh government have repeatedly intended. My reſidence is at Caſtleholm, about three miles from hence, and cloſe to which you muſt paſs. It is an ancient fortreſs, built by the viceroy who founded Stockholm, and repaired by our celebrated Chriſtina. It contains at preſent

little worthy a traveller's attention. There is, indeed, a room where the unhappy King Eric the XIVth was confined. I have had the curiosity some few years ago to visit it; but the access is at this time so ruinous and even dangerous, that I cannot advise you to attempt it." I returned him thanks for his advice, though I was fully determined to act in opposition to it; and having bid him adieu, pursued my journey. I arrived in half an hour at the castle, and alighted under the walls: it stands in a beautiful situation on the banks of a river, and commanding an extensive view on every side. It was not till after a quarter of an hour's search, that the peasant who drove the carriage, and who had known the castle forty years, could discover the passage which led to the chamber, where the King had been imprisoned; and it was with still greater difficulty I could enter it when found. I crawled upon my hands

and knees under an arch, the ſtones of which having fallen down in a courſe of years, had almoſt filled up the way; and after paſſing this narrow entrance, I had two ladders to mount, which did not appear capable of bearing much preſſure. I followed, however, where my guide led the way, and entered the apartment through a trap-door. I muſt own I was ſtruck with compaſſion and horrour to think that a Sovereign had been the tenant of ſuch a dungeon, which is too miſerable for the worſt malefactor. It is compoſed of ſtone, and vaulted overhead: I meaſured it by my paces; it was about twenty-three feet long, and twelve broad. The light is admitted by a narrow window, through a wall five feet in thickneſs. In one corner is a little fire-place, and in the other a cupboard hollowed in the wall. The flooring is of brick, and, as the peaſant pretended to ſhew me, is worn away in thoſe

places where the King was uſed to walk. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay, that all my knowledge relative to this Royal captive, and the circumſtances which produced his confinement, are drawn from converſation, if I could not aſſure you that this is almoſt the only ſource from whence ſuch information can be derived. Guſtavus Adolphus, Chriſtina, and Charles the XIIth have all had their biographers, and may be procured in every language; but I attempted in vain to buy at Stockholm a hiſtory of the Swediſh Kings, there being no ſuch production. I am chiefly indebted to the gentleman of whom I have juſt made mention, for the little I know relative to Eric. He was the eldeſt ſon of Guſtavus Vaſa, and ſucceeded his father in 1560. His name appears among the liſt of our Elizabeth's ſuitors; but he ſeems to have been ill formed by nature for ſucceſs in gallantry. He was immoderately addicted to

the ſtudy of aſtrology, a weakneſs not confined to him alone, but which characterized the century in which he lived. He was depoſed in 1568, by his brother John the IIId, and after being removed to different priſons, he ended his days at Gripſholm in Sweden, though whether by a violent or a natural death is more a matter of ſpeculation and ſuſpicion, than of certainty or fact. Every nation ſeems to have had its Eric. The Wenceſlaus of the Empire, the Peter the IIId of Ruſſia, the Alphonſo the VIth of Portugal, and the Henry the IVth of Caſtile, are only the ſame ſad ſtory differently told, and varying in minute circumſtances. The Engliſh have had many Erics: our annals are more ſtained with Royal blood, than any others of Europe; and foreigners juſtly remark, that one hardly paſſes the ruin of a caſtle, where ſome one of our Princes has not been impriſoned or beheaded. But to return from this digreſſion.

I left Caſtleholm after I had gratified my curioſity, and continuing my journey, arrived at the termination of the iſland, as the ſun ſet. It was my intention to have gone on to Finland by the poſt rout, through ſeveral ſmall iſlands or rocks, from one to another of which, there are conſtantly boats provided to convey travellers. Juſt as I was on the point of carrying this deſign into execution, four or five of the country people came, and propoſed to convey me from thence ſtrait to Abo. They ſaid, the diſtance was only about one hundred and twenty Engliſh miles, that the wind was very fair; that they had often made the paſſage in twelve or fourteen hours, and doubted not to do the ſame now; that I needed not loſe a moment, as their little veſſel was in readineſs, and only waited my orders. I did not heſitate long, but complied with the offer, and left Aland about midnight on Sa-

turday. I ſlept, as I had done the preceding night, in my carriage, and at ſeven in the morning found myſelf in a narrow paſſage, ſurrounded by high rocks, and the people employed in rowing. I made no queſtion that we were already in the river of Abo; but was not a little chagrined to find on inquiry, that the wind had fallen away, that we were hardly thirty miles from the place we had quitted, and that I muſt not flatter myſelf with landing in Finland that day. They added, that the whole way was thro' ſuch channels as I was then in; that ſeveral of the iſlands by which I ſailed were inhabited; and that if I pleaſed they would land me on one of them, where I might procure ſome refreſhment. To this I gladly conſented, and about nine o'clock I went aſhore on one called Lappo. I walked to a little hamlet at a mile diſtance from the ſhore: the poor peaſants very chearfully brought

me ſome cream, and aſſiſted in boiling my coffee. Nothing could exceed their poverty; a little black bread, fiſh, pork, and a ſort of mixture they called beer, conſtituting all their ſuſtenance. After having made a very comfortable breakfaſt on this unknown and ſequeſtered iſland, I returned again to the boat. During the whole day, we purſued our voyage through a labyrinth of ſmall rocks and iſles, many of them covered with firs and aſpins, ſome few green and beautiful; but far the greater number barren and rugged. I could have fancied myſelf among the Cyclades, ſo famous in ancient ſtory; but here were no temples ſacred to Apollo or to Juno, nor had genius and poetry conſpired to render every cliff and promontory immortal. Many of the proſpects were, however, wondrouſly pictureſque and romantic, and I frequently ſtopped the boatmen for a minute, to gaze upon the extra-

ordinary ſcene around me. Sometimes we went through channels of only twenty or thirty feet in breadth; ſometimes the water opened into a conſiderable expanſe, and often there appeared to be no avenue on any ſide. I was aſtoniſhed how they ſo exactly knew their track, in this intricate and perplexing maze, through which nothing beſides long experience could have conducted them. We were about forty miles from Abo when the ſun went down, and I was once more obliged to ſleep in my carriage: we entered the river early yeſterday morning, and about eight o'clock I finiſhed my voyage.

There is not any thing in Abo, which has entertained me in the ſurvey, or can amuſe you by the deſcription. It is a wretched capital of a barbarous province. The houſes are almoſt all of wood, and the archiepiſcopal palace is compoſed of no better materials, except that

it is painted red. I inquired if there was not any thing in the univerſity to merit attention; but they aſſure me it would be regarded as a piece of ridicule to viſit it on ſuch an errand, there being nothing within its walls except a very ſmall library, and a few philoſophical inſtruments.

I waited on the governour ſoon after my arrival; he has procured me horſes on the road from hence to Helſingfors, the firſt town in my way to St. Peterſburgh, and which is one hundred and twenty miles diſtant. As the weather during the day is at preſent very hot, I ſhall delay my departure till the evening. There is at this time a great annual fair, and I have amuſed myſelf this hour paſt in looking from the window of my apartment, at a crowd of three or four thouſand Finland peaſants, who are collected together, and form a curious *coup d'oeil* in their country dreſſes. Adieu! I ſhall write as I continue my journey.

Wybourg in Carelia, Wedneſday 29th June, 1774.

FINLAND is not ſo very unfertile or uncultivated a province as I had been taught to expect. I ſaw no part of Sweden, except Eaſt Gothland, which is ſo free from thoſe vaſt ſtones which Nature in her anger ſcattered over theſe kingdoms; nor any, where the ſoil is apparently more fertile, or the country better peopled. The peaſants ſpeak a barbarous jargon equally unintelligible to a Swede or a Ruſſian; but in the towns the former language is generally uſed, and generally underſtood. I ſtaid at Helſingfors a day, more to recover my paſt fatigue, than from the deſire, of ſeeing an immenſe fortreſs built as a barrier againſt the Ruſſians, and in which there is at this time a garriſon of 8000 men. It is not yet entirely compleated; but

as more than two-thirds of the ſoldiery are conſtantly at work on the fortifications, it is to be preſumed it will be in full readineſs for the next rupture between theſe rival nations.

I ſlept at the city of Borgo Friday night, and at ten the enſuing evening I arrived at the confines of the Swediſh monarchy. The river Kymen divides the empire of Ruſſia from the dominions of Sweden: acroſs it is a wooden bridge, one half of which is conſtantly repaired by the one, and the other half by the other nation. I was ſtopped by the guards on either ſide, and underwent a very minute ſearch before I was permitted to proceed. At about a league beyond this boundary, my carriage broke down in a deep wood, more than two Engliſh miles from any cottage: it was about four in the morning when the accident happened; I left the poſtilion to guard the chaiſe, and walked on with my

ſervant to the next Ruſſian hamlet. We addreſſed ourſelves to the firſt peaſant we met, who was a Swede by birth, and underſtood the language. After much entreaty, I prevailed on him to furniſh me with a wheel from his own little charrette, as mine could not have been repaired in many hours, and they even declared it incurable from its long ſervices, and numerous ailments. I thought myſelf very happy to procure this temporary aid, and by the help of it I arrived at Fredericſhamn the ſame evening. Here every thing announced a different people from thoſe I had juſt quitted. The features, the complexion, the manners, the dreſs of the inhabitants were all Muſcovite; and a thouſand leagues could not have made a more ſtriking alteration than a few miles had done. It is exactly the ſame in croſſing the Pyrenees from French into Spaniſh Navarre; and plainly evinces how ſtrongly

the character of the individuals which compoſe ſociety is tinged and formed by the government, policy, and religion of the nation.

The plan of Fredericſhamn is one of the moſt elegant I have ever ſeen, and realizes in miniature that attributed to Sir Chriſtopher Wren, after the fire of London, in 1666, all the ſtreets going off like radii from a centre, in which is a handſome hotel de ville. The unaffected politeneſs and hoſpitality with which I was received by General Seſtikoff, to whom as governour of the city I paid my compliments on my arrival, detained me here a day. He introduced me to the Prince of Iſſembourg, a German in the Empreſs of Ruſſia's ſervice. I mention his name, only to give you a picture of this country as he deſcribed it to me himſelf. „Theſe provinces were, as you know," ſaid he, „conquered from Frederic, King of Sweden,

by the late Empreſs Elizabeth. On the ceſſion of them to her, and the evacuation of the Swedes, the beſt eſtates were bought by peaſants, prieſts, and mechanics for the ſmalleſt trifles. It is unpeopled, uncultivated, and unfertile. I have myſelf purchaſed above forty Engliſh miles of land ſince my arrival for only 2000 *) rubles."—I recollected the Prince's words as I drove from Frederickſhamn to this city, the whole intermediate country being the moſt ſavage, rocky, and inhoſpitable deſert you can conceive: from the gates of one to the entrance of the other, I ſaw ſcarce any other ſigns of population than at the little hamlets where I ſtopped to change horſes; yet has this frontier of the Swediſh and Ruſſian territory been as obſtinately diſputed, and cauſed the effuſion of as much blood, as the moſt plentiful and happy regions of the earth.

*) About 400 l. ſterling.

I have ſeen no place ſince Stockholm, where there ſeems ſo much the face of induſtry and commerce as here. It is a fortified city, and during the wars between Charles and Peter, when it belonged to the former of thoſe princes, was reputed ſtrong, the Ruſſians having been more than once forced to raiſe the ſiege; but at preſent the fortifications are very ruinous.—I arrived here laſt night, and ſhall quit it this evening. I hope to reach St. Peterſburgh to-morrow, though in all probability late, as the diſtance is one hundred and ten Engliſh miles. I ſhall diſpatch this as ſoon as I get there. Farewell!

Your's, etc.

LETTER X.

St. Peterſburgh, Monday, 11th July, 1774.

YOU muſt not yet expect any deſcription of this great capital, which though only a creation of the preſent century, has already grown to a vaſt ſize, and contains infinitely higher matter of entertainment and inſtruction than either of thoſe from whence I am lately come. I am ſtruck with a pleaſing aſtoniſhment, while I wander among havens, ſtreets, and public buildings, which have riſen, as by enchantment, within the memory of men ſtill alive, and have converted the marſhy iſlands of the Neva into one of the moſt magnificent cities of the earth. The imagination, aided by ſo many viſible objects, riſes to the wondrous founder, and beholds in idea the tutelary genius of Peter, yet hover-

ing over the child of his own production, and viewing with a parent's fondneſs its riſing palaces and temples. The names on which ancient ſtory dwells with ſo much fondneſs, ſink on a compariſon with this immortal man, and the fabulous legiſlators of Greece and Egypt never preſumed to attempt the mighty transformation which the Czar compleated. The followers of Cadmus, of Theſeus, and of Romulus, were animated with the ſame ardour as their leader; but the Muſcovites, wrapt in the moſt profound barbariſm, ſecluded by their illiberal prejudices from an intercourſe with European nations, and equally the ſlaves of ſuperſtition and long preſcription, were forcibly torn from this night of ignorance, and compelled to accept of knowledge, of refinement, and of civilization. I muſt own I never conſider this ſo recent and ſo wondrous an event, without being hurried away by an en-

thuſiaſm I cannot avoid feeling, and from which I now return, to give you ſome imperfect deſcription of the feſtivities to which I have been a witneſs during my ſtay here, and from which I am only juſt returned.

I had the pleaſure to accompany Sir Robert Gunning laſt Saturday to the palace of Peterhoff, where the Empreſs at preſent reſides. It was the anniverſary of her acceſſion, when there is generally a very brilliant court. As we arrived early, I had an opportunity of viewing the gardens before her Majeſty's appearance. They are very extenſive, lying along the ſhore of the gulf of Finland, and waſhed by its waters. In the midſt of them ſtands the palace itſelf, ſituate on an eminence, and commanding a fine view. It was begun by Peter the Iſt, but has been enlarged and improved by the Empreſſes his ſucceſſors, ſo that it is become now very large. In

the front is a canal of ſome hundred yards in length which joins the gulf, and from which three *jets d'eau* are ſupplied, which do not, like thoſe of Verſailles, only play on great feſtivals, but conſtantly throughout the year. The apartments are all very ſplendid; but my attention was chiefly engroſſed by the drawing-room, where hung five matchleſs portraits of the Sovereigns of Ruſſia. They are all length pieces, but by what maſter I cannot ſay. Peter himſelf is the firſt, and oppoſite to him appears the Livonian villager whom he raiſed from a cottage to the moſt unbounded ſovereignty. I ſtood for ſome moments under this painting in ſilent admiration of the woman, who had paſſed from ſo humble a ſtation to an imperial diadem, of which her genius, her fidelity and her virtue made her worthy. She is drawn by the painter as in middle life; her eyes and hair black, her countenance open, ſmil-

ing and ingratiating, and her perſon not exceeding the middle ſize. The Empreſſes Anne and Elizabeth fill their reſpective places in this apartment, but did not long detain me from a portrait of the reigning Sovereign, which is of a ſingular kind. She is habited in the Ruſſian uniform, booted, and ſits aſtride on a white horſe. In her hat is the oaken bough, which ſhe wore at the memorable revolution which placed her on the throne, and which was likewiſe taken by all her adherents. Her long hair floats in diſorder down her back; and the fluſhing in her face, the natural effect of the heat and fatigue ſhe had undergone, is finely deſigned. It is a faithful and exact reſemblance of her dreſs and perſon, as ſhe appeared twelve years ago, when ſhe came to Peterhoff, and ſeized the throne of Ruſſia.

While my eyes were rivetted to this picture, and my thoughts employed on

the melancholy catastrophe of the unhappy Emperour which so soon followed, the Empress's entrance was announced. She was preceded by a long train of lords and gentlemen. I felt a pleasure corrected with awe as I gazed on this extraordinary woman, whose vigour and policy, without any right of blood, has seated and maintains her in the throne of the Czars. Though she is now become rather corpulent, there is a dignity tempered with graciousness in her deportment and manner, which strikingly impresses. She was habited in a deep blue silk with gold stripes, and her hair ornamented with diamonds. After the foreign ministers had paid her the customary compliments on this day, I had the honour to be presented and to kiss her hand. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Russia followed the Empress, who continued scarce a minute in the circle, but sat down at the card table. I followed the

crowd to the other end of the apartment, where a Sovereign of a different kind, and perhaps not leſs deſpotic or unlimited in her empire, had drawn another circle of votaries by the magic of her voice, and received a homage from her perſonal accompliſhments, perhaps more flattering than that paid to greatneſs, becauſe more the offering of the heart. This was no other than Gabrieli, whom Brydone ſaw at Palermo, and I was deſtined to meet at Peterſburgh: ſhe had juſt begun an air as I came up, and I liſtened in deep attention for ſome minutes that it laſted. When ſhe had finiſhed, I continued to look at her till Count Rzewuſky, a young Poliſh nobleman, came up to me, and aſked me if I wiſhed to be introduced to her. I aſſured him, he could not confer a greater obligation on me. She roſe up with great politeneſs on the Count's introducing me to her as an Engliſh gentleman who was lately

arrived; and I did not loſe the opportunity to enter into a converſation with her. She was perfectly free and unreſerved in her replies to a number of little queſtions which I put to her. She ſaid, that though uſed to the warmer climates of Italy and Sicily, her conſtitution was not impaired or injured by the ſeverity of that here; that the Empreſs was a bounteous miſtreſs, and ſhe had no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with her preſent ſituation; but that, notwithſtanding, ſhe had a paſſionate deſire to viſit England; a journey ſhe had been many times on the point of executing, but had never yet accompliſhed. I aſſured her how happy the Engliſh nation would be to ſee among them a woman of ſuch pre-eminent merit, and how generous their patronage was to all the performers in the fine arts. I mentioned Mademoiſelle Heinel to her, as a proof of the juſtice of my aſſertion, and told her that the name of La belle

Gabrieli was already too well known among us, not to inſure her the moſt welcome reception. I ſeized this moment to aſk her, if ſhe had never heard of or known a Mr. Brydone, who was at Palermo a very few years ſince, and had given us a deſcription of her perſon and voice, as far as they admitted of it. She ſaid, ſhe had not the pleaſure to know him, nor recollected to have heard his name; but mentioned Sir William Hamilton and Lord Cowper, as perſons with whom ſhe was well acquainted. Our converſation was moſt agreeably interrupted by her ſtanding up to ſing. I muſt own I never heard any voice ſo perfectly ſweet, melting, and abſolute in its command over the ſoul: nor can any thing exceed the negligent careleſſneſs apparent in her whole manner, while employed in this occupation, as if ſhe deſpiſed the appearance of exertion or any labour to pleaſe. I am aſſured, however, her pow-

ers are ſomewhat impaired ſince her arrival here, and that ſhe does not poſſeſs that compaſs or extent at preſent, which ſhe had two years ago. The character of caprice, which ſhe maintained in the ſouthern parts of Europe, ſhe has not loſt here, as they univerſally aſcribe this quality to her in the higheſt degree. She was at Milan when the Empreſs engaged her to ſing in her court. The price ſhe demanded was 7000 rubles (or about 1500 l. ſterling) a year, beſides a houſe and carriage; nor would ſhe relax the leaſt of this ſum. They remonſtrated with her on the unreaſonableneſs of ſo enormous a ſalary, and to induce her to diminiſh it, informed her that a field marſhal had no more. „If that be the caſe," ſaid ſhe, „I would adviſe her Majeſty to make one of her marſhals ſing." Her perſon, ſtrictly conſidered in itſelf, is by no means irreſiſtible; ſhe does not exceed, if ſhe reaches, the middle ſize;

her features are ſmall, and her eyes blue; but her neck is exquiſitely white; and as her dreſs uſually diſcloſes more than can ſtrictly be confined to that part of the human body, it cannot be gazed on with impunity. Her attractions have not failed to procure her many admirers during her ſtay here, and ſhe has had her favoured Muſcovite, as well as her Sicilian lover. Though her ſalary is ſo ample, it is only on peculiar occaſions and great feſtivals that ſhe uſually ſings, and it is poſſible I may not hear her again while I ſtay in this capital.

The court broke up between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and I returned to Peterſburgh; though I went down to Peterhoff yeſterday again, when there was a maſquerade and illuminations in the gardens. The former of theſe is rather a *bal paré en domino*, as there are very few or no fancy dreſſes, nor is any character ſupported. Every perſon,

without diſtinction, is admitted on this occaſion, and there were not leſs than 4 or 5000 perſons preſent. Her Majeſty was dreſſed in a blue domino, and play-ed cards moſt of the night. The illumi-nations in the gardens far ſurpaſſed any I ever ſaw in my life. In theſe, as alſo in fire-works of every kind, I am aſſur-ed the Ruſſians excel any nation of Eu-rope. Two prodigious arcades of fire ex-tended in front of the palace: the canal, which reaches to the gulf of Finland, was illuminated on both ſides, and the view terminated by a rock, lighted in the inſide, and which had a beautiful effect. From either ſide of the canal went off long arched walks illuminated; and be-yond theſe, in the woods, were hung feſtoons of lamps differently coloured. All the jets d'eaux played. Artificial caſ-cades, where the water tumbled from one declivity to another, and under each of which lights were very artfully diſ-

poſed, amuſed and ſurpriſed the ſpectator at the ſame time. Beſides theſe, there were ſummer-houſes, pyramids, and temples of flame; and beyond all appeared the imperial yachts on the water, in the ſame brilliant and dazzling ornaments. Nothing could be better calculated to produce that giddy and tumultuous feeling of mingled wonder and delight, which, though it ariſes neither from the underſtanding or the heart, has yet a moſt powerful influence over both. The ſenſes alone are captivated, and leave neither time nor capacity to reaſon on the nature of the entertainment they proffer, but whirl us away in an impetuoſity which is not to be reſiſted. If we add to all this the powers of muſic, dancing, and wanton hours, together with the preſence of a multitude of both ſexes, habited in a dreſs which levels all diſtinction, and is deſigned for that purpoſe, a heart muſt be uncommonly miſanthropical or

unfeeling, which does not catch ſome ſpark of mirth and gallantry at ſuch an altar. This impreſſion, however, as it is violent, and produced from temporary cauſes, ſoon ſubſides, and expires with the oil and the taper which gave it birth. It is a kind of ſhort intoxication, the delirium of a few hours, when reaſon reſigns her ſceptre, and leaves us to the guidance of any ſenſe which happens to predominate; nor, on a retroſpect, does it appear any other than a gay viſion, which is paſſed before we had well contemplated it. There is ſo little obſcurity at this ſeaſon of the year (for there is no darkneſs) that if the night had not been very cloudy, the illuminations could not have produced their full effect. This favourable circumſtance, however, ſuperadded to the black vapour which roſe from ſuch a multitude of lamps, and hung over the gardens, cauſed a degree of gloom, which, under the

ſhelter of the woods, approached nearly to darkneſs for about two hours, from eleven till one in the morning; but before three the envious day-light burſt in upon the ſplendour of this dazzling ſcene, which required the canopy of night to give it any luſtre. That laſſitude and bodily fatigue which I had not felt before, now reminded me of the neceſſity of repoſe. The lamps were expiring on every ſide; the company began to diſperſe, and quit the place; each moment diminiſhed the magic which had charmed erewhile, and the fugitive enchantment was paſſed. I was glad to leave it before it totally left me; and between four and five I got into my carriage, and in a few minutes fell faſt aſleep. It was eight o'clock when I arrived in town, and the ſun began to grow already very warm. I threw myſelf on the bed, quite ſpent with the purſuit of pleaſure, and glad to retire to ſilence and requieſcence.—

As magnificent and princely as was this illumination, they aſſure me it is not to be compared with thoſe which the Empreſs made about two years ago, when the Prince Royal of Pruſſia was here. Her Majeſty went a conſiderable diſtance to meet him, and it was ſo contrived, that their interview ſhould take place about the duſk of the evening: they then returned back to the city through a road illuminated in the moſt ſplendid manner it is poſſible to conceive. The fire-works and maſquerades were in the ſame taſte, and not any thing was omitted which ſovereign power could produce to pleaſe and aſtoniſh. If the King of Sweden's intended viſit to St. Peterſburgh ſhould take place, which is expected, theſe ſuperb ſpectacles will be renewed.

There is not only a magnificence and regal pomp in this court, which far exceeds any I have beheld elſewhere, but

every thing is on a vaſt and coloſſal ſcale, reſembling that of the Empire itſelf. The public buildings, churches, monaſteries, and private palaces of the nobility, are of an immenſe ſize, and ſeem as if deſigned for creatures of a ſuperiour heighth and dimenſions to man; to „a puny inſect ſhivering at the breeze!"

The ſtatue and pedeſtal which will ſoon be ſet up of Peter the Great, are of the ſame enormous and gigantic proportions, and may almoſt rank with the ſphynxes and pyramids of Egyptian workmanſhip. At Moſcow, I am told, this ſtyle is yet more common and more univerſal. The palace which the preſent Empreſs has begun, is deſigned to be two or three Engliſh miles in circumference; and in the mean time they have erected a temporary one of brick, for her reception. The city itſelf is an immenſe aggregate of villages, and the Muſcovite lords commonly go fifty and

ſixty verſts, which are at leaſt forty of our miles, to make viſits to each other. There is a ſort of ſavage and barbarous grandeur in this taſte, which never appears in the edifices and productions of Athenian ſculpture or architecture. I know it may be ſaid, that the difference of extent and greatneſs between the little republic of Attica, and the wide empire of Ruſſia, may give riſe to a different ſtandard of beauty and elegance; but this is not ſufficient to alter the original and invariable criterion of nature, which is the ſame in every country.

As the feſtivities are now finiſhed at court, I ſhall have time to viſit the principal objects of curioſity and entertainment in this city, and you may expect in my next letter ſome account of them. My intention of going to Moſcow, I have at length, though very reluctantly, laid aſide, on account of the advancement of the ſeaſon, it being too long and diſ-

agreeable a journey to undertake by land, through Livonia, Courland, Pruſſia, and Germany, after the 1ſt of September, when the autumnal rains make the roads in ſome of theſe countries almoſt impaſſable. The weather is at preſent inſufferably hot, and far exceeds that which you ever experience in England.

I remain, with attachment,

Your's, etc.

LETTER XI.

St. Peterſburgh, Friday, 15th July, 1774.

THE veneration of the Ruſſians for their hero and legislator Peter, approaches, as you will naturally imagine, to idolatry, and increaſes as they recede from the time in which he perſonally flouriſhed. The impartial and diſcerning few, who can diveſt them-

ſelves of prejudice, and view objects free from the blaze which uſually dazzles and deludes the multitude, have, however, regarded his character and conduct with different eyes, and even made thoſe actions on which his fame is built, the ſubject of criticiſm, if not of cenſure. Fifty years which have now nearly elapſed ſince his death, have drawn the veil in ſome degree from before the political ſanctuary, and experience of the beneficial or pernicious nature of his regulations, has affixed to them the ſtamp of excellence or error. So imperfect and ſhort-ſighted is man, ſo limited the ſphere of human foreſight, that thoſe cauſes which ſeem at a firſt view replete with bleſſings, often contain a latent poiſon, which, when matured by time, can deſtroy theſe expected conſequences, and force us to condemn, on a retroſpect, that which we at firſt applauded. Monſieur Voltaire, who, through all his

writings, is more commonly led by genius and fancy, than a ſtrict regard to truth and impartiality, has conduced not a little to complete the general deluſion, and to inveſt his hero Peter with a falſe and miſtaken ſplendour. There are only three grand points of light in which we can regard him: as the civilizer, the Sovereign, and the law-giver of his country; and there are perſons who aſſert, that he only ſucceeded partially even in the firſt of theſe, to the completion of which he ſacrificed the other two, or elſe he evidently miſtook them. Hear their arguments, and decide for yourſelf. „The Muſcovites were no doubt," ſay they, „at the commencement of the preſent century, wrapt in deep and total ignorance; they had no communication with the European nations, whom they diſliked and deſpiſed. The Czar broke down this barrier; he forced upon them arts and refinements,

of which they never before had a conception; he obliged them to adopt a different habit, and different manners: —but all this change was external; and though it has deſtroyed that rude originality of character which marked them heretofore, has not given them any thing valuable or ennobling in its ſtead. Far the greater number of the Ruſſian boyars or nobles have never ſeen the preſent court or capital, but live on their own eſtates about Moſcow, totally regardleſs of the reigning Prince, and little affected by or attentive to regulations made at the diſtance of four or five hundred miles, and imperfectly carried into execution. But whatever judgment we form relative to their civilization, it is impoſſible not to pronounce Peter's conduct as a monarch pernicious, miſtaken, and injudicious. The vaſt dominions of Muſcovy, which extend to the northern frontier of China, Perſia, and

Turky, render the empire more a member of Asia than of Europe: the metropolis of this immense tract of country was very wisely established at Moscow, which, from its situation in the internal part of it, enabled the government to extend its authority over the most remote provinces, and to restrain by its presence and vicinity, the many wandering and ferocious tribes which compose it, and whom nothing except the immediate and visible hand of despotic power can ever reduce within allegiance and subjection. But all these important considerations were overlooked by the Czar, who, inflamed with desire to become an European Sovereign, resigned all his natural importance and weight as an Asiatic one, to possess himself of two or three barren provinces of Sweden; and wasted his life amid intrigues and battles to maintain himself in his acquisitions. His establishment of the ca-

pital in the extreme corner of the empire on the banks of the gulf of Finland, in a moraſs to which nature has denied every advantage, and in a moſt inclement latitude, was the effect of theſe politics. If he had only made commerce the object of his care when he founded this city, he would doubtleſs have acted wiſely, ſince his people might then have reaped the advantages of a connexion with Europe, and yet have maintained their rank in the ſyſtem of Aſia.—As the father of his people, to whom their happineſs ſhould have been ever dear, and which is the laſt character in which we conſider him, what can we ſay? The multitudes who fell a ſacrifice to the erection of his new capital, from the unwholeſome and noxious vapours of the marſhy iſlands on which it is ſituate, and the unlimited ſeverity, perhaps cruelty, practiſed to introduce and enforce his regulations among his ſub-

jects, rather make a mind of benevolence and humanity, wiſh to draw a veil over the unhappy neceſſity urged to apologize for this branch of his public conduct.—Notwithſtanding all theſe diminutions of his glory, it muſt ſtill be ever avowed that he was a great Prince, and that his errors were ſuch, as, had he enjoyed a longer life, and of conſequence a more extenſive experience, he himſelf would have amended. If Peter could have inſured to himſelf immortality, ſuch was his wiſdom and diſcernment, that he would have corrected his own miſtakes, and have riſen upon his very faults; but the reverſe has unhappily been the caſe. His ſucceſſors, who knew not how to ſeparate the wiſe from the unwiſe parts of his adminiſtration, have proſecuted to their utmoſt extent his errors, and blindly adhered to all his intentions, from reverence to his memory. The genius of Peter ſurvived for

a moment under Catherine; but her reign was very ſhort: and ſo far have the Muſcovites been from an advance in real greatneſs ſince that time, that the year 1730 may be fixed as the period from which their affairs have returned in a contrary direction. Under the Empreſs Anne, this decay was not ſo apparent: ſhe governed the Ruſſians by terrour, and held the knout conſtantly in her hand. Elizabeth, her ſucceſſor, relaxed the reins of government, and the indulgence which ſhe allowed herſelf ſhe extended to her ſubjects. She made a vow not to ſhed any blood by the executioner's hand during her reign, and kept it; but ſhe needleſly engaged in the late general war, and ſacrificed thouſands during its continuance. The reigning Empreſs is mild, humane, and paſſionately anxious to promote the happineſs of her ſubjects; but the peculiar circumſtances which ſeated her in the throne,

fetter her conduct, and deprive her in a great meaſure of the power to act in conformity with the dictates of her own judgment."—I know you will be ſurpriſed at ſo different a picture from the uſually received ones of this great empire, which we regard every day as more an object of political terrour and watchfulneſs, and from whoſe arms Europe has even been taught to dread another univerſal monarchy. But it muſt be remembered, that the lights by which we judge are very few, and very fallacious; nor are we acquainted with thoſe ſecret cauſes which operate moſt powerfully, and which will probably ever prevent this nation from the attainment of any dangerous ſuperiority over its neighbours.—I have been led much farther than I at firſt intended by theſe reflections, and ſhall moſt gladly quit this train of ſpeculation, where I may at once delude and be deluded, to return to in-

cidents and feelings more adapted to my comprehenſion, and more intereſting to my heart.

One of the nobleſt monuments of the gratitude and veneration univerſally paid to Peter the Iſt, is that which her preſent Majeſty has ordered to be erected. It is an equeſtrian ſtatue, and has been ſome years under the hands of Monſieur Falconette. I was introduced to this great ſtatuary only a few days ago, and had the pleaſure to ſee the model, which is already compleated. In this production he has united the greateſt ſimplicity with the trueſt ſublimity of conception. No other ſtatue, whether ancient or modern, gave him the deſign, which is ſingular in its kind, and is admirably adapted to expreſs the character of the man, and the nation over which he reigned. Inſtead of a pedeſtal adorned with inſcriptions, or ſurrounded by ſlaves, he appears mounted on a rock or ſtone

of a prodigious ſize, up the aſcent of which the horſe labours, and appears to have nearly reached its ſummit. This attitude has given him room to exert great anatomical beauty and ſkill in the muſcles of the horſe's hind thighs and hams, on which the whole weight of his body is neceſſarily ſuſtained. The Czar's figure is full of fire and ſpirit: he ſits on a bear's ſkin, and is clad in a ſimple habit not characteriſtic of any particular country, but ſuch as may be worn, without violation of propriety, by an inhabitant of any. His eye is directed to ſome apparently diſtant object, deſigned to be the citadel, and on his features are moſt ſtrongly impreſſed the ſentiment of „deliberation and public care:" his left hand holds the bridle, and his right is extended, as the artiſt himſelf expreſſed it, *en père et en maître.* Under the figure on the rock is this inſcription: PETRO PRIMO, CATHERINA

SECUNDA POSUIT, 177 . „I have endeavoured," ſaid Monſieur Falconette, „while I worked on this model, to catch, as far as poſſible, the genuine feelings of the Muſcovite legiſlator, and to give him ſuch an expreſſion as himſelf would have owned. I have not decked his perſon with emblems of Roman conſulage, or placed a Marechal's baton in his hand: an ancient dreſs would have been unnatural; and the Ruſſian he wiſhed to aboliſh. The ſkin on which he is ſeated, is emblematical of the nation he refined. Poſſibly," ſaid he, „the Czar would have aſked me, why I did not put a ſabre into his hand; but, perhaps, he made too great a uſe of it when alive, and a ſculptor ought only to exhibit thoſe parts of a character which reflect honour on it, and rather to draw a veil acroſs the errors and vices which tarniſh it. A laboured panegyric would have been equally

injudicious and unneceſſary, ſince hiſtory has already performed that office with impartial juſtice, and held up his name to univerſal regard; and I muſt do her preſent Majeſty the juſtice to ſay, ſhe had taſte and diſcernment enough perfectly to ſee this, and to prefer the preſent ſhort inſcription to any other which could be compoſed."—Every thing is now in preparation to caſt the ſtatue itſelf, which will, when finiſhed, be perhaps inconteſtibly the moſt matchleſs production of its kind in Europe.—Apart from his genius as an artiſt, Falconette is a man of uncommon talents, erudition, and expanſion of ſentiment: he is a citizen of the earth, and totally unfettered by the little mean diſtinctions of climate or of country, which diminiſh the benevolence of the heart, and ſet bounds to philanthropy. He is, however, ſaid to poſſeſs, in a high degree, that *ſoreneſs*,

as Pope expreſſed it, that impatience of unmerited cenſure and little peeviſhneſs, which men of fine parts often diſcover, on account of the erroneous judgment which the multitude form of their abilities and execution. He paid many fine encomiums to the merit of our preſent painters in England, particularly to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, with whom, he ſaid, he maintained a conſtant correſpondence, and interchange of their reſpective compoſitions. „Count Hugolino in the dungeon," hung over his chimney-piece, which, he ſaid, Chevalier Reynolds had lately preſented him, and the exquiſite expreſſion of which, he could not behold without mingled terrour and admiration. He inquired of me if I knew Mademoiſelle Angelica, almoſt all whoſe pieces he has, and is a paſſionate eſteemer of them. In a word, I have received peculiar pleaſure from his acquaintance, which he has permitted

me to cultivate during my ſtay here, and from which I derive no leſs honour than inſtruction. As he has paſt the middle ſtage of life, and has been a reſident in St. Peterſburgh near eight years, I could not help aſking him, a few days ago, whether he had not any deſign to return to France, his native country, particularly when a young Prince, who ſeemed to open his reign with great applauſe, might employ him in ſome work ornamental to his kingdom? „Alas! Sir," ſaid he, „I have lived long enough to know, that every Monarch, more eſpecially a youthful one, begins his career with honour and approbation, though time uſually crops theſe early and immature trophies. For me, I have nothing, when I reviſit my native land, to aſk from it, beſides a few feet of earth to inter my remains, and that it cannot refuſe me."—I have often obſerved, that all men of ſuperiour talents

hold the ſame language, and, when the tumultuous ſeaſon of life is over, where ambition or hope may have tendered them ideal bleſſings, and deluded their ſober judgments, they have not any other wiſh, than humble ſequeſtration, and ſay with Tibullus,

Me, mea paupertas vitae traducat inerti,
Dum meus aſſiduo luceat igne focus.

But you will tell me I am running into reflection when you expect deſcription. I have done then, and will endeavour, if I can, in a day or two, to give you ſome idea of this capital from my imperfect views of it.

St. Peterſburgh, Wedneſday, 20th July, 1774.

THIS city is as yet only an immenſe outline, which will require future Empreſſes, and almoſt future ages, to com-

plete. It ſtands at preſent on a prodigious extent of ground; but as the houſes in many parts are not contiguous, and great ſpaces are left unbuilt, it is hard to aſcertain its real ſize and magnitude. Devotion has not been wanting to add her magnificence, and to erect places of worſhip in almoſt every part. Curioſity and novelty have carried me to all of them. The external architecture differs very little in any: the Greeks ſeem as fond of domes, as the Mahomedans are of minarets in their churches. They uſually encircle one large with four ſmaller cupolas, and cover them with copper gilt, which has a fine effect to the eye when the ſun ſhines upon it. The ornaments within are coſtly and barbarous: a Mexican temple can hardly be more ſo. They ſurround a daubing of the Virgin and Jeſus, with gold or ſilver head-dreſſes, and ſometimes complete habits, and only leave expoſed the fingers, which

the multitude very devoutly kiſs. Some of theſe ſtrange compound figures of paint and metal are very laughable, and the poor Madonna ſeems like a priſoner in golden fetters. The papas or prieſts are dreſſed in veſtments which very much reſemble the Romiſh, and are generally compoſed of tiſſue and expenſive ſilks. The manner in which they perform the ſervice rather reminds one of an incantation, than of a prayer offered to the Deity; and they repeat much of it ſo incredibly faſt, that one is tempted to ſuppoſe it impoſſible the auditory can underſtand one articulate word the prieſt utters, let their attention be ever ſo ſtrong. St. Nicholas ſtill holds his rank and veneration in the Ruſſian calendar, and has almoſt as many altars as the Virgin herſelf. By the way, I do not know their reaſon for it, but I have remarked, that in nine out of ten heads of her and the infant Jeſus, they repreſent them

as black, or at leaſt a deep Indian olive colour, nearly approaching to it; and in this it is not improbable they give a juſter idea of her perſon, than Raphael or Guido, ſince the Syrian women of inferiour condition, who are expoſed to the ſun in the climate of Palaeſtine, muſt neceſſarily be of a very deep tawny complexion. In the church of the citadel repoſe the body of Peter the Iſt, and the ſucceſſive Sovereigns ſince his death, who are ranged in coffers ſide by ſide, but have not any of them marble monuments erected to their memories; nor is there any other motive to induce a traveller to enter this church, except the conſciouſneſs that he beholds the wood which contains the aſhes of Peter, and that mingled ſentiment of reverence and pleaſure which the mind may experience from the contemplation of it. Only one Monarch is excluded, as if unworthy to be entombed with his progenitors

and predeceſſors in the throne of Ruſſia. This is the late unhappy Peter the IIId, who, after his death, was expoſed during ſome days in the monaſtery of St. Alexander Newſkoi, a few miles out of town, to convince the people that he had not ſuffered any violence, but ended his life naturally: he was afterwards privately interred there.—As I have mentioned his name, I am led to make a few remarks on his life and character. Though under the preſent reign it may be imagined, that few perſons either dare or chuſe to ſpeak their ſentiments freely with reſpect to him, yet I am induced to believe, from univerſal teſtimony, that he was very unworthy and unfit to reign, and that whatever private condemnation the Empreſs, as his wife, may undergo, it was a moſt ſalutary and requiſite policy for Ruſſia to depoſe him. He brought to St. Peterſburgh all the illiberal and pernicious prejudices

of a German; he avowed his open contempt for their religion, their manners, their laws; he was on the point of commencing a war with Denmark for the recovery of his Holftein dominions, and would have begun his march acroſs the immenſe tract of country which ſeparates theſe kingdoms in a few days; he had perſonally ill-treated and injured his wife, and alienated by his imprudence and folly every heart. The vigour and celerity with which the Empreſs acted in effecting the revolution, could only be exceeded by the puſillanimity and meanneſs with which Peter reſigned the crown. He was himſelf, on the day which preceded this event, at the palace of Oranienbaum, and totally unprepared for ſuch a change, of which he entertained no ſuſpicion. She departed from Peterhoff, where ſhe then was, by a poſtern door in the gardens, very early in the morning, Prince Orloff conducting her in his

coach, and reached Peterſburgh before her abſence was known. She inſtantly took poſſeſſion of the palace without difficulty or oppoſition, and putting herſelf in a uniform at the head of the guards, marched towards Peterhoff. As ſoon as the Emperour received this intelligence, he embarked immediately from Oranienbaum, which is ſituate on the ſhore of the gulf of Finland, in one of the imperial yachts, in hopes to reach Cronſtadt, which is nearly oppoſite, and in the fortreſs of which he would have been ſecure. Here, however, he was diſappointed, as the Empreſs had already anticipated his intention, and diſpatched two admirals, who ſecured it. When he came near the fortreſs, they ordered him to keep off, or they would ſink him, and at the ſame time pointed the guns for that purpoſe: beſides his miſtreſs, the Counteſs of Voronzoff, he had a number of women and attendants in the veſſel

with him: terrified with the appearance of oppoſition, they kneeled around him, and rent the air with their cries, to induce him to relinquiſh his purpoſe: effectively he did ſo, and yielding to his own fears, and their importunities, he had not the courage to attempt to land, but returned back to Oranienbaum. It proved afterwards that theſe guns were not loaded. The old Feld-Marechal Count Munich, who had been newly recalled from his long exile in Siberia, was with him at this critical emergency, and gave him the only advice which could poſſibly have ſaved him. He implored him to go boldly and meet the Empreſs, to charge the guards on their allegiance to obey his orders as their Sovereign, and offered to loſe his own life in his defence. Peter had not ſufficient magnanimity and greatneſs of mind, either to perceive the abſolute neceſſity of this conduct, or to embrace it inſtantly. On the contrary,

conſulting only with his terrours, he threw himſelf on the ground before the Empreſs, in the gardens of Oranienbaum, covering his face with both his hands, burſt into all the impotence of tears, and only implored in terms of the moſt abject ſubmiſſion, that his life might be ſpared, and his paternal dominions of Holſtein aſſigned him. She commanded him to riſe, and conducted him to the palace of Peterhoff, where he ſigned a paper, by which he reſigned all power into her hands. Mean while covered waggons were provided, which took different roads, that it might not be known in which was the depoſed Prince; and this mighty revolution, which transferred the greateſt empire on earth, was effected in a few hours, almoſt without any confuſion or uproar. The people, accuſtomed to deſpotiſm, and indifferent who was the ruler, remained ſilent and quiet ſpectators of it, the guards being the only

actors, and the whole a repetition of the Princeſs Elizabeth's conduct ſome years before, when young Ivan was depoſed and ſhe ſeized the throne.—Over the reſt of this mournful ſtory we muſt draw a veil. Such a priſoner it is natural to ſuppoſe could not long remain in that condition. On the ninth day conſequent to his ſeizure it was reported he had a diſorder in his bowels, and ſoon after his death was announced. We know no more. Hiſtory, in ſome future age, may poſſibly elucidate his end; but in this century it is not likely ſuch a ſecret will be divulged.

Though I would not, however indirectly, appear the apologiſt of crimes, yet juſtice requires I ſhould ſay, that it is univerſally allowed the Empreſs might plead ſelf-defence, if not even ſelf-preſervation, to juſtify her conduct, as it is known that Peter had concerted and would have carried into execution the

moſt ſevere meaſures againſt her, if he had not been prevented by ſo vigorous an attack. If we add to this, the uniform tenour of her life and reign ſince that æra, during which humanity and wiſdom ſeem ſcarce ever to have forſaken her, candour will, perhaps, be induced to paſs over one ſpot, which ſtate-policy rendered neceſſary, and which from the moment of her reſiſtance became unavoidable.—I return to Peterſburgh.

The public buildings of different kinds are ſo prodigiouſly numerous in this city, that I am inclined to believe they conſtitute a fifth or ſixth part of the whole capital. Some of them are of ſtone, but the larger part are only brick, or wood plaiſtered. The winter-palace is compoſed of the former materials, and was erected by the late Empreſs Elizabeth: it is very large and very heavy: one would have ſuppoſed Sir John Vanbrugh was invoked to lend his aid in the plan

of it, ſince nothing can more ſtrikingly reſemble his ſtyle. It is not yet quite finiſhed, like almoſt every thing elſe in Ruſſia. The ſituation is very lovely, on the banks of the Neva, and in the center of the town. Contiguous to it is a ſmall palace, built by the preſent Empreſs, and called, why I know not, *The Hermitage*. It no more reſembles our idea of a hermitage, than it does a temple; but when her Majeſty reſides in this part of the building ſhe is in retreat, and there is no drawing room or court. I was admitted a few days ago to ſee theſe apartments, which are very elegant, and furniſhed with great taſte. There are two galleries of paintings, which have been lately purchaſed at an immenſe expence in Italy, and among which I would willingly, was it permitted, ſpend ſome hours every day during my reſidence here. The crown, which I ſaw in the palace itſelf, is perhaps the richeſt in

Europe. It is ſhaped like a bonnet, and totally covered with diamonds. In the ſceptre is the celebrated one, purchaſed by Prince Orloff for 500,000 *) rubles, and preſented by him to his ſovereign miſtreſs only a few months ago. It far exceeds Pitt's diamond in ſize, and is not inferiour in water. Lapidaries declare it the moſt beautiful and rare ever brought from Golconda.

There are two academies here, one of arts and the other of ſciences, both of which I have repeatedly viſited. The preſent Empreſs has founded the firſt, which will be, when finiſhed, a ſuperb edifice: it is furniſhed with maſters in the different branches of polite letters, and filled with caſts from the moſt renowned models of Greek and Roman ſculpture. I do not, however, find that as yet any eminent geniuſſes have ap-

*) A coin value about 4s, 6d. Engliſh.

peared, though they have not been without artifis. Nature ſeems to have confined perfection in theſe elegant and exquiſite productions, to certain climates and people, among whom they ſprung ſpontaneous for centuries; and which are only imperfectly copied by other nations, where the ſeeds are not ſo happily diſpoſed, or the organs ſo juſtly adapted.

I am more charmed with the river Neva itſelf, than with any thing I ſee here. The Thames is not comparable to it in beauty; and as the ſtream ſets conſtantly out of the Lake Ladoga into the gulf of Finland, it is always full, clear, and perfectly clean. Along its banks is beyond all doubt the fineſt walk in the world. It is not a quay, as veſſels never come up to this part, but a parade, running a mile in length; the buildings on which are hardly to be exceeded in elegance. It is yet to be continued to double the length. Over the river in the

narroweſt part is a bridge on pontoons. From this noble river, canals are cut to all parts of the city; nor could any ſituation be more favourable to the genius of commerce, if the inclemency of the latitude did not keep it froze up at leaſt five months annually. As this place is the formation of ſo few years, it is laid out with great regularity: there is not any thing which looks old, and much is ſtill imperfect and unfiniſhed. The buildings have throughout a very handſome appearance, and are, like every thing elſe, on a larger ſcale than I have ever ſeen elſewhere. The ſtreets are moſtly paved; but they have a cuſtom here of laying in many places a flooring of timber on the ground. This, I am told, was yet more common formerly in Moſcow, where, in the frequent fires they uſed to have, the ſtreet itſelf caught the flames, and the conflagration became terrible,

as the houſes likewiſe are moſtly made of wood even at preſent.

The police of Peterſburgh is very good, and one may walk with great ſafety at any hour. Now and then a murder happens, but they are not frequent.

At this ſeaſon of the year, when the court are out of town, there are ſcarce any public ſpectacles, except at the Imperial palace, where a Ruſſian and French comedy are performed generally once a week. The ſeats are adjuſted by rank, and no money is paid for entrance, as it is the Empreſs's own amuſement, and limited to people of condition. For my own part, I find a much ſuperiour entertainment in walking every evening till eleven or midnight on the banks of the Neva, or in the Summer Gardens, which likewiſe belong to the crown, and are always open. They are ſituate at one end of the walk I mentioned, and are full of ſtatues, *jets d'eau*, and fountains.

The hour is now come when I uſually ſet out, and the night is too fine and ſerene to miſs the opportunity. So for the preſent, adieu!

St. Peterſburgh, Saturday, 23d July, 1774.

THE genuine Ruſſians who are unadulterated by a commerce with other nations, evidently partake much more of Aſiatic than of European manners: the men among the lower claſs univerſally wear the beard, in defiance of all the rigorous edicts iſſued by Peter the Iſt to aboliſh this barbarous cuſtom. The women in general only bind their heads with pieces of ſilk or linen, very nearly reſembling in appearance the eaſtern turband, and accommodate the other parts of their dreſs pretty nearly to our's. I have, however, ſeen many of them in the old Muſcovite habits of the different

provinces, which are curious and groteſque in the higheſt degree. In ſome the head-dreſs projects ſix or eight inches from the forehead, and is enriched with pearls; in others it is a ſort of bonnet laced, and fitting cloſe round the head; nor is the reſt of their habit leſs ſingular.

I am only juſt returned from being a ſpectator of one of their cuſtoms, at which I could not help being a little ſurpriſed. It was a promiſcuous bathing of not leſs than two hundred perſons of both ſexes. I know you will immediately recollect Lady Montague's deſcription of the baths of Sophia, and expect ſomewhat of the ſame nature; but nothing can be more oppoſite or unlike. The vivid colouring of her pen has called up a ſcene more voluptuous and glowing, than any which Ovid imagined, or Titian drew: we ſee the houris of Mahommed realized, and beauty in all its naked magnificence: but this was a ſight rather excitive of

diſguſt than deſire, and to which only curioſity could ever have led me. There are ſeveral of theſe public bagnios in Peterſburgh, and every one pays a few copiques (value a halfpenny Engliſh each) for admittance. There are, indeed, ſeparate ſpaces for the men and women; but they ſeem quite regardleſs of this diſtinction, and ſit or bathe in a ſtate of abſolute nudity among each other. What is equally extraordinary, they go firſt into a room heated to ſo intenſe a degree that it is ſcarce poſſible to breathe in it; and after having remained there till their bodies are in the moſt violent perſpiration, they inſtantly either plunge into the cold water of the Neva, or elſe throw a quantity of it over them from little buckets with which they are all provided for that purpoſe. This may only harden a Ruſſian conſtitution, but, I believe, would be found to have very different effects on an Engliſh one. The greater

part of the women were the moſt hideous figures I ever beheld, and reminded me of Horace's Canidia, for whom they were very proper companions. I counted half a dozen young girls who appeared tolerably pretty, and they never could have been viewed to more advantage than near ſuch foils. As a ſtudier of nature I confeſs this is as proper a ſchool as can be imagined, ſince fancy can hardly figure an attitude which may not be found here; but as a voluptuary I would never viſit it more.

A gentleman with whom I happened to be in company ſome days ſince, communicated to me a remark on the Muſcovite women, which I thought ingenious, and may very poſſibly be true. We were talking of the Indian dancing girls, whom I have ſeen at Goa, Mangalore, and other places on the coaſt of Malabar, who, it is known, are capable of cohabitation at eleven years of age, and

frequently have children at thoſe years: a circumſtance reſulting in a great degree from their proximity to the ſun, which ripens men as well as plants much earlier in thoſe tropical latitudes. „You muſt not, however," ſaid he, „ apprehend that the ſame rule reverſed holds good among us, and that becauſe an Indian is arrived to maturity at eleven, a Ruſſian is not ſo till twenty-two. The females in this country are all forced, and brought forward in deſpite of nature: during the winter months they are conſtantly in apartments heated by ſtoves to a vaſt degree, from which they enter upon a haſty, but hot ſummer of two or three months. The conſequence of this, ſuperadded to their warm baths, of which they are very fond, is, that they want, like every other artificial production, the genuine flavour which only nature can give. That charming firmneſs and elaſticity of fleſh, ſo indiſpenſibly requiſite to

conſtitute beauty, ſo delicious to the touch, and ſo provoking to the appetite, exiſts not among the Ruſſian females, or in very few of them."—I muſt own this obſervation not only appears founded in reaſon, but was moſt ſtrikingly exemplified in the aſſembly where I was preſent this afternoon.

Apart from this concealed and uncertain defect, I cannot ſay much in praiſe of the charms which the ladies diſcover; indeed, I am told, the ſtyle of lovelineſs here is not a little different from ours, and that to poſſeſs any pre-eminent degree of it a woman muſt weigh at leaſt two hundred weight. Prior's criterion won't do here, and they would laugh at his „*Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs*," as a falſe and vitiated taſte. The late Empreſs Elizabeth was one of theſe ponderous and maſſy beauties, and ſuch ſhe appears in the portraits I have ſeen of her.—They pretend to ſay there

is not a court of more gallantry than this in Europe, and that the ladies who compoſe it would not have diſgraced that of Joan of Naples itſelf, ſo famous in ſtory. Her Majeſty's conduct, however, as ſoon as ſhe could with propriety ſhew her reſentment on the affair of a late miniſter, who, if fame ſay true, was rather ſeduced by than the ſeducer of a maid of honour, was very ſpirited and ſevere. The lady is ſent into retirement, to faſt away her treſpaſs.

The climate is prodigiouſly altered within this laſt week. All the violence of the heat is paſt, and they ſay it will return no more this ſummer. They have no fruits here, except ſtrawberries and raſberries: wall-fruit is almoſt unknown; and muſt neceſſarily be ſo in ſuch a climate. They have, however, as I am aſſured, excellent melons, pomegranates, and pines, brought to Peterſburgh from Aſtracan in twenty-one days, which is

not a leſs diſtance than fifteen hundred miles acroſs all Muſcovy. Indeed, when one reflects on the immenſe magnitude of this empire, one is loſt in the idea. They count five thouſand miles from hence to Kamtſchatka, the eaſtern but uncertain termination of their dominion; and north it runs „to Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where." In this are reckoned, I think, ſix ſeparate kingdoms, the diſtinct crowns of which are all to be ſeen at Moſcow. Theſe are Ruſſia, Siberia, Caſan, Aſtracan, and two others whoſe names I am not acquainted with. The ſoil, climate, and produce, muſt be infinitely different in ſo extenſive a domain. The Ukraine is repreſented to be one of the moſt fertile and delicious provinces of the earth, by thoſe who have viſited it. The country round this capital is a moraſs overgrown with birch and fir, nor is there a hill within ſeveral miles. The houſes of Peterſ-

burgh are all built on piles, as thoſe of Amſterdam; and I am often ſtrikingly reminded of Holland.

Among the public inſtitutions, I was carried laſt Sunday to ſee one, which can hardly be exceeded in utility by any in Europe, and is worthy of the preſent Empreſs, who may be deemed its foundreſs. Elizabeth her predeceſſor erected it, and deſigned it for a nunnery. It is ſituate juſt out of town, and is a moſt princely and magnificent building, though like every thing elſe not yet compleated. Her preſent Majeſty, who has preferred wiſdom to ſuperſtition, converted it into a public place of education, where young women of all conditions are compleatly inſtructed in every neceſſary and elegant accompliſhment, at the ſole expence of the crown. Thoſe of noble families are kept quite diſtinct from the inferiour children. I think they informed me, there are at this time upwards of two hundred

and thirty of the former, and double that number of the latter, in this admirable ſeminary.

Some branches of the police have appeared to me ſingular, though I muſt allow they are productive of ſalutary conſequences. I was a little indiſpoſed ſoon after my arrival, and ſent my ſervant to purchaſe ſome magneſia in the ſhops. He brought me word that no apothecary would ſell him any; and that three or four of them had aſſured him they dared not part with a dram if a hundred ducats were offered for it, unleſs a regular preſcription was brought them ſigned by a phyſician, as the puniſhment is very ſevere. Eſculapius could not have made a law more beneficial to the faculty; but it prevents empirics from deſtroying numbers, as they do with impunity among us, and renders it very eaſy to diſcover poiſons, by tracing to its ſource the vender of them. Another

regulation here, though not without its advantages likewiſe, is very troubleſome. No ſtranger can quit the capital to paſs the frontiers, without having been firſt adverti ſed in all the public papers for ten days preceding his departure, though his buſineſs or affairs ſhould be ever ſo urgent. It muſt be remembered, however, that Peterſburgh is not a thoroughfare, and that hardly any perſon comes to it merely to ſtay a day or two; ſo that the inconvenience is not ſo great or univerſal as at firſt one is tempted to ſuppoſe.

I have made one or two excurſions into the country, particularly to Gatchina, a palace of Prince Orloff's, about forty miles off. It is ſituate in the moſt eligible ſpot within a great diſtance of the metropolis, and will when finiſhed be a ſuperb ſeat. The gardens are laid out in the Engliſh taſte by a man of great merit, who was ſent for by the

Prince on that account. The nature of the ground, and a fine piece of water near the houſe, gave him ſcope for his genius. On my return from hence I ſaw the Royal palace of Zarſco-Zelo: this was built by Elizabeth, and is the compleateſt triumph of a barbarous taſte I have ſeen in theſe northern kingdoms. The ſituation is low, and commands hardly any proſpect, nor has any natural advantages to claim ſuch a preference. It is very large, and the front extends to a great length, as there is only one ſtory beſides the ground floors. All the capitals of the pillars, the ſtatues, and many other parts of the external ſtructure are gilt; nor does the eye meet ſcarce any thing elſe, in the apartments within. One room is in a very peculiar and uncommon ſtyle of magnificence, the ſides of it being entirely compoſed of amber, on which are diſpoſed feſtoons and other ornaments of the ſame. Its tranſ-

parency, and the conſciouſneſs of its rarity have a fine effect. This was a preſent of the reigning King of Pruſſia to the late Empreſs. Her preſent Majeſty prefers this palace to any of the others; and when there, ſhe is in retreat, as in town at the hermitage.

I have never yet ſaid a word of the Grand Duke of Ruſſia, and heir apparent to the crown. He is juſt twenty years of age. It is very hard to know what qualities or talents he really poſſeſſes, ſince under this deſpotic and jealous government, there is ſcarce any material power veſted in the ſecond, more than the hundredth person in the Empire. He has not betrayed any ſhining parts, or peculiar traits of character. Thoſe who know him, ſay, he is amiable, affable, and well-diſpoſed:—but how general and uncertain are theſe ſtrokes; and how little may we, perhaps, recognize them in the future Emperour, Paul

the Ift? He has been married, you know, about eleven months. The Grand Ducheſs, who is a German Princeſs of the houſe of Heſſe-Darmſtadt, is plain in her perſon, but yet has a ſomewhat about the lineaments of her countenance and whole demeanour, which, if I inclined to judge from phyſiognomy, would give me a very favourable impreſſion of her heart and diſpoſition. This, I am aſſured, ſhe well merits, and that the Duke is much attached to her.

I ſaw an account yeſterday in our Engliſh papers, which are reflectively and on principle the avowed vehicles of falſhood over all Europe, that the rebel Pugatchef was taken priſoner, and his party at an end. On the contrary, he has retired into the ſouthern provinces of the empire, where he ſtill excites freſh commotions; and I am juſt informed four new regiments are ordered to march againſt him. He has been here, what Ali-

Bey was in Egypt, and will probably at length meet with the ſame deſtiny.

The death of the late Grand Signior ſeems to have made no alteration in the war between the Porte and Ruſſia. Two vaſt armies under the command of Prince Dolgorucki and Marſhal Romanzoff, are ſtill acting againſt the Turks; the firſt in the Crimea, the other on the Danube, whoſe banks they have fertilized with human blood. The news of an important advantage gained by the Empreſs's forces, was received here ten or twelve days ago, for which the guns of the citadel were fired; but peace is apparently far off. Freſh Bachas and freſh Janizaries ſupply the place of thoſe who fall by the ſword; and the Turks, become cautious by ſo many defeats, adopt Fabius's maxim, and endeavour to tire out the enemy by protracting this expenſive and ſanguinary war. A policy the wiſeſt and moſt efficacious they can poſſibly embrace,

when it is conſidered at what an immenſe diſtance from the capital of this empire the ſcene of action is ſituate! It is from the ſums requiſite to anſwer the military charges, that the unfiniſhed and imperfect appearance of every thing in Peterſburgh reſults, and that its advancement in beauty and magnificence is for a while retarded. A lover of the arts of peace cannot but regret this unhappy neceſſity.

The celebrated globe of Tycho Brahe, which Peter the Iſt procured from Frederic the IVth in Denmark, exiſts no more: it was conſumed by fire in the year 1747. I ſaw the new one this morning, lately conſtructed on the model of the other, but ſomewhat inferiour in ſize. The exact dimenſions of the firſt I do not know. The preſent globe is eleven feet in diameter from pole to pole, and in the inſide is a table with ſeats round it, which can admit twelve perſons.—I ſat down in it ſome time. On the internal

concave globe are all the celeſtial ſigns and conſtellations, the ſtars being marked according to their different magnitudes by ſilver ſtuds radiated. The external globe is painted with the various countries of the earth; but this part is not yet compleated. A circular building has been erected in the midſt of an open ſpot, and detached from any other houſe, for the reception and preſervation of this noble aſtronomical machine, which is, I apprehend, the largeſt of its kind in Europe.

I am now on the point of quitting Peterſburgh, to return to England. Of the genius, manners, and real character of the Muſcovites, I neither pretend nor can poſſibly know any thing from the ſhort ſtay I have made here. I have only ſeen the reſidence of the court, not the ancient capital of the empire. If I obeyed the impulſe of my own inclinations, I ſhould not content myſelf with this par-

tial and imperfect view: on the contary, my wiſhes would not even be gratified by a ſight of Moſcow itſelf; I ſhould continue my rout from thence to Caſan and Aſtracan; nor ſtop even there, unleſs from an incapacity of paſſing by the Caſpian ſea, and intermediate provinces of the Ottoman dominion, to Conſtantinople. They ſmile and give me a look of incredulity mingled with ſurprize, when I aſſure them it is my intention, if unſurmountable obſtacles do not prevent me, to return here and attempt this tour; little knowing that danger and fatigue have no terrours for me, when knowledge is the reward of my endeavours. I am conſcious this ſentiment is not to be transfuſed, nor perhaps in general believed. That paſſionate enthuſiaſm, that inſatiable avidity, that divine and indeſcribable delight which I experience while engaged in this occupation, I attempt in vain by language and deſcrip-

tion to kindle in other boſoms, where nature has not given a ſimilarity of feeling. It is that ideal but irreſiſtible charm with which enthuſiaſm inveſts her objects of purſuit, which alone can rouſe the ſoul of man, and make him look down on wealth, or power, or ſplendour, when deſtitute of wiſdom, with contempt. I have, however, found much entertainment mingled with that improvement which opens and expands the mind in this ſhort reſidence here: neither Copenhagen or Stockholm contain ſo much to attract the notice of a traveller, particularly when it is remembered that thoſe cities have probably reached their meridian, and that every month adds to the beauty and magnificence of this newborn metropolis. My rout lies, as you know, through Ingria, over ground wreſted by the Czar from Sweden.—I diſpatch this to-night. My next will be from Narva. Adieu!

Your's, etc.

LETTER XII.

Narva, Sunday, 31ſt July, 1774.

LAST Thurſday morning about ſix o'clock I quitted St. Peterſburgh, where ſeveral little accidents had concurred to detain me ſome days longer than I intended. The whole intermediate country from thence to the gates of this city is a vaſt plain, level, open, and covered in many parts with harveſts, which the peaſants are already reaping. It reminded me exceedingly of Saliſbury plain, to which it bore a high reſemblance. My intention was only to have ſtaid in Narva a few hours, but the preſſing inſtances of two or three very hoſpitable gentlemen, whom I have met with here, has induced me to prolong it. After dinner laſt Friday they carried me out of town, to ſhew me the celebrated ſpot on which Charles the XIIth routed 100,000 Muſ-

covites, with his little Swediſh troop rather than army, only ſeventy years ago. The entrenchments of the Ruſſian camp are ſtill diſtinctly viſible, and extend, as they aſſure me, near eighteen Engliſh miles along the ſhore of the gulf of Finland. Their head quarters were eſtabliſhed in a little iſland ſituate at the narroweſt part of the river, where was a bridge, which ſinking under the crowd of flying Muſcovites, deſtroyed as great a number as their enemies had done. Peter moſt ſeverely revenged the diſhonour of his arms on that unfortunate day, when he afterwards took Narva, and tranſported the wretched inhabitants into the moſt remote parts of his dominions. They yet ſhew the baſtion where he gave the aſſault; and it is ſaid, that on his entering the place, and finding the Swediſh commandant in his robe de chambre, unapprehenſive of ſuch an event, he ſtruck him ſeveral times, reproaching

him for his remiſſneſs to his Sovereign's intereſt, and for having been found in a dreſs ſo unworthy of a ſoldier.

A gentleman of condition with whom I have formed a ſort of intimacy during my little ſtay, and who is equally a man of letters and of urbanity, has related to me an anecdote reſpecting his own family, which I ſhall give you as nearly as poſſible in his exact words. I thought it very intereſting, and very ſingular. „My mother," ſaid he, „and her elder ſiſter, were both natives of Livonia, and became captives to the Czar when this city was taken. They were ſold as ſuch to the Ruſſians, and carried by them into the interiour parts of the empire ſouth of Moſcow. Fortune had not even allied them in this ſtate of exile; nor did the one know to what maſter the other belonged. In this ſituation, as a ſlave, my mother remained two years; at the end of which time

ſhe found her elder ſiſter, whoſe fate had been much more mild: a boyard or noble, captivated with her perſon, married her, and had raiſed her to a ſtate of affluence and power. This ſhe immediately employed to reſcue her ſiſter, and under her protection my mother remained till the interceſſion of the Empreſs Catherine, who was originally a Livonian villager, procured permiſſion to all the baniſhed natives to return, and even the reſtitution of their houſes, effects, and fortunes. This edict induced my mother to quit the aſylum ſhe had found in Ruſſia, and ſhe returned again to Narva. I need not remind you, that the great Prince Menzikoff, whoſe genius and merit raiſed him from the ſtation of a paſtry-cook's boy, to the higheſt employments under Peter the Iſt, was afterwards baniſhed to Siberia, and all his eſtates confiſcated. The boyard who

had married my aunt, was one of his immediate dependants, and had the ſuperintendance of his lands: he was involved in the ruin of the Prince, and reduced to a ſtate of poverty and diſtreſs. His wife fled immediately to her younger ſiſter for refuge, who had now an opportunity to retaliate the benefits ſhe had formerly received, and to extend that protection ſhe once had wanted. My aunt, whom I well remember, is dead; but my mother is alive at this preſent time, from whoſe mouth I have a thouſand times heard the ſtory, and of whoſe veracity there can be no doubt. There are," continued he, „many old perſons yet alive who remember the battle of Narva, and among others is a man whoſe life was preſerved by a moſt uncommon circumſtance. He was an infant at the breaſt, and only about a twelvemonth old. Some Muſcovite ſoldiers with a mer-

tileſs barbarity tore him from the nurſe's arms, and throwing him againſt a wall left him bleading, and as they apprehended dead; the woman, however, attached to the child, returned, and by her care recovered him; and he too is ſtill alive."

I ſpent the greater part of yeſterday at the mouth of the river, which is about eight miles from hence. It was beautiful weather, and tempted us to ſail out upon the gulf of Finland. Ships of conſiderable burden lie in the road, there being very little water on the bar, though the river itſelf is deep quite up to the town. It empties itſelf into the great Peipus Lake, about forty miles ſouth of Narva. On the other ſide of this lake is ſituate the city of Pleſkow in Muſcovy: it ſupplies Narva with the deals and hemp which form almoſt the ſole articles of its commerce, and are brought here by the Peipus. On the other ſide this river, oppo-

ſite the town, is a large ſuburb with an ancient fortreſs called Ivanogorod, built by a Czar named John Baſiliwitz, who, if I recollect right, was a contemporary of our Elizabeth, and made a treaty of commerce with the Engliſh under her reign. Theſe were the frontier towns of the Swediſh and Ruſſian territory for a long ſeries of years, the river forming the boundary.

The ſame gentleman whom I have already mentioned, has informed me of ſome particulars relative to the antiquity of Narva. It was founded by Waldemar the Iſt, King of Denmark, whoſe original charter they yet have among the archives of the city, and guard with great care. By the ſucceeding Sovereigns it was ſold to the Teutonic knights, from whom Sigiſmund King of Sweden and Poland took it, about the concluſion of the ſixteenth century. Under the Kings of Sweden it afterwards remained, who

granted it peculiar immunities and privileges, all of which Peter confirmed when it changed maſters.

I had the pleaſure to dine in company with four ladies yeſterday, who were habited in the Livonian dreſs. Nothing could more aptly realize that barbarous ſplendour which has been ſo frequently depictured, but is now ſo rarely to be ſeen in any parts of Europe. It was expenſive, and might have been worn by perſons of the firſt eminence without degradation of their rank. Their heads were covered with a complete bonnet of pearls, which were not worth leſs than two thouſand rubles; *) and round their necks were ſeveral ſtrings of the ſame. A part of their necks was left expoſed; but the lower part was concealed by a veſt of red ſilk which ſat cloſe to the breaſt, and was bordered with a gold

*) Value about 4s. 6d. Engliſh each.

lace of a vaſt breadth which deſcended to their feet. Their arms had no other covering than the ſleeves of their ſhifts, and when they walked out they threw over their heads and ſhoulders a piece of ſilk reſembling a Highland plaid, and which was a ſort of ſubſtitute for our capuchin. As a proof of the juſtice of my remark in a former letter on the early maturity to which women attain in theſe northern countries, I cannot forget to mention that one of theſe four ladies had been married ſix months, though ſhe is now only twelve years and a half old; nor is this an uncommon or unprecedented thing.

I am now juſt going to dine about a mile out of town, at a gentleman's ſeat cloſe to the fall on the river. In the afternoon I ſhall continue my journey, and may, it is not improbable, finiſh this letter in ſome part of Livonia.

Riga, Monday, 8th Auguſt, 1774.

IT is a beautiful walk of about a mile and a half along the banks of the river above Narva to the falls. There are two, a ſmall iſland dividing the ſtream juſt at the place: I only ſaw one of them, the eye not taking in both at once, as on the Dahl in Sweden. If I had never ſeen theſe laſt cataracts, thoſe of Narva would have pleaſed me more, as they are in no reſpect to be placed in competition with them. The breadth is, indeed, greater: judging from my eye, I ſhould ſuppoſe them near or quite 130 yards acroſs; but the fall is only eighteen or nineteen feet. Yet even here the roar of the water when quite cloſe, the miſt flying up over it, and the ſurrounding objects, which are very pictureſque, affect the mind with a pleaſing aſtoniſhment, and detain the ſpectator in a voluntary bondage.

It was ſix in the evening before I returned to the town and purſued my journey. The firſt ſtage lies entirely over the plains which the Muſcovites occupied on the famous day when young Charles defeated them. From thence the road turns in-land, and on Monday evening I found myſelf on the ſands at the edge of the Peipus Lake, along whoſe borders I drove for ſeveral miles. Night cloſed in as I reached Ninall, a little village waſhed by its waves, and very delightfully ſituated. From hence I had only between forty and fifty miles to Derpt, where I got next morning to breakfaſt. This place, which is rather a large, ſtraggling, ill-built village than a town, was formerly, when Livonia belonged to Sweden, of conſiderable importance, having been fortified, and a frontier garriſon on the ſide of Muſcovy. It is ſituate in the moſt fertile and beautiful part of the province, on a ſmall river which communicates

with the Peipus Lake, and ſurrounded with harveſts, which at this ſeaſon of the year are waving in all the pride of plenty. Juſt above the town, on an eminence, from whence the eye commands all this vale, ſtand the ruins of an abbey or cathedral, which the Ruſſians are employed in totally demoliſhing. Its ſituation, which is very eligible in a military light, has induced them to commit this outrage on the venerable remains of piety and magnificence which the building exhibits. Poſterity will ſee the ſtandard wave where the crucifix has ſtood, and the matin bell will be ſucceeded by the trumpet. He who reveres antiquity cannot but deplore this change, and regret the havoc which war, under every ſhape, is continually making on the productions of elegance and art. The traditions I collected relative to this ſtructure from the inhabitants of the town, were very vague and unſatisfactory. „The Teuto-

nic knights, the firſt reformers, conquerours and Lords of Livonia, were," they ſaid, „the reputed founders of it; the Ruſſians and Poles, in their different incurſions, had injured and defaced it; and in one of theſe irruptions the citizens of Derpt, who had fled to it for ſanctuary, and hoped for protection in it, had all been maſſacred."

I purſued my rout in the afternoon through one of the moſt fertile plains which can be conceived: this beautiful vale terminated about forty miles from Derpt. As evening drew on, I entered a thick wood of fir and birch trees, where the ſand was almoſt up to the axle-tree of the chaiſe; the night was extremely dark, and it rained and blew very hard. It was one o'clock in the morning when I arrived at the poſt-houſe, which is in the midſt of the wood; and as I was determined to wait the return of day, I lay down in my cloaths, and fell pre-

ſently faſt aſleep; the fatigue of the two preceding nights, during which I had taken no reſt, except in the carriage, having made a little repoſe very neceſſary.—The ſame groves continued almoſt the whole enſuing day. In the evening I reached Wolmar, a little town which was formerly fortified, and where are yet the walls of a caſtle conſtructed by the Swedes. From hence I had only about eighty miles to the city of Riga; but it was Friday morning when I got there, and terminated my journey acroſs Livonia. The diſtance from Narva exceeds 300 Engliſh miles. My ſtay in this city has been rather regulated by caprice, than ſtrictly proportioned to the number of objects it preſents, either to elegant amuſement or inſtruction. It would be hard to have found a ſpot more deſtitute of any natural beauties or advantages to induce an adventurer to fix in, than is that where Riga ſtands. Deep, barren

ſands inveſt it round on every ſide, and a traveller who regulated his ideas of the province by that part of it he ſaw here, would accuſe thoſe authors of groſs impoſition, who have called Livonia the granary of the North. It was commerce which evidently gave birth to the place, and the genius of which ſtill protects and enriches it. The river Duna is an inexhauſtible ſource of plenty, and amply makes amends for every other deficiency. It runs a vaſt length into the interiour parts of Poland, and conveys down all the articles of trade exported from hence. Timber is one of the chief; and I am aſſured, that many of the largeſt trees do not arrive in Riga within two years, being cut near Bender on the banks of the Nieſter, from whence they are drawn over the ſnows in winter to the Duna, and brought down the enſuing ſeaſon. In May and June the Poles uſually arrive, and return again before the end

of July: at preſent there are very few. The bridge over the river, is one of the moſt ſingular and ſurpriſing in Europe: it is 900 paces long, and far exceeds in length that at Rouen, or any I have ever ſeen. I am ſo imperfect a judge of every thing which depends, however remotely, on principles of mechaniſm, that I ſhan't attempt minutely to deſcribe its conſtruction to you. It conſiſts of tranſverſe beams of timber joined together, and riſes or falls with the tide. In ſpring, as ſoon as the Duna is quite free from ice, they build it, and it is removed before the froſt ſets in, which happens commonly in November. It is only about nine or ten Engliſh miles to the mouth of the river, where it empties itſelf into the Baltic; and on the ſouthern ſide, three miles below the town, is the place where Charles the XIIth routed the Saxons, as he had firſt done the Ruſſians before Narva. A high bank of ſand is now col-

lected, and poſſeſſes the ground where the action happened, under which are ſtill frequently found ſkulls and human bones. The city of Riga itſelf, is a moſt diſagreeable one: it is crowded together, and ſurrounded by fortifications which prevent a poſſibility of its being altered or amended in this reſpect. The houſes are all high, and the ſtreets very narrow, very ill-paved, and very dirty. The ſuburbs are as large as the place itſelf, and are chiefly poſſeſſed by Ruſſians, the municipal privileges excluding them from the capacity of exerciſing any trade within its walls. There are about 8000 inhabitants in the city, and as many more in the fauxbourgs. The commerce muſt neceſſarily be prodigious from this port, ſince they uſually reckon the number of ſhips which come annually to load, as great as there are houſes in Riga, which is about 800; and in the year 1772 they had 1030 veſſels from

various parts of Europe. Its pretences to antiquity are pretty high: it is ſaid, that when the Teutonic knights, about the year 1300, came to conquer and reform the pagan inhabitants of the province, they found ſome merchants from Bremen, who had already ſettled on the bank of the Duna, and erected Riga, induced by the advantages it tendered to commerce. I believe this tradution is well founded.

As I have now ſeen every thing which merits attention here, I purpoſe to leave it early to-morrow morning in my way to Mittaw, the reſidence of the Duke of Courland, and capital of that dutchy, which is only at an inconſiderable diſtance from hence.

A letter is this moment arrived, written with the Empreſs's hand to the governour, informing him, that a moſt honourable and advantageous peace is concluded with the Turks. You may imagine

what an univerſal joy this news diffuſes, as it may be fully credited. Adieu, my deareſt Sir!

I remain,

Your's, etc.

LETTER XIII.

Mittaw, Thurſday, 11th Auguſt, 1774.

IT is a very pleaſant and agreeable drive of four hours from Riga to this place, the diſtance being about thirty miles: the dominions of Ruſſia divide from thoſe of Courland nearly at the mid-way. I arrived here Tueſday morning. At the entrance of the town I met his Highneſs the Duke, who was on horſeback with a ſmall train, and had juſt returned from hunting. Baron Klopman, the marſhal of his court, preſented me to him yeſterday. He treated me with

great politeneſs, placed me on his left hand at dinner, the old Ducheſs, his mother, ſitting on his right, and did me the honour to ſhew me in perſon the apartments of the palace, and ſeveral curioſities he has collected, in the afternoon. Our diſcourſe at table ran on the happy news (juſt received) of the peace concluded with the Turks, all the articles of which he recounted to me, as he had juſt received a letter from his ſiſter the Princeſs of Courland, who is married, and reſides at St. Peterſburgh, on that ſubject. It ſeems as if Romanzoff had exactly reverſed the campaign on the banks of the Pruth; where Peter the firſt was neceſſitated to ſubmit to the Vizier's terms, and to make an inglorious peace, to preſerve his army from total deſtruction. I remarked this to the Duke, who perfectly agreed in ſentiment with me. His Highneſs expreſſed many times the high eſteem he entertained for

the Engliſh nation: „and as a proof," ſaid he, „of the ancient alliance between us, I have now among the archives of the dutchy, ſeveral treaties of friendſhip not only from your Kings, but even from the famous protector Cromwell." He was perſonally acquainted with the late Lord Baltimore, who ſpent ſome days at Mittaw during his father's reign; and aſſured me, that he had often intended, and yet hoped to viſit England. He was good enough to invite me to one of his country palaces at Ruhendahl, about twenty miles from hence, and ſituate, as he ſaid, in a lovely part of Courland; but as my time did not permit, I was obliged to decline this favour. When taking leave, I told him, I hoped to have next the honour of paying my reſpects to him in England; but if not, that I ſhould never paſs through Mittaw, without acknowledging the obligations his goodneſs had laid me under

on this visit.—As this little sovereignty and its history are not much known in your part of Europe, I make no doubt that it will be entertaining to you, to hear some account of it; particularly as I have received my information from Baron Klopman, who is a native and a resident of the dutchy, and even some particulars from the Duke himself.

Courland, as well as Livonia, anciently belonged to the Teutonic knights; but in the year 1461 the Grand Master of that order became the first Duke: he was a nobleman of the name of Ketler, and in his family it continued till they became extinct in the person of Ferdinand. This was the same who fought so gallantly against Charles the XIIth, at the battle of the Duna: he resided at Dantzic in a kind of exile from his country, and deprived of his natural inheritance. His predecessor, the young Duke Frederic, had been married to Anne,

daughter of Ivan, elder brother of Peter the Great, and which Princeſs afterwards aſcended the Ruſſian throne. He only lived ſix weeks after his nuptials, being carried off in the bloom of life by a violent fever. His widow retained poſſeſſion of the government, to the excluſion of Ferdinand, till the death of Peter the IId, when ſhe was called to the empire by a faction. Though this event obliged her to leave Mittaw, and return to Peterſburgh, yet her power continued; and on the death of the Duke without iſſue, ſhe placed her favourite Biron in the dutchy, though Count Saxe had been previouſly elected by the nobility, and endeavoured to make ſome reſiſtance. I need not remind you that this Biron was for many years her miniſter, and poſſeſſed the moſt unbounded power over both his miſtreſs and her ſubjects. He was not of noble extraction, his father having been in a very mean ſtation under

the Ketlers; but his genius and the favour of the Empreſs raiſed him to the higheſt dignities. She left him regent at her death, under the infant Emperour Ivan; an office which he held only fifteen days, and from the poſſeſſion of which he was ſent into baniſhment, firſt into Siberia, and afterwards to Jereſlof, near 300 miles beyond Moſcow. There he remained till the late Empreſs Elizabeth's death, when Peter the IIId once more recalled him, and reinſtated him in his honours and dominions. During his diſgrace, Courland was governed for ſeveral years by the four great officers of ſtate, who preſide over the different departments, till Prince Charles of Saxony got footing in the dutchy, by the influence of his father the King of Poland, and held it three years, when the change of the Sovereign in Ruſſia, obliged him again to evacuate it. The late Duke died only two years ago, upwards of eighty years

of age, and tranſmitted the inheritance to his ſon the reigning Prince. His Highneſs is at this time about fifty years old: he was divorced from his firſt wife, a German Princeſs of the houſe of Waldeck, and is lately married to a Ruſſian lady.—The Duke is only the firſt nobleman of the ſtate, his power not extending in any degree over the other nobility: they pay him no taxes or duties of whatever nature, and are abſolute lords on their own eſtates, having power of life and death over their vaſſals.—Courland is a fief of Poland, and as ſuch his preſent Highneſs did homage in his father's name, and his own, to Staniſlaus the reigning King, on his acceſſion at Warſaw. The dutchy is ſixty-three German miles in length, and twenty-ſix in breadth: it is exceedingly fertile, particularly in grain, from the duties on which, and his own patrimonial eſtates, the revenue chiefly ariſes. This ſeldom

falls ſhort of 400,000 *) dollars, and amounts ſometimes to almoſt double the ſum, as the price of grain determines it in a great meaſure. The Duke has 500 guards, chiefly for parade; though about two years ago, the confederates of Poland advanced within a ſingle German mile of Ruhendahl with 4000 men, but retired on the preparations he made for defence. He told me that the ancient reſidence of the Dukes of Courland was at Goldingen, a town near ſixty Engliſh miles from hence, and where are ſtill the ruins of a palace which belonged to them.—The preſent palace at Mittaw was begun by the late Duke before his baniſhment, and continued on his return. It is not yet quite finiſhed in the inſide. The plan is too magnificent and princely for ſo little a Sovereign; though, as he maintains neither a military or naval

*) A coin value about 3s. 6d. Engliſh.

armament, he is a rich man with oeconomy. Its ſituation is very agreeable, on a ſmall eminence juſt without the town, and waſhed by the river Aà, which is pretty broad, and winds moſt delightfully through the meadows which ſurround it on all ſides. The country is moſtly flat, finely wooded, and reſembles exceedingly ſome parts of England. —The river is navigable to Riga for ſmall boats; and as there are always a number of theſe veſſels going and returning, the view of the ſails apparently moving over the fields is vaſtly pictureſque. I have not ſeen a more elegant landſcape than preſents itſelf from the different balconies of the palace.

The town of Mittaw is not very ancient: a private gentleman of Courland founded it, in the year 1426. It occupies at leaſt as much ground as Riga, but as the ſtreets are more ſpacious and the buildings more ſcattered, it cannot

properly be regarded as equal in ſize; the inhabitants are only between 3 and 4000. Moſt of the houſes are of wood, and very mean in their appearance. It is horridly paved, and which is ſtill more ſingular, the Nobleſſe have oppoſed and prevented the Duke's intention to repair this defect, from motives of caprice and obſtinacy. He is obliged to ſummon a diet, compoſed entirely of their body, once in two years, which enacts laws and redreſſes grievances: he preſides over, but has little influence or authority in it.

This dutchy is an exact reſemblance of Poland in miniature; the ſame ariſtocracy, the ſame turbulence, the ſame political evils, exiſt in both. If the Duke ſhould have male iſſue by his preſent marriage, it is probable Ruſſia will preſerve the inheritance in the Biron family, as they are the creatures of its own production, and entirely dependent on it;

but on a contrary event the fate of Courland is very precarious. Poland is already dismembered and divided; Prussia invests it on one side, and between that kingdom and the empire of Muscovy, this little province may have the fate of its feudal parent, from the ambition and avidity of one or the other Monarch. The rights of humanity, of justice, and of liberty, have been so trampled on, and despised, in the partition of Poland, that no future action of a similar nature can surprise in the present age.

The Duke is a lover of letters, and has lately begun an academy in Mittaw, which is almost compleated, and where professors will be entertained at his own expence, for the instruction of the young nobility and persons of condition in the dutchy. This is a very laudable foundation, and does him great honour.

I am vastly pleased with the environs of this city, as well as with my recep-

tion, which would tempt me to make a longer ſtay if my time permitted.—The Duke hunts frequently, particularly wolves, and kills often ſix or ſeven in a morning. I could wiſh to have the honour to accompany him on this diverſion, which muſt, I imagine, be a very gallant one.—The poſt-horn ſounds this moment, and I muſt conclude my letter. In two hours I ſhall ſet out for Memel; but as my ſtay will not exceed a day, you won't hear again before my arrival at the capital of Pruſſia. From Koningſberg I ſhall write you. Farewel!

Your's, etc.

LETTER XIV.

Koningſberg, Thurſday, 18th Auguſt, 1774.

I LEFT Mittaw this day ſevennight about noon, and reached Frawemburg,

a little village fifty miles diſtant, before midnight. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the country through which I paſſed: wide extended plains, which a week or two before had been covered with harveſts, and on which the ſheaves of corn were ſtill ſtanding, impreſſed the traveller with ideas of plenty and happineſs. The appearance of every thing ſeemed to juſtify and corroborate a remark the Duke had made to me, ſpeaking of Courland; that neither in the archives of the dutchy, nor in the oldeſt traditions, is there ever mention made of a famine. Nature has been uncommonly bounteous to them, and that epithet of the Sicily of the north, uſually attributed to Livonia, belongs with more juſtice to this province, the products of which being anciently all exported from Riga, gave birth to the received opinion.

I continued my journey very early in the morning, having lain down more

from a defire not to lofe any part of the profpects which prefented themfelves, than from fatigue or want of reft. I was amply repaid for this little delay, by a continuation of the fame elegant fcene. I paffed through feveral woods, but there was nothing favage or fombre in them. Oaks, afpins, oiers, larch, and nut trees compofed them; and under the fhelter of this variegated fhade, I dined on fome cold provifions I had brought with me, while the fervant procured me a defert of nuts from the boughs over my head, which were loaden with them. Gil-Blas never dined more to his fatisfaction in the groves of Leon or Caftile, than I did in thofe of Courland. I ftopped again during the middle of the night at a little hamlet, where the poft-houfe was fituate. As I approached the borders, both the population and the fertility of the foil diminifhed: very deep and gloomy woods, of twenty Engliſh miles in length, which

only afford ſhelter to wolves and bears, formed a ſtriking contraſt to the rich vales I had juſt left, and ſet off by oppoſition thoſe parts in which induſtry and agriculture had improved the original bounty of Heaven.—I reached the frontier of the dutchy on Saturday morning, and croſſing a rivulet over a wooden bridge entered Poland. It is only a corner of Lithuania, twelve or thirteen miles in breadth, which divides Pruſſia from Courland. I was ſtopped at Polangen, a miſerable town in this province, and had the honour to be ſearched at a kind of cuſtom-houſe in the name of King Staniſlaus. The place itſelf is ſituate at an inconſiderable diſtance from the ſhore of the Baltic, and is remarkable for the quantities of amber collected near it, which forms their only branch of commerce. At two Engliſh miles from hence ſtands the black Eagle of Pruſſia, and in the afternoon I got to Memel, the firſt

town in his Pruſſian Majeſty's dominions, where I was obliged once more to undergo the ceremony of a ſearch, which was conducted likewiſe with greater ſeverity than it had been in Poland, moſt rigorous penalties being annexed to the introduction of any prohibited articles, however ſmall in quantity, into the kingdom. As I intended to make a ſhort ſtay in Memel, I had provided myſelf with letters to a principal commercial houſe: the hoſpitality I had found at Narva, and the politeneſs ſhewn me at Riga, had prepoſſeſſed me with a favourable idea of my reception in this place; and ſome inducements of another nature, which I will mention hereafter, adding weight to the firſt, I loſt not a minute on my arrival, in preparing myſelf to wait on the perſons to whom my recommendations were addreſſed. I took rather greater care than common in the little adjuſtments neceſſary on theſe oc-

caſions: I put on a ſuit of cloaths which was more than decent; a pair of worked ruffles, and ſome powder in my hair, made me, I thought, very ſmart as a traveller; and thus habited I ſallied out. —It was near ſeven in the evening, and had been a very rainy day: I took the opportunity of a ſhort ſuſpenſion of the ſtorms, and tripped nimbly along the ſtreets, preceded by a girl without ſhoes or ſtockings, who was ſent to ſhew me the way. When we came to the houſe, my ragged conductreſs opened the ſtreet door without ceremony, and running up a pair of ſtairs, threw open another door into an apartment, where ſhe left me, and retired with as much precipitation as ſhe had entered. I ſtepped in. If the deſks and book-caſes, which ſurrounded near three ſides of this room, had not declared it to be a compting-houſe, I ſhould moſt certainly have miſtaken it for a cock-loft: the caſements

were ſo compleatly covered with a cruſt of opaque matter, that no objects were diſtinctly viſible through them; and the rays of light were very imperfectly admitted at any time, but more particularly ſo at the hour when I made my appearance. Two black ill-looking figures, who by their countenances might have paſſed for genuine deſcendants of Abraham in a right line, ſtarted up at the ſame moment like automatons actuated by ſprings, and ſeemed by their regards to demand the cauſe of ſo abrupt an entrance; they appeared to be about fifty years of age, and were both dreſſed in deep mourning and weepers. I muſt own the manner of my entrance into this ſtrange apartment, rather diſconcerted me: taking, however, my credentials out of my pocket, I preſented them to him who ſtood next me. „I have not the honour, gentlemen," ſaid I, „to be known to you: theſe letters ſerve to in-

troduce me to your acquaintance, and to recommend me to your good offices: they are, as you will find, from Riga, which I left only a few days ſince." This ſhort ſpeech produced a low bow from both, and while one peruſed them, the other deſired me to be ſeated on a ſtool, which had once been covered with leather; but time having eat it all away, the horſe-hair which compoſed the ſtuffing ſupplied its place: it was a piece of furniture perfectly in taſte with every thing elſe in the room. I complied with the invitation, and amuſed myſelf by looking round me, while the two brothers were engaged with the letters. „*Iſt der Herr ein Kaufmann?*" ſaid the ſecond, ſtretching out his head with a look of ignorance and curioſity. „*Ich weiſs nicht*," anſwered the other, ſhaking his in turn. „Gentlemen, ſaid I, „though I am not ſo happy as to ſpeak German, I underſtand ſomewhat of the

language. The motives which induce me to travel, are thoſe of knowledge and improvement: I have made almoſt the tour of the north of Europe this ſummer, and my ſtay here, as in every other place I viſit, is chiefly determined by the objects it preſents of inſtruction and liberal entertainment." „We apprehended," anſwered the firſt, „you might be come to our fair, which will begin Monday: you have heard of Memel fair to be ſure; if you want any goods, our clerks ſhall ſhew you the way, and get them for you." „I am happily," ſaid I, „not in want of any goods, except a few amber toys to give away in England; and I am told this is the propereſt place in the world to procure them." „I don't know," replied he; „if indeed you only want a few toys, the landlord of the inn where you lodge can ſupply you as well as any one; but if you would purchaſe amber in the groſs,

the town of Polangen, which you came thro', was the properer place; it belongs to the crown of Poland at this time; but we are in great hopes that *our King* will ere long get hold of it, as ſoon as matters are ſettled at Warſaw; and then, you know, we ſhall have all the amber trade in our own hands." Unhappy Staniſlaus! thought I; how little do the conſiderations of equity and honour weigh againſt thoſe of intereſt; and how unfeelingly would theſe avaricious tradeſmen ſee the poor remains of thy diſmembered kingdom ſequeſtered into other hands! „The trade of Memel is notwithſtanding," reſumed I, „pretty large at this time; is it not?" „Indifferent, ſaid he: „there are only four houſes who divide it; we export a great deal of timber, which is brought down the river Ruſſe from the interiour parts of Lithuania, and conveyed here in boats: we deal too pretty largely in hemp, flax, and

linſeed: five hundred ſhips were laden here laſt year with theſe articles, and as many more might have been laden this ſeaſon, if the water on the bar was not ſo much decreaſed lately. There were eighteen feet, and now there are only fifteen; a melancholy circumſtance for us!" „And why," ſaid I, „have you not remonſtrated to his Majeſty of Pruſſia? A Sovereign ſo wiſe, ſo attentive to every branch of the revenue, who inſpects himſelf into all the departments of policy, and is his own miniſter, would no doubt intereſt himſelf warmly in the removal of every obſtacle which injured or diminiſhed your trade." „We have not found that," replied he: „remonſtrances have been preſented to the King, and orders given in conſequence; but they are not executed: his Majeſty is a great man; but Berlin is very diſtant; and this is a frontier of the kingdom." I aſked if there were any objects of cu-

riosity at Memel. „There is not any thing that I know of," said the second brother, „except a pot-ash manufactory, and you may see a better one at Dantzic: the ships at the quay are our finest sight." I turned the discourse, in the intention of prolonging the time, on the siege of Memel in the late war, of which they gave me some account, having resided there at the time. Only 600 invalids held it out four days against an army of 50000 Russians, and then obtained a capitulation, and marched out with all the honours of war.—I had now exhausted every topic of conversation; it was become so very dark, that I could hardly distinguish any parts of my companions, except their noses and their weepers: they had not given me any invitation either to supper, or to dinner next day: the gloom increased every moment, and darkness and silence were drawing their mantle over us.—In

a word, I found I muſt go; ſo riſing up I made my bow, and wiſhed them a good night.—I returned home half mortified at my unſucceſsful viſit. You will ſuppoſe there was ſome concealed motive which influenced me ſo warmly to attempt, and ſo long to perſevere in the deſign of cultivating the acquaintance of two ſuch men. There was; I avow it. I had been informed before my arrival, that one of them had a lady, whoſe perſon and manners were eminently attractive; and the hope of being introduced to her preſence, had alone prompted my behaviour, and regulated my conduct during this interview. I ſhould have eſteemed the company of ſuch a woman more than an adequate compenſation for the previous penance. As I was not lucky enough to enjoy this, however, I made the beſt of my condition, and drank Mademoiſelle de Treiden's health, at my ſolitary ſupper, in a glaſs of Rhe-

niſh, which was tolerably good. Who Mademoiſelle de Treiden is, I never yet told you: ſhe is very young, very pretty, and very good-natured; if you would know more of her, ſhe lives at Mittaw, and is a maid of honour to the Ducheſs of Courland.

I ordered poſt-horſes for Koningſberg at noon next day, and walked out in the morning to look at the town. The ladies were picking out their way through the dirtieſt vileſt ſtreets it is poſſible to conceive, in negligees and white ſattin ſhoes; and the gentlemen were gallanting them to church (for it was Sunday) in blue velvet-coats, and vaſt Kevenhuller hats. There were ſome exquiſite figures among them. Leonardo da Vinci would have fell to work with his pencil in a minute, if he had been there. It was a moſt laughable ſcene. There is not, indeed, any thing in this place to detain a man of curioſity two hours:

the buildings are very wretched; and, as my friend ſaid in the compting-houſe, I think „the ſhips at the quay are the fineſt ſight in Memel."

From hence to Koningſberg, the road lies over a ſpit of ſand about eighty-three miles in length, and not more than a ſingle one in breadth in many places; in none does it exceed three. This extraordinary bank of ſand terminates a little to the northward of the town, from which it is ſeparated by a haven of near half a mile in breadth. When the weather is fine, and the ſea ſmooth, one may drive along it with great pleaſure, as the ſands cloſe to the margin of the water are hard and firm. Unhappily for me, it not only blew very hard, but the wind being weſterly drove the waves a long way higher on the beach than uſual. I landed on the ſand about two in the afternoon, and reached the firſt poſt-houſe as night cloſed

in. A more terrible one I hardly ever remember: it not only rained without intermiſſion, but the wind, which had increaſed the whole day, blew a hurricane. The ſea being driven by its fury a long way beyond the uſual bounds, neceſſitated the poſtilions to drive through the very ſurf, which many times compleatly covered the fore-wheels of the carriage, and roared like thunder in my ears. In ſuch a ſituation I could not take much repoſe, and more than once apprehended I ſhould have been inevitably over-turned into the ſea, the ſide of the little ſand-hills which bound the ſhore being ſo ſhelving and ſteep, that it was with the utmoſt precaution and care the carriage was prevented from turning over. Morning came moſt welcome after ſuch a night, and about eight o'clock I got to a miſerable naſty hovel, called an inn, where I found the poor inhabitants employed in boiling pumpkins, which

appeared to be one chief article of their food. The women looked more like witches than human creatures, without any ſort of head-dreſs except their hair, and ſcarce covered to the knees. Here among horſes in a large ſtable I eat my breakfaſt, and drank my coffee very compoſedly.—I reached the ſouthern termination of the ſand, where it joins the continent, about noon; and gladly found myſelf once more on firm ground, after having drove two-and-twenty hours along the ſhore of the Baltic, and often amid its very waves.—It is about twenty miles to Koningſberg from hence; through a flat but incloſed and cultivated country. I paſſed almoſt under the very wheels where the bodies of four malefactors lately executed are ſtill remaining. I turned my eyes with horrour from this ſpectacle, equally humiliating and mournful to a breaſt of compaſſion. They are only a quarter of a mile from the city, at the

gate of which I was ſtopped. After the officer on guard had inſpected my paſs, a ſoldier with his bayonet fixed mounted the coach-box, and the poſtilion blowing his horn, I was conducted like a priſoner of ſtate through a number of ſtreets to the cuſtom-houſe. There I underwent another ſearch *à la Pruſſienne*, and was then permitted to drive to an inn.

I ſhall not quit this place before to-morrow evening, and even then it will be with reluctance. Fortune, who uſually diſpenſes her favours with caprice, has made me here a rich amends for my diſappointment at Memel. A gentleman of rank, with whom I became acquainted the day of my arrival, did me the honour to invite me to a ball the enſuing evening at his own houſe. I went about ſix o'clock: it was a beautiful day, and the ladies were ſeated under an arbour in the garden, while a band of muſic played. He preſented me to them all

without diſtinction, leaving to my own feelings where to give the preference. In this ſituation, it was not her beauty which drew me to a particular one, though perhaps in that endowment nature had given her the ſuperiority. Shall I ſay it was chance merely then; a fortuitous contingency, in which no higher and better influence mingled itſelf? Or are there not, my dear Sir, ſome ſecret and unknown cauſes, ſome exquiſite and ſympathetic qualities, either mental or corporeal, which attract by a ſubtle and irreſiſtible energy certain perſons, in whoſe boſoms a congeniality of ſoul has formed them to give and receive a mutual pleaſure? Let this be as it may: however uncertain the cauſe, I felt the effect. The paſſions of the heart depend not on the deductions of the underſtanding, and admiration may be experienced without defining it. Her perſon was ſlender, and formed with ſymmetry: a

delicacy mingled with a languor was its chief characteriſtic. This quality was not confined to any particular attitude, feature, or look; it was diffuſed all over her, and might be as perceptibly diſcerned in the movement of her hand, as in the changes of her eye. Time had not taken any thing from the natural lovelineſs of her countenance; but ſickneſs had tinged her cheek with a paleneſs, without diminiſhing its charms. She was born at Berlin, but of French extraction. Her knowledge of this laſt language was only equalled by her acquaintance with the Italian. She read Taſſo and Boileau with equal eaſe. Guarini might have liſtened with as much rapture as I did, while, in a tone of voice moſt exquiſitely muſical, ſhe repeated his „*O Primovera Gioventù del Anno.*"—Her health did not permit her to dance; but ſhe recommended to me her friend, a young lady very amiable,

if my heart could have found any thing ſo beſides herſelf. Muſic had no attractions for me, unleſs of a ſecondary nature, and which it derived from her; nor could dancing animate my boſom, though it might my body. I returned from this gay thraldom to the happineſs of ſitting beſide her, of regarding every alteration in her face, and attending to the accents of her tongue. She was not inſenſible to this ſpecies of homage, more truly flattering than a volume of compliments, and was one of the few women I have met with, who know that love has no alliance with loquacity. She invited me to teach her Engliſh, and promiſed in return to be my preceptreſs in German. „Now and then," added ſhe, „we may recur, for a ſuperiour entertainment, to the *Paſtor Fido*, or the *Gieruſalemme*. Why cannot I accept this invitation? why not profit of ſuch a tutoreſs? Can I have a better one,

if I wander through every circle of the empire? The very genius of the language would appear different, when ſhe deigned to inſtruct me in it, and all its aſperities would be ſoftened in paſſing through ſuch a medium. What may come, I know not: „Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:" but at this time, inſuperable obſtacles preclude the poſſibility of my ſtay in Koningſberg.

This is a vaſt city: I do not believe it is leſs than Copenhagen; and it contains 50,000 inhabitants, excluſive of 8000 ſoldiers; it is a great collection of houſes and ſtreets without elegance, beauty, or order: the buildings are in a vile taſte, and moſtly old. Here is an academy, founded by one of the firſt Dukes of Pruſſia; but our grammar-ſchools in England are in general much ſuperiour to it. A profeſſor ſhewed me the library, and other apartments: there is nothing worth looking at, except the

original ſafe-conduct given by Charles the Vth to Martin Luther, when he attended the diet of Worms in 1521, and ſigned by the Emperour's hand: this merits preſervation. — Koningſberg has a conſiderable trade in hemp and flax, but it is ſeven German miles, or thirty-five Engliſh, from Pillaw, the ſeaport at the embouchure of the river Pregel; ſo that only very ſmall veſſels can come up to the town. The preſent King of Pruſſia has not ſhewn any attachment or fondneſs for this part of his dominions; nor has he viſited the city ſince the year 1753, though he comes annually to make a general review of the troops at Graudentz near Marienwerder on the Viſtula, not far removed from hence. The river is narrow here, but there are ſome very pleaſant gardens on its banks. I am told, a King of Bohemia founded Koningſberg in 1255, this part of Pruſſia being at that time dependant on his king-

dom.—The lady whom I have already mentioned, has not formed the ſole inducement to protract my ſtay: the cordial and generous politeneſs I have met with from an Engliſh merchant and his lady, whoſe names are Collins, have made me forget Memel: ſhe is a Pruſſian; but few Engliſh women poſſeſs half her powers of pleaſing. I am juſt going to ſupper at her houſe; ſo farewel!—In a few days I hope to write you from Dantzic, where my courſe will be directed next. Mean while, believe me ever

Your own.

LETTER XV.

Elbing, Monday, 22d Auguſt, 1774.

I QUITTED Koningſberg Saturday morning, and purſued my journey along the banks of the river Pregel, through

a fertile plain. It was one of the fineſt days of the ſeaſon, the rays of the ſun being moderated and attempered by a breeze from the water, and all nature gay. I ſtopped the carriage on a riſing ground at a little diſtance from the town, and looked back on its numerous ſpires, which were gilded by the eaſtern ſun; a tear of vexation and deſpair ſtood in my eye, and diminiſhed the proſpect; but fancy penetrated the gloom, and ſaw her from the higheſt tower in Koningſberg, wave her handkerchief in the wind, and vainly bid me a laſt adieu. I then drove on, and folding my arms, gave full ſcope to thoſe viſions of future and ideal happineſs, thoſe ſchemes of reunion, to which the mind of man always has recourſe when oppreſſed by ſorrow, and which, though our underſtanding is conſcious of their futility and unſubſtantial nature,

„ Yet with a pleaſing ſorcery can charm
„ Pain for a while, or anguiſh and excite
„ Fallacious hope."— —

The axle-tree of the chaiſe broke down in the afternoon; and as ſeveral hours were requiſite to make a new one, I was neceſſitated to remain in the village where it happened during the reſt of the day. I lay down at night in a bed, and in an apartment which might well have ſerved for the original of that where Pope deſcribes Villiers expiring, and than which imagination can hardly conceive any more miſerable and gloomy. In the morning early I proceeded, and got to Frawemburg to breakfaſt. This is a little town ſituate in a ſandy plain on the ſeaſhore. I ſtopped to ſee the church, which has been renowned in paſt ages. It ſtands on a hill, commanding an extenſive proſpect, and belonged anciently to the biſhops of Ermeland. Theſe were both eccleſiaſtical and temporal princes, re-

ſembling the electoral archbiſhops of the German empire: they were appointed by the Kings of Poland, and were vaſſals of that kingdom. Their revenues were not leſs than 30,000 ducats per annum, and their territories pretty conſiderable. This fief has been conſidered by the King of Pruſſia as belonging to him, and in conſequence ſequeſtered to his uſe: the preſent biſhop is a young Poliſh nobleman, and was inveſted in the ſee ſome few years ſince by Staniſlaus. He is ſaid to poſſeſs the powers of inſinuation in a great degree, and by his raillery and facetiouſneſs, to have ingratiated himſelf exceedingly with his new Sovereign, who has moſt bounteouſly allowed him an annual penſion of about 6,000 ducats *) from the revenues, on which he now reſides, at Cracow.—I return to the

*) A piece value about 9s. to 9s. 3d. Engliſh.

church of Frawemburg. It is of Catholic foundation, and they were celebrating the matin ſervice when I entered it. As they had informed me at Koningſberg, that the immortal Copernicus was interred here, I waited with no little impatience in the expectation of ſeeing his tomb; but in this I was diſappointed. One of the prieſts aſſured me, that though he had been a canon of the cathedral, his remains were buried at Thorn, the place of his nativity. They, however, ſtill ſhew the apartment which belonged to him; and the canons are at this time ſupplied with water, by a machine of his invention, which raiſes it to a great heighth from the vale below, whence it is diſtributed to every part of their reſidence. This engine I ſaw; and though I am the moſt incompetent judge on earth of any thing which depends on principles of hydroſtatics, yet I was ſtruck with its great ſimplicity. The cele-

brated machine of Marli was conſtructed from the plan of it by order of Louis the XIVth.

It is not more than twenty miles from Frawemburg to this place, which I reached yeſterday morning, and ſhall quit again this evening. Elbing was founded by a colony from Lubeck, the Tyre of the Baltic, about the year 1234. It is ſituate on a little river, which falls into the ſea near five miles off, but admits only very ſmall veſſels, Pillaw ſerving equally as the port to Koningſberg and Elbing. The Teutonic knights were lords of it for a conſiderable number of years; but in 1450 the inhabitants ultimately ſhook off their yoke. From this aera, we may date the ſplendour of its annals; they became rich, powerful, and commercial; they were reſpected throughout all the north, and even made war on the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, with ſucceſs. Guſtavus Adolphus took

it; but his premature death, and the peace of Weſtphalia which followed in 1648, reſtored them again to their liberties. Charles the XIIth entered it by aſſault in the beginning of the preſent century, as it adhered to Auguſtus his enemy; and the entrenchments of his camp are ſtill viſible at an inconſiderable diſtance from the walls. It remained free ſince that time under the protection of Poland, to the diet of which kingdom it ſent two members, till the 13th of September, 1772, when his Pruſſian Majeſty's general took poſſeſſion of it in the name of his maſter, and drove out the Poliſh garriſon of 200 men, who attempted to make ſome defence. The black eagle has now ſupplanted the croſs, their ancient arms, and appears over every gate of the city. They already feel the rigour and rapacity of this new government, which threatens to ſwallow up all Poliſh Pruſſia, and to extinguiſh

freedom and commerce in one general ruin. — The city itſelf contains about fifteen thouſand inhabitants. The architecture of the houſes is the moſt groteſque and ſingular I have ſeen in Europe. They terminate in a point, and almoſt all the upper ſtories are untenantable, being deſigned for granaries, and not for reſidence. It was formerly fortified in the Gothic taſte, and ſurrounded by a trench; but even theſe feeble ramparts are in a great meaſure demoliſhed ſince it has become ſubject to its new maſter.

I was permitted by particular requeſt to ſee the treaſures lately diſcovered here, and about which ſo much has been ſaid in the public prints all over Europe. They are contained in three large coffers, in a vaulted apartment of the town hall, where they had lain untouched a number of years. There is not any ſpecie, the whole being plate, or ornaments worn by the prieſts in the celebration of divine

ſervice. The exquiſite delicacy of the workmanſhip conſtitutes their chief value, the intrinſic worth not exceeding 25,000 ecus, or 6000l. ſterling. The real hiſtory of theſe treaſures I can inform you, as I received it from the gentleman who keeps them. When the city was taken by Guſtavus Adolphus, he put the Lutherans into poſſeſſion of the cathedral, which previous to that event belonged to the Catholics. Uladiſlaus King of Poland reſtored it to them ſome years after; but the pious followers of Luther found means to ſecrete moſt of the riches belonging to the original proprietors, which they concealed effectually in this obſcure retreat. The ſecret was a dangerous one, known to few, and very well kept. They wait at preſent to know his Majeſty's pleaſure reſpecting the diſpoſition of them; and as he is a Prince not bigotted to any particular religion or ſuperſtition, he may perhaps make much the ſame

uſe of the plate, as Belſhazzar formerly did of the veſſels in the Jewiſh temple, by covering his ſide-board with them: —but the Catholics hope for better things from his piety. In the ſame chamber where theſe holy relics have been diſcovered, were likewiſe ſeveral ſwords which belonged to the Teutonic knights. I examined them with great attention, and am almoſt induced to believe they are merely weapons of oſtentation, deſigned, like Alexander's mangers and armour in India, to impreſs poſterity with falſe ideas of their perſonal ſtrength and proweſs. Their weight and dimenſions are ſo enormous, that, though I meaſured one of them, I am afraid to tell you its exact length. Nothing can be more rude and barbarous than their conſtruction: two pieces of iron form the garde, and round the gripe is a bandage of ſtraps of leather croſſed. They are really objects of wonder and curioſity.—I am now

juſt ready to ſet out for Marienbourg, which is only twenty miles off. From thence I ſhall finiſh this letter.

Marienbourg, Wedneſday, 24th Auguſt, 1774.

I HAVE received ſo high a delight from the view of one of the nobleſt monuments of ancient magnificence now remaining in Europe, that I ſhall loſe no time in deſcribing it, while my imagination is yet warmly impreſſed with the ſenſations excited by the view of it. To the inſtitution of chivalry we owe this production, the Teutonic knights having been the founders of it. As I have ſo frequently made mention of this order in my late letters, it may ſave you the trouble of recurring to dufty folios, to give you a little epitome of their origin, their greatneſs, and their extinction.—Folly and a religious rage firſt gave them

birth, in the ages of darkneſs. Europe engaged in the frantic deſign of reſcuing the holy tomb from the hands of the Saracens, to whom it belonged, and ſent theſe ſquadrons of military ſaints one after the other on the ſame errand. They were called Knights Templars, Knights of St. John of Jeruſalem, Knights Teutonic: they bore to theſe wars the badge of peace and concord, the croſs, which they wore either on the ſhoulder or the breaſt. It was in the year 1191, at the time when our Richard was oppoſing Saladine under the walls of Jeruſalem, that the reigning Pope Celeſtine inſtituted this new re-inforcement to the Chriſtian arms. They were only forty in number, and a German lord, by name Henry Valpot, was appointed Grand Maſter of the order: their proweſs did not, however, maintain them long in Paleſtine, from whence they were driven out pretty early in the thirteenth

century. Conrade, Duke of Maſovia, was at that time their head. — What ſhould they do? Fighting was their only profeſſion, and enemies of ſome kind were abſolutely requiſite. Happily the north of Europe was yet much of it unſubdued to the holy church, and wrapt in paganiſm. It was a moſt meritorious action to cut theſe infidels to pieces, and Pope Gregory the IXth gave his ſanction to the cauſe. Thus authoriſed, Conrade led them on, and entered Pruſſia. They either drove out the inhabitants or baptized them, and eſtabliſhed themſelves firmly in their new conqueſts. On the banks of the river Nogat, in a beautiful plain, they fixed their grand reſidence, and began to conſtruct the caſtle of Marienbourg in 1281. The firſt Maſter of the order came here in the year 1309, when we may reaſonably preſume it was finiſhed. They became afterwards very powerful, and conquer-

ed all Samogitia, Courland, Livonia, and other provinces; they made war with Poland, and in 1461 Marienbourg was beſieged and taken by the Poles, but reſtored again. From this aera their ſplendour diminiſhed: they grew licentious and debauched in their manners, tyrannical and oppreſſive in their government. In 1524 they were totally driven out of Pruſſia, under Albert, Marquis of Brandenbourg, the thirty-fourth Grand Maſter of their order, and their power ultimately aboliſhed.

The caſtle of Marienbourg conſiſted of three detached and ſeparate ſtructures; the firſt and moſt ancient was deſigned apparently for defence. It was ſquare in its figure, ſurrounded by a trench of prodigious magnitude. The King of Pruſſia has ſo mutilated and altered this part, by converting it into caſerns for his ſoldiery ſince he took poſſeſſion of the town, that all its original beauty is loſt.

and the antiquarian ſearches in vain for the genuine traces of the Teutonic magnificence, amid modern bricks and mortar. The chapel he has ſpared. There are two, one beneath the other. I viſited both, conducted by the catholic prieſt, a man of letters and politeneſs, to whom I am indebted for the greater part of the information I gained relative to the ſtructure. In the ſubterranean chapel, ſeveral Grand Maſters of the order have been interred, and he ſhewed me the ſtones under which repoſe their remains. Round them are inſcriptions, but the character thro' time is illegible. The upper one is built in a very elegant ſtyle of Gothic architecture. At the eaſt end, on the outſide of the edifice, in a deep nich of the wall, ſtands a wooden ſtatue of the Virgin twelve feet high, holding the infant Jeſus in her arms: it is not badly executed, and has ſuffered very little, in the lapſe of ſo many cen-

turies, from the injuries of time. One of the Grand Maſters erected this image ſoon after the completion of the caſtle, and the Virgin being the protectreſs of the order, they gave the name of Marienbourg to the town and fortreſs. It would ſeem that when they increaſed in power, and number of knights, the ſecond part of the caſtle was conſtructed. It is only divided by the trench from the firſt, but is plainly built on a different plan: magnificence is the characteriſtic, and it conſiſts entirely of apartments, public and private. The whole is as yet in great preſervation, and unaltered by modern motives of convenience or policy. The council-chamber, or ſala of conference, is a grand room; it is ſquare, being twenty paces every way. In the midſt is a column of an octagon form, compoſed of one piece of brown granate, ſpreading in radii like a fan at top, and ſupporting the roof, which

like every other in the building is vaulted. There is a double row of windows in it, and round three ſides is a very high ſtone bench, where the knights ſat, on theſe occaſions. The refectory is ſtill more ſuperb: it is forty paces in length, by twenty in breadth. Three ſimilar pillars of granate ſupport the roof, the capitals of which are curiouſly adorned with figures in alto-relievo, repreſenting, as I apprehend, ſome of the hiſtories in holy writ. There are many chambers of a ſmaller ſize; but theſe two merit the minuteſt ſurvey, as they give the moſt perſpicuous idea of the architecture of former ages, where a ſavage ſplendour, and a barbarous magnificence, form the predominant character. Round the whole of this ſecond diviſion of the caſtle is another moat, but neither ſo broad or deep as the firſt. The laſt diviſion covers a longer ſpace of ground than either of the others, and was doubtleſs

intended for their horſes, domeſtics, and inferiour attendants. It is ſurrounded with a narrow ditch, beyond which is a high wall, flanked with towers at ſmall diſtances, which forms the outermoſt barrier. The circumference of the whole fortification does not, I imagine, fall ſhort of an Engliſh mile. Several gentlemen of the town have aſſured me that the ſubterranean works of this caſtle are not leſs ſurpriſing and vaſt, than the ſtructure which appears above the earth. They ſay, that beneath the firſt of the three edifices I have enumerated, are three ranges of vaulted cellars one under the other, into the loweſt of which they have deſcended ſome years ago. I ſhould have had curioſity enough to have done the ſame, if they had been ten deep; but at this time it is not practicable, the arches in ſome places being fallen in, or obſtructed by earth, and the air being too noxious and unwholeſome to

permit the attempt. Over the chapel is a very high tower, to the top of which I aſcended though by a horrid ſtair-caſe abſolutely dark, and the ſteps of which in many parts are broken and decayed. The proſpect from the ſummit richly repaid my trouble. It extends eaſt to Elbing, and weſt to Dantzic; and below lies the rich vale watered by the Viſtula and the Nogat, terminated to the north by the Baltic.—I flatter myſelf you will not think my account of this proud reſidence of the Teutonic knights either too prolix or too minute, as it is, perhaps, the fineſt proof they have left of their former extenſive conqueſts.

The city of Marienbourg itſelf contains nothing very extraordinary. It was formerly the head of a league which comprehended twenty-ſeven ſmall towns, all ſituate in Poliſh Pruſſia, and which held dietines for the regulation of their police, municipal privileges, etc. This

little confederacy has been long extinct, and the town itſelf ſhared the ſame fate as Elbing on the ſame day, the Pruſſian ſoldiers having marched in without reſiſtance. There are at this time 1600 of them here, which equals the number of inhabitants in the place.

I went yeſterday afternoon, in company with two very agreeable young women and a gentleman, to ſee the junction of the two great rivers of Poliſh Pruſſia, the Viſtula and the Nogat. It is one of the moſt pictureſque and beautiful landſcapes which nature preſents. I need not remind you that the firſt of theſe ſtreams, after having paſſed by the cities of Thorn and Culm, divides into two great branches: the weſtern, which retains its original name, empties itſelf into the Baltic beyond Dantzic; the eaſtern, is called the Nogat, on which Marienbourg is ſituate. It is near thirteen miles from hence to the ſpot where this

diviſion takes place: about the midway one ſees both rivers, and the road lies through a deep wood of oaks till within 200 yards of the point. Here the trees are cleared away, and emerging from the gloom cauſed by them, the whole beautiful ſcene burſts at once upon the ſight; language, however glowing, can do little to paint its beauties; the eye, and not the underſtanding, is captivated. I ſtood ſome minutes on the extreme verge, where the rivers unite, in ſilent contemplation of this lovely proſpect. On my left was the Nogat, whoſe courſe is viſible for ſeveral miles to the north, till it is loſt between the high banks which bound it on either ſide. The Viſtula is on the right, and forms a ſtriking contraſt, its banks being even with the water, and the river itſelf is only to be ſeen an inconſiderable way, on account of its ſerpentine progreſs. A little iſland exactly at the junction, covered with

bruſh-wood, amid which peeps cut an ancient decayed barn, forms a fine break in the view. Beyond it appears the main ſtream of the Viſtula undivided, which rolls along in ſilent tranquil majeſty, under hanging woods, which extend to the ſouth as far as the horizon. The ſails of ſeveral fiſhing-boats ſeen on different parts of the rivers, leave ſcarce any thing for imagination herſelf to add. We drank coffee in this delightful receſs, under cover of the trees, on an eminence, from whence all theſe objects were diſtinctly obſerved. The peaſants (for there is a hamlet here) brought us bread, butter, and cream. I ſhould not forget to remark, that the Teutonic knights had fixed on this place as very eligible, and had even conſtructed a ſmall fort on the very ſpot, called Zantir; but it being demoliſhed ſoon after, they built that of Marienbourg ſome miles higher up on the Nogat. It was almoſt night before

we returned to town.—I have now only about five-and-thirty miles to Dantzic, and as I leave this place in the afternoon, ſhall doubtleſs arrive there early to-morrow; but as this letter is already very long, I diſpatch it by poſt from hence. Mean while, my dear Sir, adieu!

Your's etc.

LETTER XVI.

Dantzic, Wedneſday, 31ſt Auguſt, 1774.

IT is a garden the whole way from Marienbourg to the gates of this city. I croſſed the Viſtula at Diſchaw, a little town moſt beautifully ſituate on its banks, and commanding a view of all this fertile country. About an Engliſh mile and a half before I got to the town of Dantzic, I came to the laſt Pruſſian guard, and entered the territory of the republic,

which is at preſent diminiſhed on every ſide, and inveſted by huſſars and grenadiers of an abſolute prince. Freedom, it is true, yet reigns within theſe limits, though narrow, and waves her ſacred banner on the ramparts: but how long this may continue, is certainly matter of uncertainty and doubt. If the melancholy fate of Elbing or Marienbourg can form a preſage; if the unfeeling rapacity ſhewn in the diviſion of Poland, its feudal parent, and once its protector; if the general train of policy, I ſhould rather ſay of unreſtrained avidity, exerciſed by the court of Berlin in Poliſh Pruſſia, enables one to determine, its final extinction is not far off. To what happy or valuable purpoſes, indeed, can the poſſeſſion of perſonal independence ſerve, when the vital ſpirit which once ſupplied it is fled? Their commerce, their revenues, their riches, are already either ſeized on, or burdened with impoſts and

duties which muſt eventually deſtroy them.—The city itſelf, which no King of Poland ever dared to enſlave; which has for centuries known the ſweets of an equal government and public liberty; now awaits in trembling expectation the hour of its deſtruction, and implores, perhaps in vain, the powers of Europe to ſave her from a new enemy, a Sovereign whoſe claims are equally unexpected as unbounded, and who, though apparently reſtrained from open violence by political motives, watches only the favourable moment when treachery or intrigue may put him into poſſeſſion. As a member of human race, and more peculiarly as enjoying in my own perſon the bleſſings of liberty, I feel for an unhappy city, which has once been great and powerful, but whoſe glories will probably ſoon be extinguiſhed.—Moſt or all the ſuburbs, which are very populous and extenſive, are already occupied by

Pruſſian ſoldiery, who on one ſide are cloſe to the very fortifications, a paliſado only ſeparating them from the Dantzic guards. Public diverſions of every nature are prohibited by the magiſtrates, and the German comedy is in one of thoſe ſuburbs which has been taken from them. —I have been at ſome pains to know if they are capable of making any defence in caſe of a ſiege. Appearances, on a ſuperficial view, incline one to apprehend they could hold out a very conſiderable time. They have 2000 diſciplined troops, and proper engineers. Artillery, ſmall arms, and ammunition, are in much greater quantity than can be wanted in their arſenal; the burghers capable of bearing arms amount to 6000; their trenches and ramparts are very ſtrong by nature and art; they can lay the ſurrounding country under water; and the ſiege of 1734 is not yet ſo old as to be forgotten. If to all theſe we add the

enthuſiaſm of liberty, which is alone equal to the moſt arduous atchievements, one is fully perſuaded it is not the work of a day, or of a month, to become maſter of it: yet, in contradiction to all this ſpecious diſplay of ſtrength, I am fully of opinion, that ſhould it ever be inveſted and bombarded by his Pruſſian Majeſty, it would hold out a very ſhort time.—It is not neceſſary to examine the uniform, to mark the difference between the troops of the King and the republic, which is too evident in every manoeuvre. The magiſtrates have not ſhewn in their paſt conduct any paſſionate warmth for the preſervation of their rights, and it is probable inteſtine confuſion would aid the attacks from without: nor can the ill ſucceſs of the Ruſſians in the laſt ſiege form any preſumption of a ſimilar nature in a future one, ſince it is well known ſome ſecret political ſprings retarded and prevented the vigour of their progreſs.

Theſe, however, are merely my ſurmiſes, on which no reliance can be made; and I am inclined to hope and believe it is an event, which, though juſtly dreaded, will never actually take place. A languor and a decay is however viſible, at this time, through every department; and the Viſtula, which, they ſay, at the preſent ſeaſon of the year, uſed to be covered with little veſſels and boats, is no longer crowded. In this ſituation of anxiety and diſmay, they have not failed to implore aſſiſtance from every power in Europe which can poſſibly reſcue them; but from the courts of Ruſſia and England, they principally hope for aid. The maxims, the conduct, the manifeſtoes of the firſt, have been hitherto ſo unpropitious and unfavourabe to them, that very little could be expected from thence. They now flatter themſelves that the peace ſo happily concluded, may change the policy of the cabinet of St.

Peterſburgh; and ſay, that in the paſt behaviour Count Panin and not the Empreſs ſpoke.——But on the miniſtry of Britain they repoſe their grand reliance, and fondly preſume to hope, that a nation, the avowed patrons of freedom, who have purchaſed and cemented their own with blood, and deemed it cheaply won, will intereſt themſelves in the fate of a city, which has no other protector. It is not humanity alone, they ſay, which ſhould induce them to it; it is not the immortal honour of extending their care to the oppreſſed throughout the earth, and of ſaying to tyranny and deſpotiſm, „Thus far ſhalt thou go!" policy and commerce require their interpoſition, and they will find too late, if they remain indifferent ſpectators of our fall, that England has been the dupe of Pruſſian artifice and dexterity.

You will naturally imagine, that ſo enthuſiaſtic a lover of antiquities as I

am, has not forgotten to inquire after thoſe of this place. I am indebted principally for my information to two gentlemen, to whom I have been introduced ſince my arrival, Monſieur le Baron Zorn and Dr. Wolf, whoſe names I ought not to mention without adding the obligations their politeneſs and readineſs to communicate knowledge, has laid me under. The laſt of them is animated with a ſpirit of independence worthy Hampden or Sidney. He reſided ſome years ſince at Warſaw, but quitted it on account of the troubles and anarchy which foreign ambition has introduced into that capital. He retired to Dirſchaw, about twenty miles from hence, built himſelf an obſervatory for his aſtronomical ſtudies, and remained there till the King of Pruſſia ſeized on the town and ſurrounding territory. Unable to bear a yoke ſo galling, he left Dirſchaw, and removed to this city; and he now declares, that

when it is no longer free, he will embark for England, where he has already been, and where every fugitive may find an aſylum. Happy, glorious country, which can thus extend its parental protection to perſecuted merit of every kind, and where freedom, almoſt unknown from the pole to the equator, holds her peaceful and gentle reign!

The origin of Dantzic, like that of almoſt every other kingdom or city, is wrapped in tradition and fable. The monks, who flouriſhed under the Teutonic knights, are the oldeſt writers remaining; and curioſity muſt content itſelf with their accounts, however doubtful, as there are no other to be procured. A colony of Danes is ſaid to have founded it about the middle of the twelfth century; and the name it now bears is only a corruption of the word Danſke, which ſignifies Dane. Previous to this aera, it is pretended the Kings of Po-

land had a fort and governour on a hill, at preſent part of the fortifications, and called from him Hogalberg, or Hogal's hill, to this day. The Danes requeſted of him as large a portion of ground for their reſidence as they could circumſcribe by extending their arms: this encloſed a circle of near two miles, and was the firſt or old city. Little is known of importance from this time till the year 1312, when a certain Pole, by name Potcammer, being governour, plotted with the Margraves of Brandenburg to deliver it up to them. The deputy-governour, aware of this treachery, informed Ladiſlaus the IIId, King of Poland, and they jointly called in the Teutonic knights, who kept poſſeſſion of the place, and were too powerful to be expelled. Under them the new city was built, which comprehended nearly the limits of Dantzic, as it exiſts now. In 1456 the inhabitants threw off their

ſubjection to the knights, in concert with the other cities of Poliſh Pruſſia, and became independent under the protection of Poland. On the flight and abdication of Henry of Valois in 1574, that kingdom was divided, one party having elected Stephen Batori, Duke of Tranſylvania, the other declaring for the Emperour Maximilian the IId. Dantzic adhering to the latter, was beſieged by Stephen (the Conquerour) for a whole year, and was then reduced to purchaſe a peace, by a ſurrender of every thing valuable in the place. Even the plate in the churches is ſaid to have been taken by the Poles on this occaſion, and the people were reduced to the extremeſt indigence. Yet in twenty years after, ſo great were the advantages of their commerce, they were become wealthy enough to conſtruct new fortifications in the modern manner; a high wall flanked with ſquare towers in the Gothic ſtyle having

been till then their ſole defence. The ſiege of 1734 by the Ruſſians is yet remembered by numbers here, when Staniſlaus Leſzinſki made his eſcape through ſo many enemies; and they ſhew the ſpot, without one of the baſtions, where 5000 Muſcovites are interred, who periſhed in an attempt to ſtorm the town.

Dantzic, though much ſuperiour either to Riga or Koningſberg, is yet neither elegant or handſome. The houſes are in general lofty, and in an antique taſte. In moſt of the ſtreets are trees, which at this ſeaſon of the year afford an agreeable ſhade; but in the winter muſt be very inconvenient, and ought to be removed. The building uſed at preſent as an exchange, merits attention from its antiquity: it is a ſquare chamber vaulted: in the middle is a marble ſtatue erected to Auguſtus the IIId, the late King of Poland. You know his character, which did not merit many eulo-

giums: yet gratitude could not have conferred higher panegyrics on a Trajan, or a Henry the IVth, than flattery has done on him. I visited the arsenal some days ago, and must own I was surprised at the prodigious military stores contained in it, and the order in which they are kept. The man shewed me a sort of musquetoon weighing thirty-six pounds, which Augustus the IId is said to have discharged with one hand. This I can well believe, as the proofs he gave of uncommon strength are too numerous and well attested, to admit of any question. In a small apartment of the arsenal, is a very beautiful honorary tomb, erected by Sigismund, King of Sweden and Poland, to the memory of his father John the IIId; the same whom you may remember I mentioned in a letter from Abo, as having confined his brother Eric in the Isle of Aland: it is of Italian workmanship, and finely executed. Si-

giſmund is ſaid to have preſented this piece to the city of Dantzic.—The other public buildings are not very remarkable. In the great church is a vaſt pillar hollowed, which, it is pretended, was anciently uſed to immure eccleſiaſtics guilty of heinous crimes. I cannot, indeed, readily conceive any other uſe to which it could have been put; and it is well known that ſpecies of puniſhment was common in many parts of Europe. I looked down into it from above, two iron bars which croſs the opening at the top eaſily permitting it. The depth is, I imagine, forty feet, and the ſquare dimenſions within, about ſeven. There is ſomething white ſcattered on the ground, which they ſay is bones; but I had not faith enough to believe it. One might eaſily ſatisfy oneſelf, as nothing could be more eaſy than to let a man down by a rope, and draw him up again. It would not be quite ſo adventurous a

deſcent, as that of the man at Plymouth in Mr. Blake's veſſel; an affair which is much talked of here. As liberty of religion is publicly allowed in Dantzic, there are churches of all kinds, Lutheran, Calviniſt, and Catholic: there are beſides convents for religious of both ſexes. It is computed that the inhabitants, including all the ſuburbs, are not leſs than 80,000. The environs are uncommonly beautiful.

I drove out laſt Sunday to ſee the abbey of Oliva, ſo celebrated for the peace concluded in it. The foundation of the convent is very ancient. Subiſlaus, a Duke of Pomerania, who embraced Chriſtianity, erected it in 1170, dedicating it to „the holy and undivided Trinity, the moſt bleſſed Virgin, and St. Bernard." Theſe incluſory dedications were common in moſt countries, and we uſually find churches divided between the Deity and ſome favourite Saint, male

or female; it belonged to the Ciſtertian order of monks. The convent and church were deſtroyed and rebuilt no leſs than eight times; the Teutonic knights, the Poles, and the heretic Huſſites, all ravaged it; the Dantzic ſoldiery, laſtly, razed it to the ground in 1577, and were obliged by Stephen Batori to erect it anew as it now ſtands. On a black marble monument in the cloyſters, is commemorated the pacification of Oliva. I tranſcribed the whole, but ſhall not trouble you with it. I need only remind you that it was made between the Emperour Leopold and John Caſimir King of Poland on one ſide, and Charles Guſtavus King of Sweden on the other, who died during the ratification of it. All the great conqueſts made by the latter were reſtored by the articles to the crown of Poland. The monk who attended us, ſhewed me the bread which was converted into ſtone: the ſtory is written in Latin,

German, and Poliſh, in the church: it happened in 1617. Some of Guſtavus Adolphūs's Lutheran ſoldiery ſacrilegiouſly preſuming to lay hands on this conſecrated loaf, with intention to devour it, found it converted into ſtone before their eyes—no doubt to their great aſtoniſhment. I examined it very minutely, and muſt allow there is great merit in the choice of the ſubject for this deception. It is about the ſize of a two-penny roll, and reſembles one in ſhape. One ſide is indented with a deep hole apparently natural, but which was made by the thumb of this Swediſh ſoldier, in the act of laying hold of it. They preſerve it with great care in a ſilver caſe; and, indeed, I think it is one of the beſt miracles I ever ſaw; and is enough to prevent Lutherans in future from daring to make ſo free with holy bread.

The abbot's palace, and gardens adjoining, are very elegant; but his reve-

nues, which amounted only two years ago to 10,000 ducats (or near 5000l.) per annum, and the lands of the convent, which he enjoyed in full ſovereignty, are now all ſeized by the King of Pruſſia, who allows him only 1200 ducats (about 550l.) as a penſion during life, and about one fourth of that ſum to keep the gardens in order: he is by birth a nobleman, amiable and benevolent in his character, paſt the middle age of life, and univerſally reſpected. Humanity feels for ſuch a man, and execrates the rapacity which has thus reduced him!—But this is nothing—this is even generoſity and mercy, compared with other ſtories inconteſtably authentic, which I have heard here, reſpecting the Poliſh nobles, whoſe eſtates have been confiſcated, and their families reduced from a revenue of 100,000 ducats *) to abſolute indigence,

*) A piece value about 9s. 3d. or more Engliſh.

by that Monarch. One of theſe, which reſpects a nobleman of the higheſt rank, is ſo truly melancholy, and diſplays ſuch inhumanity on one ſide, and ſuch virtue and magnanimity on the other, that it cannot be heard without tears of pity and indignation. I could recount it to you, as every perſon here is acquainted with the exalted ſufferer; but as the particulars are already ſent to England for publication, it would only anticipate the more minute and accurate relation, which a few months will probably preſent to the whole world.

This city has been crowded with Poliſh nobility, who abandoned their torn and bleeding country, to take refuge in it; but the King of Pruſſia having lately threatened to ſeize into his own hands all their eſtates, if they do not return to them, the greater number have, from neceſſity, complied with his orders. The primate of the kingdom, Count Podotſki,

Archbiſhop of Gneſna, is ſtill here, and will probably remain, as his lands not being ſecular, cannot be ſequeſtered ſo eaſily. All the accumulated evils which have laid waſte this miſerable country are only natural conſequences of its conſtitution and government, in which almoſt every political fault and error is mingled; and one is only ſurpriſed how ſuch a barbarous anarchy has ſubſiſted ſo long.

I purpoſe to remain only a day or two longer here, and ſhall then continue my rout; but as there is not any thing worthy curioſity by the common road through the province of Pomerania to Stettin, I have determined to take another, though attended with ſome difficulties. This is to viſit Culm and Thorn on the Viſtula, and paſs through Poſnania in Great Poland to Poſna, where I may perhaps ſtay a few days. From thence I muſt conſult how to proceed, as the poſts are

at preſent in ſuch confuſion, it is not poſſible here to ſettle my farther progreſs. Expect to hear from me again in a few days.

Your's etc.

LETTER XVII.

Stargard in Pomerania, Tueſday, 6th Sept. 1774.

THOUGH not a little fatigued with four days and nights continual travelling, during which I have had no ſleep except in the carriage, I ſit down to give you the particulars of my journey, and to inform you how it comes to paſs that I write from hence inſtead of Thorn, as my laſt gave you reaſon to apprehend. —I quitted Dantzic Friday morning, taking the road to Culm through Dirſchaw, where I only ſtaid to change horſes. About ten miles to the ſouthward

of this town, I paſſed cloſe to a prodigious encampment, and alighted from my chaiſe to examine it. The poſtillion told me, it was one of Charles the XIIth's, a name ſtill redoubtable through all this part of Europe, as much as that of Marlborough is in Flanders. Probably it was made in 1703, when he overran and conquered all Poliſh Pruſſia with aſtoniſhing rapidity. The trenches are of enormous depth, and its ſituation is equally advantageous and delightful, commanding a view of all the plains watered by the Viſtula, and the river itſelf. The ſun ſet as I entered the little town of Mewa, where I croſſed the river in a ferry, and arrived at Marienwerder, through the worſt roads I ever remember, about midnight. The centinals at the gates permitted me to paſs, after having demanded my name, and I drove to an inn, the only one in the city, at which I purpoſed to remain till next

morning. It was a conſiderable time before my ſervant could raiſe any one at this late hour; and when the landlord came, he told me he was ſorry for it, but every bed in his houſe was already occupied: that if I brought my own he could give me a room to place it in; but if not, he had not any thing better than clean ſtraw to offer me. „I muſt then, ſaid I, be content to proceed immediately, and ſhall be glad to have horſes as ſoon as poſſible to the next poſt in my way to Thorn." „May I take the liberty," replied he, „to aſk if Monſieur intends to return again, or if he goes farther into Poland?" „I purpoſe," anſwered I, „to continue my rout to Gneſna and Poſna; but as to my farther progreſs, it is not yet fixed, as I am unacquainted with the roads and accommodations: perhaps you can inſtruct me." „If," ſaid he, „you are only induced from pleaſure and curioſity to vi-

ſit theſe cities, I would adviſe you to defer your intention till another opportunity. To Gneſna there is at this time no poſt; and though you may, as I believe, procure horſes to Poſna, yet not only the roads and accommodations are of the moſt miſerable kind; but at this unhappy juncture, when the province belongs neither to Poland or Pruſſia, when the Fauxbourgs of Poſna itſelf are ſeized by his Pruſſian Majeſty's ſoldiery, und Auſtrians, Ruſſians, or confederates, ravage the country in turn, it is not, perhaps, in point of ſafety, by any means adviſeable." „But how act?" ſaid I: „there is not any great road to Stettin, unleſs I return to Dantzic, and that I am determined never to do." „You have only," replied he, „to go back ten miles, and repaſſing the Viſtula at Mewa, turn off immediately for Konitz, a town in the province of Pomerellia, from whence you will pro-

cure poſt-horſes to Stargard very eaſily, the Pruſſians being compleatly poſſeſſed of the whole intermediate tract of country, and regular relays being provided by the crown. Whatever inconveniences you may find, they are not to be compared with thoſe you muſt inevitably undergo on the way through Poſnania." I heſitated a little which party to embrace: I well knew that difficulties are almoſt ever exaggerated and can with juſtice ſay, that puſillanimity or fear were not among the motives which influenced my determinations. The ſeaſon of the year, which was advancing faſt, and when the autumnal rains might be expected, ſuperadded to the uncertainty of procuring even horſes for Gneſna, made me comply with the landlord's advice. I loſt not a moment therefore in the execution of it, but turning about, and tendering him my acknowledgments for his information, I made the beſt of my way

back to the town of Mewa, which I reached by break of day. It is ſituate on the bank of the Viſtula, which at this part is high and rocky; and oppoſite to it, on the eaſtern ſide, are the fields, where Charles the XIIth routed and cut to pieces about 1500 Poles, who vainly oppoſed his paſſage.—It is twelve miles from hence to the abbey of Pipleen, which is accounted one of the fineſt Gothic religious edifices in theſe parts. It was founded by a Duke of Pomerania, whoſe name I have forgotten, in the year 1250; and as it has never been demoliſhed and rebuilt, like that of Oliva, the architecture itſelf merits attention. This pious Duke endowed it very richly; but his preſent Majeſty of Pruſſia, who has no ſuch paſſionate attachment as his anceſtors had for monks and monaſteries, has lately ſequeſtered four-fifths of their revenue, and leaves them to ſing dirges and chant requiems

upon the remainder. One of the brothers, a Pole by birth, who ſpoke tolerable French, attended me over the building. The altars are decorated with a barbarous ſplendour, and glitter with gold and ſilver, the King not having as yet laid his hands on theſe ſacred utenſils. —I took the liberty of aſking my conductor, to whom belonged a vaſt number of bones (arms, legs, and thighs) which were preſerved within caſes of glaſs on either ſide the high altar. „They are," anſwered he, „precious remains of the 11,000 virgins, who periſhed for their adherence to our holy religion; we had many more once, and among them two complete ſkulls; but the ſacrilegious Swediſh ſoldiery, in the beginning of this century, carried them away." Pray do you recollect, for I muſt own I do not, where this marvellous ſtory of the virgins is to be found? ——The monk very politely apologized

to me, in the abbot's name, for not inviting me to dine in the refectory, according to their uſual cuſtom with ſtrangers of every rank, on account of its being a moſt rigorous faſt, which permitted them not to touch any thing before ſun-ſet, and then only bread and eggs: ſo I tendered him my humbleſt thanks; for as to any pecuniary ones, he was above thoſe; and bidding him adieu, continued my journey. I eat my cold chicken under the ſhade of an oak, and as I picked the bones, particularly thoſe of the leg and thigh, I could not help thinking of the virgins, and deploring the unnatural barbarity which deſtroyed eleven thouſand at once in ſuch a manner.

It was ten o'clock at night when I arrived at a little village, about thirty miles from the abbey, ſituate cloſe to a rivulet of water in a valley, and ſo much reſembling Bibury in Oxfordſhire,

as it appeared to me by ſtar-light, that I was almoſt ready to order ſome eels for ſupper. The landlord endeavoured to perſuade me to ſtay till morning, as I had five-and-twenty miles to Konitz, through continued foreſts of fir, and deep ſands. I would have accepted his advice, as, to ſay the truth, I was not totally without apprehenſions in theſe woods by night, in an unfrequented part of Poliſh Pruſſia: but the horrid naſtineſs, and peſtilential ſmell reſulting from it, in the cabins, for they cannot be called houſes, at every village where I ſtopped, made it impoſſible to lie down or breathe in them. I therefore proceeded, as ſoon as horſes could be procured, and about nine Sunday morning I got to Konitz. As I entered the gate, my carriage was ſtopped by no leſs a perſonage than the hoſt, which was parading through the ſtreets held up by an Auguſtine friar, and followed by

a multitude of bareheaded Poles, men, women, and children, all chanting the maſs. I got out of the chaiſe, and taking off my hat, ordered the ſervant to get my breakfaſt ready at the inn, while I mixed among the crowd, and accompanied them to the great church, where the ſpectacle ended. — This is a pretty country town, and has been formerly fortified with turrets, battlements and trenches, all which are in ruin. It is at preſent better guarded by a complete regiment of Pruſſian engineers, who have been ſtationed here ſince its ſeizure two years ago, and who would puzzle the whole order of Teutonic knights, if they were alive, to diſpoſſeſs them of it again.

I left Konitz before noon, and drove about three miles out of the road, to ſee the ruins of the caſtle of Schlokaw. This is only inferiour to that of Marienbourg, and was built by the ſame perſons. It is ſurrounded on three ſides by

the waters of a fine lake, acroſs a ſmall part of which is a wooden bridge, of near 300 yards in length, entering the grand court. It has been of great extent, but time has laid much of it low. The chapel, the ſubterranean apartments, and one very lofty octagon tower, are yet in great preſervation, and may remain entire for centuries. I went into the cellars, which are all vaulted, and of wondrous magnitude, running beneath the whole caſtle. One ſplendid range of apartments, repaired by the Princes Radzivil, to whom this fortreſs lately belonged, ſerves to ſhew what the magnificence of former ages could produce, though theſe are now following the other parts of the edifice, and are no longer habitable. — After having viſited every acceſſible corner in the building, I waited on the catholic prieſt of the adjoining village, to procure ſome account of its origin and hiſtory. He was a very agree-

able ingenious man, and readily gave me all the information in his power. We converſed in Latin, a language of which the Poles make more uſe in converſation, than all the other nations in Europe. A miſerable cripple in the ſtreets at Konitz requeſted charity of me in very pure Latin, to my no ſmall ſurprize; and I found the inn keepers frequently poſſeſſed of it. From this prieſt I drew ſeveral particulars not incurious. The Teutonic knights built the caſtle of Schlokaw in the year 1352, and ſucceſſive Grand Maſters were lords of it till the middle of the fifteenth century, when the Kings of Poland ſeized on it, the order beginning about that aera to decline in power and greatneſs. It was conferred by them on noble families; and I ſaw an original charter of Sigiſmund Auguſtus, dated in 1507, which grants it as a Royal ſtaroſty to Andreas Gorſley, on the condition of coming armed, with as

many vaſſals as are there mentioned, into the field, when ſummoned by a mandate from the crown. This, you know, was the ancient feudal tenure over all Europe. It paſſed afterwards into other great families, and laſtly in 1662 to the Radzivils, whoſe deſcendants poſſeſſed it till within theſe two laſt years, when only twelve Pruſſian Huſſars drove out fifty of the Prince's Poliſh ſoldiery, and erected the black eagle over the gates.—I cannot quit this caſtle without one remark on the prodigious conqueſts, and extenſive dominion of the Teutonic knights, which comprehended the whole country from the frontier of Ingria to the borders of Brandenburgh. When we reflect on the extraordinary aſſociation of a number of wandering chieftains expelled from Syria, coming to found a new empire on the banks of the Viſtula, retaining it for ages undiminiſhed, and equalling ſovereigns

in luſtre, it affords ample ſubject of aſtoniſhment and reflection to a thoughtful mind.

I ſtopped to dine at Fredlant, a ſmall town about ten miles from Schlokaw, and then proceeded. If you conſult the maps of this part of Europe, you will find a large tract of country between Fredland and Tempelbourg in Pomerania, which is thus marked, „Waldow deſertum." My road lay exactly acroſs this deſert, which is at leaſt forty Engliſh miles in length, and is in general barren and hideous enough. About one o'clock Monday morning I reached Gaſtrow, a little town in Great Poland, where I was fortunate enough to procure horſes immediately, and got at ſeven to a village called Treidnitz, where I would moſt willingly have breakfaſted: there was not any thing to be had: the poor man, at whoſe hut I ſtopped to refreſh the horſes, ſaid, he

had ſeen no coffee for fifteen years paſt, nor was any ſuch thing to be had in the village; but at Tempelbourg, to which I had only twelve miles, I might find it. There was no alternative; I therefore proceeded for the town he mentioned, and arrived there about ten, not a little tired. Here begin his Pruſſian Majeſty's rightful and hereditary dominions:—but what an immenſe addition has he made to theſe, by the ſeizure of all Poliſh Pruſſia, the biſhopric of Ermeland, the free cities of Culm, Elbing, and Marienbourg, the province of Cujavia in Poland, and other inferiour acquiſitions? Thorn, Dantzic, and Poſna, muſt inevitably fall into his hands, unleſs ſome power interpoſes; and what limit ſo able and ambitious a monarch may affix to his pretenſions, is very uncertain. I leave it to ſuperiour heads to determine how far the general ſyſtem of power is affected by theſe alterations, of which, and

the importance of them, you have very imperfect and erroneous ideas in England. The diviſion of Poland, a kingdom little known, though larger than the nine circles of the German empire, will cover poſterity with aſtoniſhment, though the preſent age regards it with indifference and tranquillity. This juſtifies Cardinal de Retz's remark, that the events of our own times, however extraordinary, affect us faintly, and require time to give them their juſt weight and magnitude, which are loſt by too near a view.

I paſſed through three or four little towns yeſterday between Tempelbourg and this place, which is a diſtance of fifty miles. Famine and miſery was in every one: it was with entreaty and difficulty I could procure a bit of ſmoaked gooſe and ſome potatoes in one of them, and I was almoſt afraid of being ſtarved in this wretched country. I tra-

velled all laſt night, and to my no ſmall comfort entered Stargard this morning. I have been more minute in the detail of my journey, becauſe it lay through a part of the Pruſſian dominions very little known or ſeen. I purpoſe to leave this place to-morrow early, my inducement to remain in it to-day being more for refreſhment, than from curioſity.—The town is pretty large, but the beſt thing I have ſeen is a good dinner, and a clean apartment, which, after my late adventures in Poliſh hovels, have a thouſand charms. The ſtreets are crowded with ſoldiery, and nothing is ſeen but regimentals. The poſtillions who drove me, the friſeurs, the very peaſants, are all military under this government. As I have only five-and-twenty miles to Stettin, you may expect from thence the concluſion of this letter. I ſhall perhaps ſtay there two or three days.

Stettin, Saturday 10*th September*, 1774.

THE road from Stargard to this city, lies through the moſt hideous wilderneſs of firs I ever traverſed. Sweden can produce nothing more deſolate, more unpeopled, or unfertile. The deep ſands render travelling very tedious, and, though I ſet out at four in the morning, I did not get here till one in the afternoon. I paid my compliments next day to his Highneſs the Duke of Bevern: he is in command of the troops, and is already paſt the autumn of life; but a vigorous conſtitution, and a robuſt frame of body, almoſt Herculean, would deceive and conceal his years, if his hair, grey with age, did not betray the ſecret. He has worn an uniform and boots ſo conſtantly from his early youth, that they conſtitute at preſent almoſt a part of his eſſence.

I had the honour to dine with him yeſterday: there was a large company, all men, and all military. Every thing around him is in a martial ſtyle, and his very doors are painted with helmets, batons, and ſwords. The apartment where we dined was covered with portraits of the officers of his own regiment; but war had lopped off moſt of them: one fell at Cunerſdorf, another in Sileſia, a third before Prague. Of at leaſt ſixty, ſcarce ten are ſtill alive. He ſhewed me what he called his arſenal; a chamber filled with models of petards, mortars, pontoons, and other apparatus of war: I almoſt expected to ſee the ſoup ſerved up in a ſhield; but our repaſt was not a Spartan one, and ſhewed that his Highneſs did not think the pleaſures of the table incompatible with tactics and encampments.

If I have profited during my ſhort ſtay by the honour of this nobleman's acquaint-

ance, I have much more ſo of the young Prince of Anhalt Deſſau's. His generous and unbounded politeneſs to me, has deeply affected my heart: I muſt give you a little outline of him; it may poſſibly ſtrike the more from oppoſition to the laſt I have deſcribed. His habit is military, for he is likewiſe in the Pruſſian ſervice; but nature formed him equally for the ſoft arts of peace, and gave him a refined taſte in ſculpture, in painting, and in muſic. The furniture and decorations of his houſe forcibly mark this turn of mind. His rooms are ornamented with antique buſts, and the Venus Celeſtis fronts the Egyptian Venus, Cleopatra. He has travelled in England, in France, in Italy, and made a campaign ſome years ago againſt the Turks on the banks of the Danube. If to theſe accompliſhments, are added manners the moſt gentle and elegant, one may readily conceive him to be a very amiable prince. We

ſupped laſt night *tête-à-tête*; he gave me a partridge and a bottle of Hungary wine; it was one of Horace's *Noctes*, *caenaeque Deum*, without ceremony, without that oſtentation and parade, which commonly reigns in upper life, and is ſo deſtructive to genuine happineſs. I ſhould have continued my journey this morning, had not his preſſing ſolicitations detained me the day, and I come this moment from bidding him adieu with equal gratitude and regret.

There is ſtill another pleaſure, if it can be called ſo, for which I am indebted to this city; I mean, the ſight of the fair captive, the Princeſs Royal of Pruſſia. In this, the eye only can be gratified, it being moſt ſtrictly forbidden to approach or ſpeak to her. I need not relate, or remind you of her hiſtory: it is ſufficiently known over all Europe. She is at this time eight-and-twenty years of age, and has now been a priſoner theſe five years. Her per-

ſon is agreeable, not beautiful. She is of a middle heighth, finely proportioned in her limbs, and very active in all the exerciſes of the body: her complexion is fair, and her features all handſome, with the exception of her noſe, which is too large, and pointed like the family of Brunſwic Wolfenbuttle, from whom ſhe is ſprung. There is, however, ſomewhat *triſte* in her countenance, when attentively regarded, not difficult to be accounted for. The manner in which ſhe lives is mournful enough, and may well wipe out the errors ſhe has committed. In the bloom of her age, ſhe is immured in a frightful old caſtle, built in ſome barbarous century by a barbarous Duke of Pomerania, where ſhe has three or four apartments, which, if fame ſays true, ill befit her rank and dignity. Her appointment amounts only to 7600 dollars of Pruſſia, which does not make 1200l. a year, with which ſhe is obliged to pro-

vide herſelf every thing. Two valets, and two filles de chambre, conſtitute her houſhold. She has never been permitted to go without the gates of Stettin till within a month paſt, when this liberty was accorded. One or two ladies always accompany her, and every female is allowed free acceſs; but there are only two men in the place who dare ſpeak to or accoſt her. Theſe are the Duke of Bevern, and the Governour, an officer yet more advanced in years. The Prince of Deſſau, though well acquainted with her previous to this diſgrace, and though he ſees her every day, aſſures me, he has never held the ſlighteſt diſcourſe with her. I muſt own this is a trial to which my fortitude and virtue would be quite unequal, and if placed ſo near ſuch a dangerous precipice, I ſhould inevitably fall. The ſtory of Araxes has ever appeared to me a more touching and natural one, than Scipio and his Celtiberian virgin,

which, if true, was probably more the coldneſs of temperament, than any god-like effort of magnanimity and ſelf-reſtraint. I had yeſterday the pleaſure to ſee her Highneſs on horſeback: ſhe was habited *en Amazone*, and ſhewed the greateſt addreſs in managing the horſe ſhe rode. She ſat aſtride according to the cuſtom in Germany, and made a very gallant figure. This whole afternoon I have been looking at her from the windows of the room where we dined at the Prince of Deſſau's, oppoſite to which ſhe walked for ſeveral hours. Her dreſs was by no means princely. A jonquil ſilk night-gown, and her hair very ſimply adorned, gave no room to gueſs her quality; but her foot, the ſmalleſt and the moſt elegant in the world, was a natural beauty, which needed no artificial ornaments to ſet it off. You will laugh at me for this minute deſcription, and theſe returns to the Princeſs every moment;

but I am touched with her ſituation, and feel for a young woman, whoſe future days muſt probably be ſpent in ſecluſion and penance for a crime, which, from circumſtances, hardly merited ſo ſevere a puniſhment.

I have been ſo engaged in ſpeaking and thinking of this unfortunate Princeſs, that I have not yet mentioned a word of Stettin. Indeed, to ſay the truth, I know very little about it. There are a great many houſes, and a great many ſtreets, two very large churches, a river, a quay, and, as they tell me, a very extenſive commerce. The inhabitants are about 16,000. This is the ſum total of my knowledge reſpecting the place.

I was on the parade this morning when the Duke of Bevern reviewed the ſecond battalion of the garriſon. They are, indeed, matchleſs ſoldiers, and perform their various manoeuvres with ſurpriſing celerity and addreſs: it is with

reaſon we ſpeak of the Pruſſian exerciſe as ſuperiour to any in Europe. I ſhall ſet out to-morrow for Strelitz. In the mean time, adieu!

Your's, etc. etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Verden, Thurſday, 22d September, 1774.

I QUITTED Pomerania about fifteen miles from Stettin, and entering Brandenburgh, arrived before night at Prenzlow. This is a large town, ſituate on a lake, and, like almoſt every other in Pruſſia, full of ſoldiery. I had only ſix miles (German ones I mean) from thence to Strelitz; but ſo bad were the roads, that I did not get there till almoſt noon next day, though I travelled the whole night. The inaccuracy of their meaſurement is indeed ſuch every where in theſe

countries, that it is impoſſible to aſcertain, with any preciſion or certainty, what a mile is. They have two diviſions: the *klein* (or ſmall) mile, and the *ſtark* (or long) mile. The former of theſe contains generally between four and five Engliſh; but as to the latter, I never pretended to determine how long it was, ſince I have found it now five, now ſix, and not unfrequently ſeven. The duchy of Mecklenburg Strelitz begins only five or ſix Engliſh miles from the town, which is ſo ſurrounded by woods of fir and oak, as not to be ſeen till one is very near it. I ſtaid there three days, induced by the gracious reception I met with from the Duke. He was at a little palace of retirement, which he has built about four miles from Strelitz, and called Adolph's Pleaſure. It is ſituate on the bank of a ſmall lake, but the country, except an inconſiderable tract immediately round the

houſe, is covered with groves of prodi-gious thickneſs. During winter he reſides at New-Strelitz, where he has a much larger palace and a court, as a ſovereign Prince. I had not the honour to ſee the Princeſs of Mecklenburg, a very ſevere fit of illneſs having confined her High-neſs to her apartment for fifteen days before my arrival. The town of Old-Strelitz is ſmall, and as the Dukes have not had any palace there for many years paſt, it contains nothing, at this time, to draw a ſtranger to viſit it. I left it this day ſevennight, and took the road of Zell, acroſs Brandenburg. I ſtopped at Mirow, a little town near the fron-tier of the duchy, to ſee a palace, where, his Highneſs had informed me, her Ma-jeſty the Queen of England, and all the ducal family were born. It is a hand-ſome ſtructure, but unfurniſhed at this time, and very rarely viſited by the reign-ing Duke. Continuing my journey all that

day, and the enſuing one, through the Pruſſian territories, I arrived on the bank of the Elbe in the afternoon. It is a noble river, though here at a vaſt diſtance from the ſea, and divides the marquiſate of Brandenburg from the duchy of Lunenburg. I croſſed it in a ferry, and landing on the oppoſite ſide in the dominions of my native Sovereign, got to Danneberg, a little town, the ſame night. The moon ſhone very bright, and as I had yet between fifty and ſixty miles to Zell, I was determined not to loſe a moment. The landlord, who ſpoke French, expatiated with great eloquence on the badneſs of the road, and length of the miles to Ultzen, the next place on my way. There is not, ſaid he, a village between Danneberg and it; and ſuperadded to this, You muſt not expect to be there before ſix o'clock to-morrow morning, on account of the ſands, which are the deepeſt and heavieſt you ever paſſed. I

therefore ordered horſes at five next day, in the certainty, as I apprehended, of reaching Zell the ſame night; but I was diſappointed, and again obliged to lie at a wretched houſe, where however the hoſt, to comfort me, ſaid the preſent King of Sweden (from a ſimilar neceſſity, I preſume), had taken up his lodging ſome few years ago.

I entered Zell laſt Sunday morning, and did not quit it till yeſterday. I had the honour, after being preſented, to dine with her Majeſty the Queen of Denmark on Monday. The Princeſs of Brunſwic has been here above a fortnight on a viſit, the diſtance from Brunſwic to Zell being very inconſiderable. I own I had a high curioſity to ſee this young Sovereign, whoſe hiſtory and misfortunes have already ſo much intereſted all Europe, who has been driven in the bloom of life from a throne and kingdom, which were not worthy of her, and whom, I

doubt not, future time will ſee recalled again to it, with univerſal conſent. You remember the fate of Mary of Medicis: her power, her exile, her return; they conſtitute the ſubject of Rubens's immortal gallery in the Luxembourg. The reunion of Chriſtian the VIIth with his Queen, may form as noble a ſtory for the pencil of genius, as that of Louis the XIIIth with his mother; but where, in this century, ſhall we find a Rubens to execute it?

The caſtle of Zell, where her Majeſty reſides, is detached form the city, and ſurrounded in the ancient ſtyle of defence, with a very broad moat full of water. It is large, of a ſquare form, and was built by one of the Dukes of Zell, before the duchy was loſt in the Houſe of Hanover. The country on every ſide is barren, ſandy, and unpleaſant. It is forty miles to this place, and as dreary a ride as can be imagined. At a

little more than half way, on the ſouthern ſide of the river Aller, is the little palace of Ahlden, celebrated for the impriſonment of the Electreſs Sophia, wife of George the Iſt. Here ſhe died, a ſhort time before the acceſſion of her ſon, the late King, to the crown. It is ſaid, that he once made an attempt to ſee her, while under confinement, and having ſeparated himſelf from his attendants in hunting, came unexpectedly to the houſe: but the nobleman to whom the care of her perſon was confided, refuſed him admittance, and prevented the meeting of the Prince and his mother.

I always apprehended Verden was a much larger and more important city than I find it to be. The cathedral is an object of curioſity, from the remote antiquity to which its foundation aſcends. It is ſaid to have been firſt erected in the year 786 by Charlemagne, after his conqueſt over the Saxons. The portraits

of all the biſhops, from that aera to 1566, when the Lutheran religion ſupplanted the Catholic, are painted on the walls of the choir. I could not help ſmiling at the firſt of them, who was, as it appears by the inſcription over his head, a Saint, a count, and an abbot; but who, notwithſtanding all his titles ſecular and eccleſiaſtical, was murdered ſoon after his inveſtiture by the pagan Saxons, who paid no ſort of deference either to his coronet or croſier. The preſent cathedral is by no means, however, as old as Charlemagne: it was built about the middle of the fourteenth century, the former one having been reduced to aſhes in 1313. An antiquarian might find ample food for inveſtigation in it, the whole internal ſurface of the ground being paved with tombs, on which are effigies and inſcriptions, the firſt mutilated by the tread of frequent feet, and the latter almoſt now illegible. Before

the high altar, is a marble monument of coſtly workmanſhip, erected to a Philip Sigiſmund, born in 1568, and who was both Duke of Lunenburg, and Biſhop of Verden. At preſent there are no biſhops, the ſee being totally extinct.

I need not remind you that the city of Verden was purchaſed by George the Iſt, from Frederic the IVth, King of Denmark, who had rendered himſelf maſter of it, during Charles the XIIth's reſidence in Turky, to whom it previouſly belonged. It is ſtill ſubject to the crown of England. The town contains only about 500 inhabitants, excluſive of a battalion of Hanoverian ſoldiery. It lies along the bank of the Aller, but has not any trade, and the buildings ſufficiently evince its poverty, being very mean. I have only twenty miles from hence to Bremen, where I hope to arrive this evening. The carriage is at the door. Expect the concluſion from thence.

Bremen, Sunday, 25th of September, 1774.

THIS is a great city, a rich city, and a commercial one; but I cannot ſay I think it very agreeable, or contains much to gain a traveller's attention. Was human life of double the limits nature has aſſigned to it, one ſhould not be tempted to viſit it more than once. It muſt however be confeſſed I ſaw it to ſome diſadvantage, not being provided with letters of introduction, as I had not intended to have included it in the plan of my tour. By the help, however, of my landlord, to whoſe good offices neceſſity has made me a debtor, I have ſeen every thing deſerving attention here, and ſhall leave it this afternoon perfectly ſatisfied with my ſtay. One of theſe has appeared to me ſo extraordinary, and is in itſelf, I apprehend, ſo very ſingular, that if I had not been an eye-

witneſs of it, no teſtimony would have convinced me of its reality; and if it was not of ſuch a nature as to be univerſally examined, I ſhould fear you would doubt my veracity. I always apprehended that human bodies after death, if interred, or expoſed to the air without any preparation to defend them from the attacks of it, would of neceſſity corrupt, become offenſive, and putrify. The art of embalming is very ancient, and was invented to preſerve them from this inevitable conſequence of death; but that they may remain unputrified for centuries without any ſort of artificial aid, I have ſeen ſo inconteſtably proved ſince my arrival, that I imagine not the ſhadow of doubt can remain about it.—Under the cathedral church is a vaulted apartment, ſupported on pillars; it is near ſixty paces long, and half as many broad. The light and air are conſtantly admitted into it by three win-

dows, though it is ſeveral feet beneath the level of the ground. Here are five large oak coffers, rather than coffins, each containing a corpſe. I examined them ſeverally for near two hours. The moſt curious and perfect, is that of a woman. Tradition ſays, ſhe was an Engliſh counteſs, who dying here at Bremen, ordered her body to be placed in this vault uninterred, in the apprehenſion that her relations would cauſe it to be brought over to her native country. They ſay it has lain here 250 years. Though the muſcular ſkin is totally dried in every part, yet ſo little are the features of the face ſunk or changed, that nothing is more certain than that ſhe was young, and even beautiful. It is a ſmall countenance, round in its contour: the cartilage of the noſe and the noſtrils have undergone no alteration: her teeth are all firm in the ſockets, but the lips are drawn away from over them. The

cheeks are ſhrunk in, but yet leſs than I ever remember to have ſeen in embalmed bodies. The hair of her head is at this time more than eighteen inches long, very thick, and ſo faſt, that I heaved the corpſe out of the coffer by it: the colour is a light brown, and as freſh and gloſſy, as that of a living perſon. That this lady was of high rank ſeems evident from the extreme fineneſs of the linen which covers her body; but I have in vain endeavoured to procure any lights into her hiſtory, her title, or any other particulars, though I have taken no little pains for that purpoſe. The landlord of the inn, who was with me, ſaid he remembered it for forty years paſt, during which time there is not the leaſt perceptible alteration in it.—In another coffer is the body of a workman, who is ſaid to have tumbled off the church, and was killed by the fall. His features evince this moſt forcibly. Ex-

treme agony is marked in them: his mouth is wide open, and his eyelids the ſame; the eyes are dried up. His breaſt is unnaturally diſtended, and his whole frame betrays a violent death.—A little child who died of the ſmall-pox is ſtill more remarkable. The marks of the puſtules, which have broken the ſkin on his hands and head, are very diſcernible; and one ſhould ſuppoſe that a body which died of ſuch a diſtemper, muſt contain in a high degree the ſeeds of putrefaction.—The two other corpſes are not leſs extraordinary. There are in this vault likewiſe turkeys, hawks, weaſels, and other animals, which have been hung up here, ſome time immemorial, ſome very lately, and are in the moſt complete preſervation: the ſkin, bills, feathers, all unaltered. The cauſe of this phaenomenon is doubtleſs the dryneſs of the place where they are laid. It is in vain to ſeek for any other. The magiſ-

trates do not permit that any freſh bodies be brought here, and there is no other ſubterranean chamber which has the ſame property. It would have made an excellent miracle two or three centuries ago in proper hands; but now mankind are grown too wiſe.

This city, you know, is celebrated for its old hock. The wine is all brought from the banks of the Rhine by land carriage, and depoſited in the public cellars. Theſe are wondrouſly capacious, running beneath the Town-Houſe and Exchange; but are not comparable in magnificence to thoſe I have ſeen at Oeyras in Portugal, belonging to the Marquis de Pombal, or thoſe of Conſtantia at the Cape of Good-Hope. There is one particular room, called the Roſe, where they keep wine, as they ſay, of 170 years old, and for which they aſk ſeven dollars (or 25 s.) a bottle; but it is not fit at this time to drink.

Bremen is ſituate on the ſame river as Verden, but here it is known by the name of the Weſer. Veſſels of burden lie twelve or fifteen miles below the city, there not being ſufficient depth of water higher up. It contains 45,000 inhabitants, and, it is ſaid, would even exceed Hamburgh in commerce, if the river was not an impediment. It is a free city, under the protection of the Empire, and ſtyles itſelf a republic on the money ſtruck here. The King of England, as Elector of Hanover, has, however, ſome important rights within the place; and not only the cathedral belongs to him, but a conſiderable number of buildings, public and private. He poſſeſſes likewiſe a ſpecies of ſupreme judicatorial power, as, though the magiſtrates take cognizance of all crimes within the territory of Bremen, his delegate or bailiff muſt pronounce ſentence. The fortifications, though kept in very good order, are of

no conſequence or ſtrength: the ſtrongeſt army in the field is ever maſter; and during the laſt war, French or Engliſh were alternately received into the place, as they appeared before it. The ſtyle of building here is horrid; I thought myſelf at Elbing again, all the upper ſtories being at this time, or having been granaries, and totally uninhabitable. It has a moſt groteſque appearance to the eye, though many of them are now in ſome degree modernized. The ſtreets are all narrow: the quay is the only pleaſant part of the city, as it is broad, and commands a view of the water.

By the municipal laws, all the race of Abraham is excluded from the capacity of trading and reſiding here; or at leaſt there is ſo high a duty laid on their perſons, that a man may remain here a century, I ſuppoſe, and not ſee one, it amounting to no leſs than a ducat (or near 10s.) a day. This exoluſion has given

riſe to a ſarcaſtic remark on the inhabitants themſelves, which, whether juſt or not, I am no judge. Hamburgh has adopted a contrary policy, and admits indiſcriminately theſe people, with European nations. In a lucrative view, I know not which may be the wiſeſt meaſure; but certainly the latter is the moſt generous, and breathes a greater philanthropy. If every government barred its gates to theſe wanderers of Paleſtine, already labouring under the curſe of diſperſion, without leaders, without political ſtrength, where muſt they fly for aſylum? Their character, to be ſure, as a nation, is not much in their favour, and I am not at all ſurpriſed at their ancient paſſion for idolatry, ſince there are very few of them, I imagine, at this time, who would not bow before a golden calf ſet up in London or Amſterdam, with as much devotion as their anceſtors did before that in Horeb. The principle,

indeed, might be ſomewhat different, though it has always ſeemed to me, as if the intrinſic value of the firſt calf conſtituted the moſt adorable part of his divinity in the opinion of his worſhippers: elſe, why did not Aaron make him of braſs at once?

Plutus and Mercury are the chief deities venerated in this city, and like the ſenate in Tiberius's time, they will not admit the gods of ſtrangers. Pleaſure under every ſhape, of dance, of comedy, of maſque, ſeems peculiarly hateful. She has, indeed, lately ſtole in, as my landlord tells me, once a month during the winter, in the form of a concert, to the no little terrour of the burgomaſters, who have endeavoured to proſcribe this unprecedented refinement. The moſt polite manner of ſpending an evening known for ſeveral centuries paſt in Bremen, has been that of meeting in ſmall boxes about twenty feet long and ſix wide, in the

public cellar, where they drink hock under a cloud of ſmoke raiſed from their own pipes. One may ſwear theſe are the genuine deſcendants of the ancient Saxons, who imagined the joys of Heaven to conſiſt in drinking ale out of the ſkulls of their enemies! Women, the only venial object of idolatry, ſeem not here to hold any rank in ſociety, or to form the connecting charm which binds the jarring principles of human nature together. Man, ſolitary man, meets in clubs and companies, to doze, to drink, and to diſpute. The very idea is odious and diſguſting.

I hope to reach Hamburgh Tueſday morning, and ſhall probably write you once more from thence, before I embark, as I purpoſe, on the Elbe for England. Mean while, I remain

Your devoted, etc.

LETTER XIX.

Hamburgh, 30th September, 1774.

IT is a desolate and dreary ride from Bremen to this place, across the sandy and unpeopled heaths of Lunenburg. I got to the southern bank of the Elbe Monday afternoon, and from thence enjoyed a beautiful prospect of Hamburgh at the distance of two leagues. It makes a noble figure, and, as the space which separates it from the Danish town of Altona is very inconsiderable, the two places appear to form only one magnificent city, which covers the side of the river for three or four miles in length. I lay at Harburg, which belongs to his Britannic Majesty, and crossed over Tuesday morning. The short stay I shall make here, prevents me from giving you, as I intended, a description of Hamburgh.

I have now compleated my propoſed tour round the Baltic, and after a journey of near 3000 miles, ſhall gladly reviſit my native country, and repoſe myſelf a few months. The wind is fair, and I am promiſed, or rather flattered with a favourable paſſage to Hull; though, as the river itſelf is eighteen German miles to the embouchure, it may be very tedious. In the expectation of a perſonal interview, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your's, etc.

NL. WRAXALL, Jun.

THE END.

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